

Gent's Poetical Pieces, a very curious vol. 8vo.

Russia, by Bedford ... 4 14 6

\*\*\* This vol. is rather curious than copious in its contents; they consist of—

First,—The, no doubt, publication alluded to in the autobiography of Gent, which was first published in 1832, thus "the writer (the Rev. J. Hunter) of this little supplementary notice possesses one of the latter tracts of Gent, which deserves to be taken notice of, as being the longest of his attempts in verse, and on account of the singularity of its mode of publication: it is a translation into English verse, with some additions, of the "Reliquiæ Eboracenses," an elegant poem, on the Roman affairs in Brigantia, by Dr. Heneage Dering, sometime Dean of Rippon. It is printed on the coarsest paper, and in the rudest manner; it has no title-page, but the following note is prefixed, in the handwriting of Gent himself:—

\* *'Designed to be advertised and published, soon as proper paper can be afforded, either through beneficent subscription, or generosity to the laborious well-known author, whose <sup>Scot</sup>leon was lately exhibited to general satisfaction.'*

Only that it has not the MS. Note of Gent's, the piece here, answers this description in every particular.

Although Gough appears to have been acquainted with Dean Dering's original "elegant poem," he does not allude to Gent's translation of it; and it is hardly possible to suppose that he knew aught of it. Lowndes has cited the Dean's poem, but did not know the name of the author; this his recent editor has supplied, but neither where it occurs, or under Gent's name, is there any allusion to the latter's translation. References have been made to Watt's work, under "Dering"—"Gent"—and "York"—but they have elicited nought but the fact, that his researches had not made him acquainted either with the Dean's poem, or Gent's translation. Mr. Grenville was desirous of completeness for his collection of Gent's productions—*sixteen* are described in the *Bibl. Grenv.* Part 2.—but he did not acquire this. It is not to be found in the new—surprisingly voluminous—General Catalogue of the British Museum Library—where, only the Original Work of Dering appears, under the initials of his name, D. H., it having been published anonymously—neither does it appear in the Bodleian Catalogue of 1843.

Second,—The first sheet of the "long and pathetick" Prologue, spoken by Gent in 1761—this varies slightly from the similar publication which is found at the end of his work on the "Great Eastern Window," and really it would seem, put forth, like the "Reliquiæ Eboracenses," to the extent of his stock of paper at the period of publication.

Third,—Gent's poem of Judas Iscariot, complete.

The vol. has a general Title, and there are inserted, the Portrait of the Author, a View of York, and the Plan of York; all belonging to some of his other works.

\* The "Scot" poem Gent refers to, was Valentine Green's beautifully executed mezzotint portrait after Drake's painting; it was issued "July 21. 1771", about which period therefore, this publication of Gent's must have been put forth.



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POETICAL PIECES

BY

THOMAS GENT,

PRINTER,

OF

YORK.

PORTUGAL PIECES

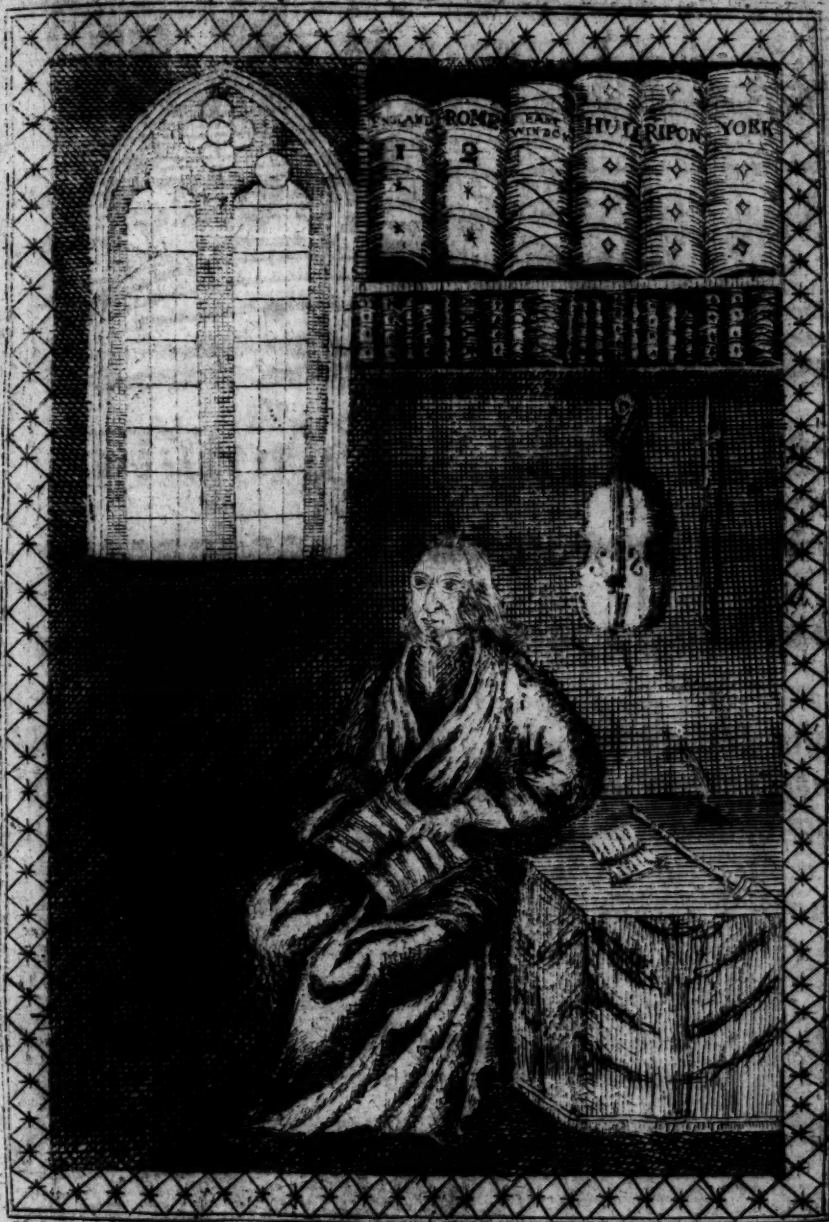


YORK



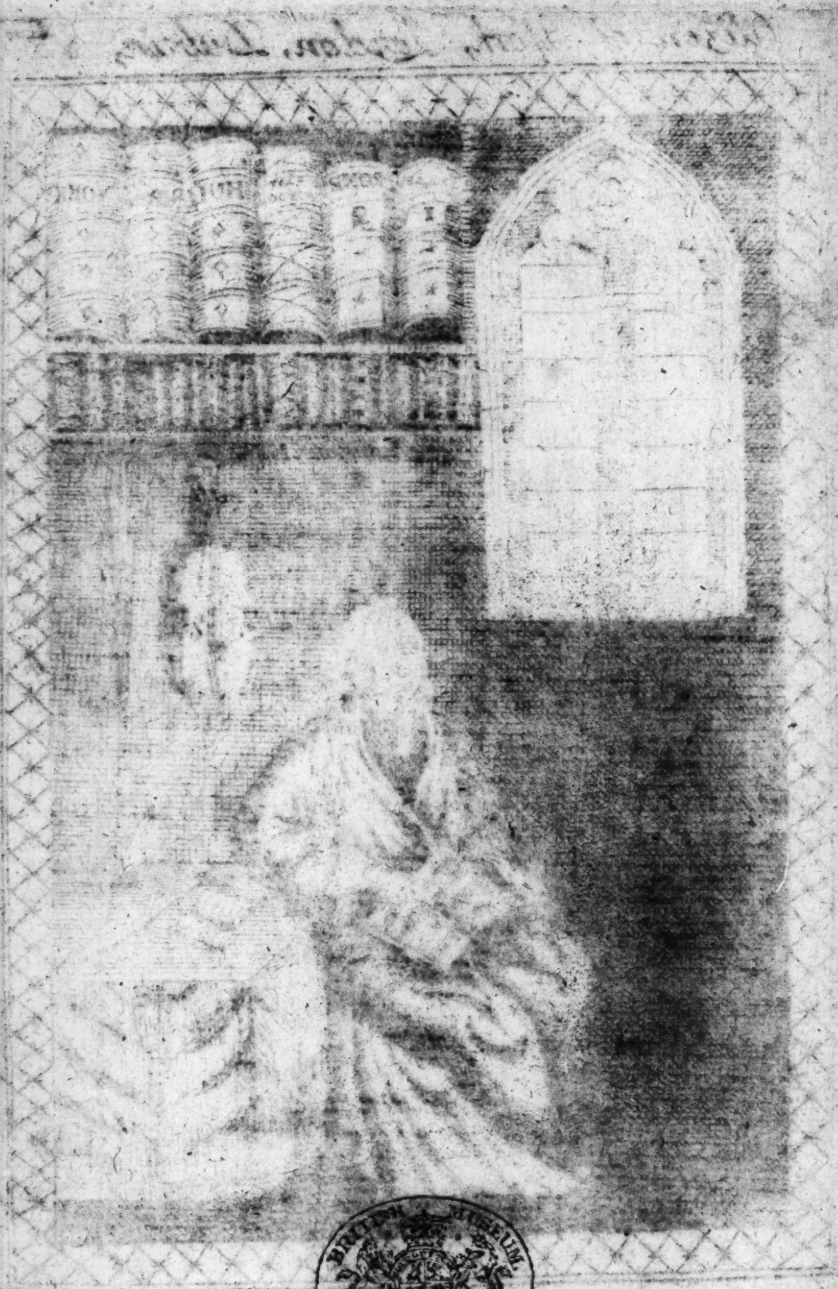
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*Citizen of York, London, Dublin, &c.*



*Mr. THO: GENT. PRINTER;  
Author of the Histories of YORK,  
RIPON, HULL, &c. &c. Born May 4, 1693.*





W. THO.  
Author of the History of  
MEXICO, &c. &c. &c.  
&c. &c. &c.

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## Historical Antiquities.

### B O O K I.

**F**AIR *Yorkshire* Bounds I'll range with Pilgrim's Art ;  
 And pleasant Things, not quite obscur'd, impart ;  
 Since ancient Times hold not in darksome Chains,  
 But still will burst thro' Clouds some small Remains :  
 The Deeds of Heroes, Monuments sublime ;  
 Subjects for Prose, or more immortal Rhyme :  
 Stories that well may suit *Aonian* Lyres ;  
 And, like *Apollo's* Airs, cause sweet Desires.  
 And You, fam'd *Mæmnius* ! Muse's Favourite !  
 Accept this Work, compos'd for thy Delight.  
 Guardian divine ! our noblest Lineage show ;  
 And then receive the Offerings we bestow ;  
 Since past Memorials of our Country's Love  
 Were dear to thee ; and may they always prove !  
 Those ancient Songs, tun'd to this son'rous Isle,  
 When Wit and Manners did harmonious smile :

The  
*Aonia*, pars montana *Bæotiz*, &c. — *Aonides* Musæ &  
 fonte *Aone*, in eadem regione illis consecrato. *JUVENALIS*,  
*cupidus sylvarum, aprusq; bibendis*  
*Fontibus Aonidum.*

## 2 Historical DELIGHTS : Book I.

Tho' many Gods, in various Forms, explor'd ;  
 Not knowing that tremendous ONE ador'd !  
 The Laws of Towns, large Cities far and near,  
 With Names of Heroes that excell'd in War :  
 Nor hide their Virtues, mixt with Concord sweet,  
 'Till conq'ring Romans render'd incomplete  
 Their peaceful Frame, spread round the dread Alarms,  
 And sanguine *Picts* aggriev'd with hostile Arms :  
 'The Saxon *De'ran* Reign, long Race of Kings :  
 'The plund'ring *Danes*, from whom Destruction springs :  
 How their proud Vessels toss'd on *Humber's* Streams ;  
 Whilst Men they slew, and Villa's burnt in Flames !  
 How, after these, the Norman Yoke was worn ;  
 The ROSES blasted, and their Beauties torn :  
 Colours parental, lovely White and Red,  
 Mingled in Dust by Wars amongst the Dead !

O *Mnemosyne* ! (1) so nearly sprung from *JOVE* !  
*Calliope* ! (2) who know'st how Things did prove :  
 From whom Oblivion has not Pow'r to hide ;  
 But of yourself can Time's strong Gates divide :  
 Thro' You *ULYSSES* wife *TYRESIAS* (3) found ;  
*Orph'us* (4) brought back his Spouse from *Lethe's* Ground.

(1) *Mnemosyne* was a Nymph of *Pieria*, Mother to the Muses, mentioned by *Hesiod*. " *Latine memoriam interpretari possumus* " ; and certainly, Remembrance may be esteemed the invaluable conserving Treasure of all the acquired Sciences.

(2) *Una Musarum, Orphei mater, quæ heroico carmini præesse existimatur.*

(3) A Theban Prophet, struck blind by *Juno* for pleasing *Jupiter* ; asserting *multo plus de coitu voluptatis percipere fœminas.* *ULYSSES* was instructed by his Ghost. *Odys. l. x.* See *Strabo. l. ix.* His Monument was beneath the Mountain *Tilpboffus*, in *Bœotia*, near a Fountain of the same Name, of which cold Water he allay'd his Thirst before he dy'd ; at whose Tomb the *Thebans* paid divine Honours. See *Ovid. Met. l. 3.*

(4) An excellent Thracian Poet and Musician, Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, and Spouse to the beautiful and chaste *Euridice*. A fine Song has been made of the Restoration of his Lady, according to this short Account. *Musicus & poeta insignis, genere Thrax, Calliopæ & Apollinis filius. Euridicem uxorem habuit, quæ Ari-*

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**ÆNEAS** did (1) **CREUSA** fair behold ;  
 To his lov'd Father spoke, long sunk in Mold.  
 By (2) **Hector's** Image, on the silent Tomb,  
 Relief was sought for **Troy's** inflaming Doom.  
 No other Help but Thine, now will I sue,  
 Fair Nymph, divine ! who can past Things renew ;  
 And from (3) **Parnassus'** Mountain plainly see  
 Those Streams and Bounds of greatest Use to me :  
 So charm the Views, and caute fresh Thoughts to spring ;  
 That, whilst inspiring, Numbers sweet I sing !  
 O Goddess ! be it lawful Ghosts return,  
 And once more shine in Spheres this Side the Urn :  
 Review their wonted Places on the Earth ;  
 And tell of Things themselves had seen in Death.  
 Let's hear 'em speak ; we ask what Time belongs :  
 Be thou our Guide, and aid us in our Songs.

Where, near wide Ocean, Morn darts early Beams,  
 Between the Sands of **Tees** (4) and (**Humber's** Streams ; (5)  
 The ancient **Brigants** (6) held their rural Seats ;  
 And issu'd thence to act (7) **Bellona's** Feats.  
 Vast stoney Mountains t'wards the West did bound,  
 That seem'd to meet low (8) **Phæbus** in his Round :

Subsiding

*flaum vim sibi inferre volentem fugiens, à serpente occisa est. Cuius mortem agerrimè ferens Orpheus, accepta lyra ad inferos descendit, Plutonemque & Proserpinam suo carmine tantopere demulsi, ut Eurydicon sibi restituerent. See also Virg. Lib. iv. Geor. de ORPHEO & EURIDICEN deslente. HOR. in Art. pœt.*

(1) **CREUSA**, Priami & Hecuba filia, Ænea conj. cul Ascanium peperit.

(2) Priami regis ex Hecuba uxore filius, Trojanorum omnium fortissimus. (3) Mons Phocidis, Apollini & Musis sacer.

(4) The End of Yorkshire, extended to the North.

(5) Formerly Abus, that bounded it upon the South.

(6) The Brigantes, or People of Yorkshire, anciently not only inhabited this County ; but also Lancashire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Bishoprick, all under the same Name.

(7) Goddess of War, and Sister of Mars the God of Battle.

(8) Idem, qui Apollo, sive Sol, Jovis & Latona filius, eodem partu cum Diana editus, divinationis & musica deus à postis habitus,



# 4 Historical DELIGHTS: Book I.

Subsiding Cliffs, adorn'd with num'rous Springs;  
 Mæanders (1) flow, and each low Valley sings.  
 Below fair Banks swift Torrents force their Way  
 To *Humber*, which soon mingles with the Sea.  
 From distant Coasts, or Islands far remote,  
 In hopes of Gain, the wand'ring Vessels float.  
 As borne from *India* by the prosp'rous Gales,  
 With gilded Sterns, and windy-swelling Sails.  
 Helm'd to the Shores by Pilots stout and brave;  
 In Sports most jocund, and in Commerce grave;  
*Phœnician* Arts did soon in them appear,  
 Before *Rome's* Senate heard of *JESUS* dear! (2)  
 Gen'rous and just; more watchful none than they,  
 And early Victors on the boist'rous Sea.  
 The murmur'ing Blasts did soon the Natives please,  
 Now well esteem'd for Labours on the Seas.  
 What num'rous Gifts from Earth my Mind delight!  
 Within, what Fossils found, that Pains requite!  
 What plenteous Grain adorns the well-plow'd Field!  
 What tondid Flocks that wond'rous Profits yield!  
 Add to all these the Kind that snuffs the Air:  
 The gen'rous youthful Steed, that well can bear  
 The Reins, to please the Hero under Arms;  
 And hear the Trumpet sounding War's Alarms:  
 Or, in fam'd Courses o'er the verdant Plains,  
 By swifter Feet th' Equestrian Conquest gains;  
 Whose fair-won Prizes cause such plausible Thanks,  
 Like those well cherish'd on *Alphæan* Banks;  
 Or kept at *Elis* for Olympian Games:  
 To raise such Breed all learned *Greece* inflames.  
 What wealthy Towns their Heads o'er Rivers rear!  
 What Walls, what trembling Shades low deep appear!

*habitus, & medicinae repertor.* Dictus *Phœbus*, quasi *Phœ-*  
*to Bis*, hoc est, lux vis. Also *TITAN*, (who was Ancestor  
 to *Sol*, begotten by *Hypæion*) that sent *Saturn* to *Tartarus*.

(1) So called from a clear winding River in *Asia*, that from  
 its pleasant Turnings delightfully waters several fair Countries.

(2) By *Publius Lentulus*, who inform'd them of his Beauties  
 I take *Isaiah's* Prediction only relative to *Christ's* Sufferings

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# Or, Ancient GLORIES of Yorkshire. 5

O Father *Ure*, (1) those which King *EBRANC* rais'd,  
So near thy Streams, first, and most worthy prais'd,  
Were built at *YORK*, that chang'd thy ancient Name,  
And call'd it *Ouse*, so long preserv'd in Fame.  
Nor yet without consenting Pow'r of Fate ;  
Which alters, or discovers, soon or late :  
But still assures, *E B O R* (2) shall rise in State.

Not far from hence three Tops of Mountains rise  
By *Acomb's* Villa, near the azur'd Skies ;  
Where Great *Severus*, sounding Fame proclaims,  
On lofty Pile, dissolv'd in burning Flames ;  
Whose fun'ral Rites such lustrous Rays display'd,  
No ancient Clouds could shade, but still pervade.  
Here *ALCÆUS* sat, to (3) ease his mental Load ;  
Our Spires to see, and how the River flow'd :  
And, whilst he views around delightful Plains,  
Revolves the Glories of long-passed Reigns ;  
That Nature's Charms, with Art, he might rehearse,  
In ever-pleasing, never-dying *VERSE*.

Whilst with firm Mind he recollects Things past,  
And counts its Changes from the first to last ;  
*CALLIOPE*, then slipping from her Train,  
Thro' Air descends, to help th' exploring Swain.  
Her left Hand bore the Lyre of charming Sound :  
Her Head with Gold, her Hair with Ivy bound :  
But, soon, spontaneous, to the Youth she spake :  
*O ALPHÆUS*, Audious, why do you forsake  
All soft Repose ? Places to search, and Times,  
The Muses ne'er thought worthy of their Rhymes ?

Or,  
(1) This River really runs through York ; but receives its present inferior Name from *Ousebourne*, and carried the Appellation of *OWSE*, or *Ouse*, until it enters the *Æstuary*.

(2) First called *Caer-Ebranc*, after *EBORACUM*.

And several other ancient NAMES, &c. were as follow.

<i>Alteræ Roma</i>	<i>gantium</i>	<i>Εβοραχον.</i>	<i>Euerwyke</i>	<i>Alurevicum</i>	<i>Arebitic</i>
<i>Βορυαλλιον.</i>	<i>Civitas</i>	<i>Εβοραχον.</i>	<i>Eurovix</i>	<i>Kaer-Ebrauc</i>	<i>Urovicum</i>
<i>Cair-Brauc</i>	<i>Ebozum</i>	<i>Eburacum</i>	<i>Euor-wic</i>	<i>Sexta</i>	<i>Peuor-wic</i>
<i>Cair-Effroc</i>	<i>Eboraca</i>	<i>Efer-wic</i>	<i>Euor-wic</i>	<i>Victoria</i>	<i>Purewite</i>
<i>Civitas Bri</i>	<i>Eboracum</i>	<i>Esofo-wic</i>	<i>Eurwic</i>	<i>Urdwic</i>	<i>YORKE</i>

(3) — vacuz carmina mentis opus. *SAPPHO PHAONI*.

## 6 Historical DELIGHTS: Book I.

Or, if they did, no POET ever try'd ?  
 To whom th' amaz'd Adventurer reply'd.  
 O Goddess, fair, arriv'd ! if Truth can please,  
 Much in my Annals shine, which Splendors raise :  
 Nor Virtue, sure, can ever wanting be  
 To spread their Glory, dear and sweet to me.  
 Natives, whose Actions, whether on the Land,  
 Or call'd abroad, when Dangers did demand,  
 Undoubted prov'd ; all Tongues may well proclaim  
 Are worth recording in the Books of Fame.  
 They Pow'rs invoc'd, in Closures, or on Lawns ;  
 For Fountains, Naides ; and Fields, the Fawns :  
 The nymphal Train conserving peaceful Shades ;  
 And they that skipp'd o'er highest Mountains Heads : (1)  
 With Heroes, to whom endless Praise belongs,  
 That may demand the most regardsul Songs.  
 For tho' as far from the Bœotian Spring,  
 Or sacred Grove ; let their Eulogiums ring ;  
 Since they of Britain in old Times have sung,  
 And that from them we very ancient sprung.  
 Thus did the Grecians show respectful Love ;  
 And prais'd each Mountain, River, Lake and Grove.  
 Brave Knights, strong Cities ; People of Renown,  
 That in fam'd Athens, Thebes, or Troy, were known :  
 Commix'd with us, when Fate impell'd from home ;  
 And, crossing Oceans, did to Albion come.  
 How do their Poets charm, in lyrick Strains,  
 Of Troy, fair Thebes, and sweet Arcadian Plains !  
 As 'twere with them, so with us should it be,  
 By Times, or Acts, to frame our Poetry.  
 To whom CALLIOPE : We often find  
 Each lovely MUSE to that learn'd People kind :  
 'Tis fitting, therefore, 'mongst them we enquire  
 For ancient Worthies of this long-fam'd Shire ;  
 And, next, their Merits to our selves apply,  
 Since Love alternate oft descends from high.

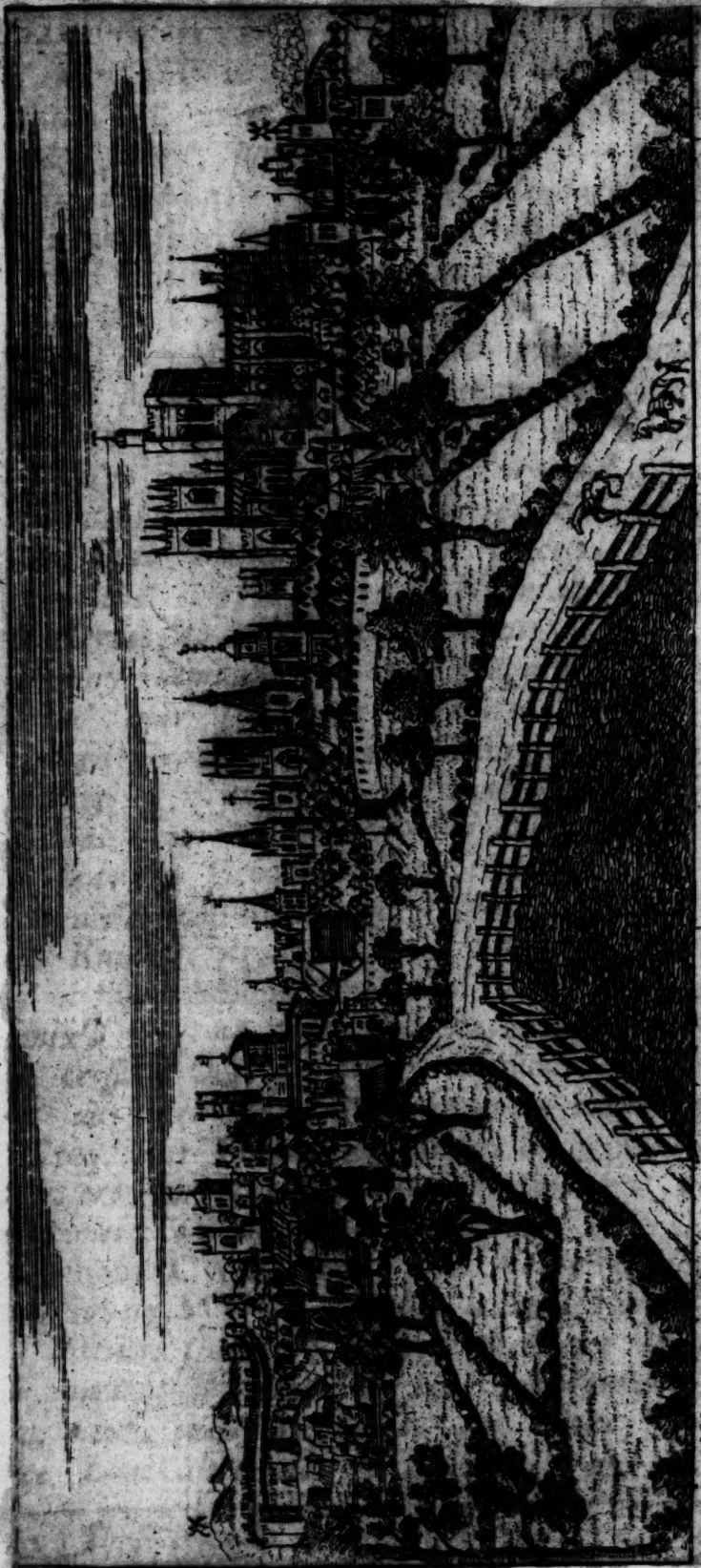
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(1) Those Nymphs are treated in HOMER, Book vi. Where









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# Or, Ancient GLORIES of Yorkshire. 7

Where can we look for Piety renown'd,  
Than what Æneas shew'd one Night profound?  
But from the Latian Praise let us estrange;  
Nor sing one Country's, whilst the World to range.  
However, for a while, we'll enter there;  
And summon those most fitting to appear;  
Imagine now whilst great AUGUSTUS reign'd,  
We'll see from what learn'd Patrons can be gain'd.  
MEMMIUS, I know, for us at Rome will plead,  
As tho' Mæcenas late rose from the Dead;  
And by his quick Procurement Aid will yield,  
Like Muses flown from their sweet Tempe's Field. (1)  
But as a Stranger enter thou alone,  
Whilst to bright Mentor I am swiftly flown:  
He'll join with us; and, more to yield Delight,  
Past Actions shall be laid before your Sight.

Immediate YORK of old did seem to rise,  
With tow'ring Walls, as tho' commixt with Skies.  
Next spacious Temples clear to View appear'd,  
With fuming Offerings to the Gods they fear'd.  
[Such like lamented Places, when decay'd,  
Because GOD there seem'd worship'd, tho' in Shade; (2)  
Which rais'd impartial Thought in Poet great, (3)  
That ruin'd Altars omen'd Fall of State.]  
Confused Noise the list'ning Ear then greets,  
As tho' Folks meet, or pass'd thro' Lanes and Streets.  
These Romans are, th' instructive Goddess cry'd;  
Th' Imperial City, where SEVERUS dy'd! (4)  
So great in Pomp AUGUSTA emulates,  
Where Laws restrain'd, or ended Strife's Debates.

See

(1) In Thessaly, between Olympus and the Ægean Sea.

(2) St. Augustine tells us, in short, that, under the Umbrage of fictitious Names of the Heathen Deities, the illustrious Attributes of our supreme GOD are to be plainly understood. See a Quotation in a Note to my History of Rippon, Page 47.

(3) HOR. Lib. III. Ode vi. Delicta majorum immeritis hies, Romane, donec templa refeceris, Edesque labentes Deorum, &c.

(4) Decessit Eboraci admodum senex, imperii anno xviii. mense iv. & Divus appellatus est. Eutrop. lib. viii.

# 8 Historical DELIGHTS: Book I.

See Clients, ent'ring ; view the gown'd Train ;  
 Their Robes, their Maces great ; their Courts so plain,  
 As when the sage *Papinian* ( 1 ) did decide  
 Those knotty Suits before his Pretence try'd.  
 Here hardy Youth, bred up for Wars, are found ;  
 Whose Arms within the bounded *Circus* sound ;  
 And where the *Romans*, mixt with *Britons* flow ;  
 'Till the full Theatres strike a wond'rous Show.  
 In smaller Routs at first the People range ;  
 But as increasing, so their Minds do change.  
 See Him that summon'd all the Senate round,  
 Amongst them sitting, and imperial crown'd ;  
 Whilst common People with due Rev'rence view ;  
 And pay that Homage which becomes their due.  
 See *Caledonian* ( 2 ) Legates drawing near,  
 To sue for Peace, when near consum'd by War ;  
 And in the hunder'd-pillar'd Temple ( 3 ) stand,  
 Ready to sign the League that is in hand :  
 Fearing the awful Goddess, there they stood,  
 Near humid Altars, moist thro' crimson Blood !  
 Extensive Piles with Sweeps of Arches rise ;  
 Which MENTOR shows before the Wond'rer's Eyes ;  
 And in what Order Roman Heroes fought ;  
 How fierce their Leaders lookt, surpassing Thought !  
 While ancient *Britons* were their chiefeft Care ;  
 Whose Foes they struck with either Love, or Fear.  
 If Cowards, thro' the Yoke ( 4 ) ignobly serv'd ;  
 But to the Brave gave Honours they deserv'd.

As  
 ( 1 ) He was then Judge of the Court : But the Government  
 of Rome was above 700 Years before our Blessed Saviour.

( 2 ) Who came from the Southern Parts of Scotland. Cal-  
 den signifying *Hazel* were styled *Caledonian Woods*. BUCH.

In *Scotia celebris sylvæ Caledonia, &c.* Varen. p. 79.

*Agricola* had long before attack'd *Caledonia*, and *Hadrian* (who had brought  
 with him Forces, called *Legio Sexta Victrix*) instead of completing a Con-  
 quest, threw up a long Rampart to secure our Borders from their Incursions.

( 3 ) It is suppos'd to have stood in *Micklelegate*, or else some  
 small Distance North from the present Ruins of the Manour.

*Appius Claudius* built her a Temple at Rome, before which stood a Pillar  
 called *Bellica*, from whence the Herald threw a Spear at War's Proclamation.

( 4 ) *Sub jugum mittere. Censio Hastaria.* To make them  
 pass under the Yoke ; and to deliver up the Spear.





A PLAN  
of the  
CITY of YORK  
Scale of 300 Yards

100 200 300

Imprimi J. GARR.

T.P.S.





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## Or, Ancient GLORIES of Yorkshire. 9

As JULIUS CÆSAR (1) sail'd the surging Sea,  
Near Kent's fair View his comely Barks display ;  
How num'rous Cohorts fell to speedy Oars ;  
But vainly strove to touch the proxime Shores :  
So, whilst from Stern the Emp'rор gave Command,  
Fathom'd the Deep in Arms, and swam to Land ;  
Cellucient Flames from lofty Hills appear ;  
And Pharos' Tow'rs show dreaded Foes are near !  
The Cantian Heroes, arm'd, in haste repair  
To their lov'd Shore ; and, without Dread or Fear,  
Their Chariots rush'd on Sands, where Wheels could go ;  
From whence they shot sharp Arrows at the Foe :  
And tho' unstable, yet tenacious stood,  
'Till Ships and Seas were stain'd with human Blood !  
The Legion's E N S I G N (2) view'd Death's missile Darts ;  
And, brave, resolv'd to animate their Hearts ;  
Leapt in the Waves ; the Roman E A G L E bore ;  
Whilst others follow'd, and attain'd the Shore ;  
Where, being marshall'd in pleas'd CÆSAR's View,  
A bloody Fight did quick at Arms ensue.  
But soon the Britons turn'd their Backs ; and fled  
To Woods, and Rocks ; unbury'd left the Dead,  
In their own Fields, where many wounded lay,  
Expecting Fate to call their Lives away !  
Their Gen'ral, (3) too, a Captive made, was bound ;  
Whilst Peace was sought by Others (4) as renown'd,  
A distant Prospect view : R O M E's Castles high ;  
Fum'd Altars : Temples, with fix'd Trophies spy !  
The flocking People, ard'rous for the Sight  
Of conquer'd Britons, while they pass, delight.  
C L A U D I U S, on high, in Iv'ry Chariot borne,  
Honours, divine, make him elate with Scorn ;  
As one that for unfound Worlds did explore,  
And made a Passage scarcely known before.

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(1) He did not attain Land without a sharp Dispute with the Natives, whose Successors much tell of their Bravery.

(2) Belonging to the tenth Legion. Cæsar mentions him in his Commentaries, as a Standard-Bearer worthy of Praise.

(3) Cingetorix, one of the four famous Kings of Kent.

(4) Particularly by Cassibelan, who in Council had the Administration of War-Affairs prudently conferred upon him. He died at York ; where he was buried, says an ancient Writer.

TO *Queen BOADICEA* *pourtrayed.* Book I.

As if large Oceans were become his own :

Nay, more, had conquer'd to his great Renown ;

His Ship's high Head adorn'd with rostral Crown. }

*CARACTACUS*, ( 1 ) see walking in his Chains.

Not one but what to view the Hero deigns.

Charm'd with his Person ; pleasant, yet profound ;

Whilst, prais'd in Sighs, sweet Words of Comfort sound : }

His Looks unchang'd ; serene, tho' Fortune frown'd.

*This is the Prince*, said *MENTOR*, who excell'd :

*The Roman Eagle for nine Tears repell'd ;*

*Untook in Fight ; in Arms no Captive made ;*

But, seeking Friends, by faithless *QUEEN* betray'd.

Unwonted Sight ! his lovely Spouse in Chains ;

Daughters, and Kin ! the King yet ne'er complains !

Thro' Virtue, conscious ; Deeds, perform'd by Hands ;

In Battles mighty ; no less great in Bands,

His *SOUL* is free ; and by the Senate found

Like Syphax fam'd, or Perses more renown'd :

His Speech by general Approbation crown'd. }

That Heroine, *BOADICEA*, view. ( 2 )

What Empress suffer'd more, or more could do ?

Her Daughters fair by Latian Force defil'd ;

Her Subjects thro' insidious Slaves beguil'd.

Herself, resenting, most indecent stript ;

And tender Flesh with cruel Lashes whipt !

Dishonour to her *HOUSE*, unfit to name ;

But more to Romans everlasting Shame.

She, fir'd with Vengeance, Britons did inspire

To fight her Foes, and set their Towns on Fire.

See *Verulam* ( 3 ) how low high Walls are laid ;

And *Maldon* ( 4 ) smoke, with raging Flames o'erspread !

Increasing

( 1 ) *A most valiant and renowned King of the Silures, being betray'd into the Hands of the Romans by Cartismandua Queen of the Brigantes, or Yorkshire People. But, charm'd with his Constancy, royal and modest Behaviour, generously pardoned him, with his Queen, their Children, and Kindred : And the Senate, while discoursing of the many and great Things performed by their illustrious Captive, compared him to Syphax King of Numidia, Perses of Macedonia, and other worthily noted Persons.*

( 2 ) *Or Boudicca, Spouse to Pratusagus, King of the Icenes. Her virtuous Daughters ravished by the Romans, herself ignominiously scourged, and at last unhappily overcome by Tyrants.*

( 3, 4 ) *Roman built Cities, destroyed by the Queen.*



*Ambassadors visit CÆSAR at York. II*

Increasing Ruins spacious Camps confound ;  
Whether to fly, or yet retain the Ground :  
For if hard Fate should Victors overcome ;  
Damp'd their last Hopes, for ever was their Doom.  
But Vict'ry chang'd the Scales ; and, clapping Wings,  
O'er great *SU'TONIUS*, chang'd the Face of Things.  
Whilst Joys, returning, rais'd the noble Chief,  
*Bunduca's* Heart was almost broke with Grief.  
Her Army slain, or fled ; the forlorn Queen,  
Now here, now there, in deep Distress was seen !  
Yet, in the Chariot, fix'd, resolv'd her Doom  
should stop indignant Chains or Scorns at *Rome*.  
Alas ! not long but she the Dose prepar'd,  
Those swimming Drops to shun the Fate she fear'd :  
Thro' willing Lips to yielding Cup apply'd,  
They reach'd her Heart ; she fainted, sigh'd, and dy'd !

These pensive Acts adorn'd the Temple's Walls ;  
Where *CÆSAR* ent'ring, with the Senate, calls ;  
And bids the Nuncios tell their Hearts Desire ;  
What they'd perform, and what they did require  
Before them, in white Robes, three *DRUIDS* stand ;  
Each with a verdant Oaken Bough in hand :  
To dear *Missetto* (1) sung their solemn Odes ;  
Lov'd by those Priests, and thought esteem'd of Gods.  
Then with Consent the eldest Legate rose ;  
And, in soft Words, their willing Minds disclose.  
For *GALEDONIAN LIBERTY* we sue ;  
Dear unto Us, as *POWER*, Sir, to You :  
But Death is better than *ROME's* Yoke to wear ;  
Which, bearing, *LIFE* could not as such appear.  
But if with Mines you ~~must~~ be satisfy'd,  
We'll give that *REGION* next our Borders Side ;  
*NORTHUMBERLAND*, that, undespis'd yields  
The choicest Veins, fair Springs, and fruitful Fields.  
By this *AGREEMENT* we will firmly stand.  
To which the Emp'ror answer'd out of hand.  
If you would truce with Us, the League requires  
Ta be preserv'd for answering our Desires ;  
You then must promise those to Us you'd give.  
Shall keep their Bounds, that all in Peace may live :

(1) Nothing more sacred to the Druids, which they sensibly cut off the Oaks with great Regard and Veneration.



## 12 The Happy UNION fully prophesied.

For they were want, like you, thro' Discontents,  
 Unthought of, basely, to assail our TENTS,  
 Strict Punishments, methinks, should be the Lots  
 Of fierce Northumbrians, and invading Scots;  
 How'er, in Answer to your piteous Case,  
 Take this, your surest Way to lasting PEACE.  
 Between main Land and Shore there doth incline  
 A useful Ridge from (1) Eden's Port to (2) Tyne :  
 Let a broad Ditch be made, a (3) Wall, rais'd high,  
 That watchful Guards jalse Enemies may 'spy.  
 Fair Battlements, and graceful Tow'rs beside,  
 Would more defend, and be the Soldiers Pride :  
 And these will make, to me in Reason true,  
 Them Friends to Us, or guard as Foes from you.  
 So let our Limits end this Side the Vale :  
 Us you shall not, nor will we you, assail.  
 If these will please you, long-wish'd Ease procures :  
 These Parts are our's ; let all beyond be your's.

The eldest Druid, griev'd, as were the rest,  
 To hear, by more than Signs his Words exprest :  
 And, as astonish'd, or by Fate inspir'd  
 To prophesy, spoke what his Thoughts requir'd.  
 " Must We, as worthless League, or War's Debate,  
 " Be from the rest of BRITAIN separate ?  
 " Too much on Second Causes don't rely ;  
 " Or Things demand, with which we can't comply.  
 " Not mighty JOVE gave you unbounded Sway :  
 " Heav'n never did ; and grant it never may !  
 " In Times to come, a Prince's shall arise,  
 " Sprung from a Race of Kings, Great, Good and Wise ;  
 " ANNA, that shall her Father's Sceptre bear ;  
 " Who, as in Virtues, will excell in War :  
 " O'er neighb'ring Islands, and these Kingdoms, Queen :  
 " Whose People will love-centred fast be seen.  
 " No Confines needful where bright Union shines,  
 " And ev'ry Heart like one true Soul inclines,  
 " One Name will serve, and Britons ever prove  
 " The Joys of Earth, while blest by Pow'rs above.

When

- (1) River Eden, near the City of Carlisle.  
 (2) Nigh the Mouth of which is Tinmouth Castle.  
 (3) According to Agreement, by holy Bishop Forthadus, the  
 Fall of Severus was the Boundary to Grimus and Malcolm II.  
 contending Kings of Scotland ; that Side on Cumberland being  
 adjudg'd to the former, and that next Caledonia to the latter.

**Constantine visits the dying Emperor. 131**

"When peaceful Shepherds are secur'd from Fears,  
"Champions to prancing Hocks may turn their Spears,  
"Nay, know yet more; the Romans now shall bend;  
"Not She to them, but they on Her attend;  
"Unus'd to suffer, but to shield from Harms,  
"They shall be forc'd to court her conqu'ring Arms.  
"Nor wonder at such Changes I reveal:  
"For **YOU, O CÆSAR**, now begins to fail!  
"The cruel Sisters cut thy Life's small Thread;  
"Or else this sacred Oak hath me betray'd!

This woful News the troubled Fathers mov'd;  
Tender'd their Hearts for Him they dearly lov'd;  
But angry at the Licence of his Tongue,  
Who with twain Druids vanish'd in the Throng,  
**RELIGION** only their Defence could prove;  
Since none durst act against the sacred Grove.

Then **CÆSAR**, graceful, rising from his Seat,  
Accosts the list'ning Senate mild and sweet.

"What You have heard of late concerning me,  
"Not unbecalm my Soul in least Degree:  
"Or that Disease and Labours wear away,  
"Since all the World must fall alike to Clay.  
"No wonder then that I so quick must go:  
"So soon meet Death, since Fate will have it so.  
"But, sure, the Gods, that see, can testify  
"I liv'd not vain, nor shall ignobly die.  
"The Stocks of Empire bravely I've maintain'd;  
"O'er lofty Nations mighty Conquests gain'd:  
"Made Wars to cease, concurring Princes crown'd,  
"And Peace restor'd to Britain most profound.  
"What can I more? Or yet remains to do,  
"O Rome! but now my Ashes leave to you?"

In **BEDDERN's** Palace (1) then did he reside;  
An ancient Structure, and of **Tork** the Pride;  
Where sumptuous Arches crown'd fine Works beneath,  
Kind Fate receiv'd the dying Emp'r's Breath.\*

The royal Corpse, on stately Bier laid;  
(2) Princes and Nobles, rob'd, surround the Dead!

With  
(1) Formerly the **KING's** royal Court, within the City.

\* About the Year of our Saviour's Birth 207, or 208.

(2) **CARACALLA & GETA, fill SEVERL**

## 24 Mourning of the Empress HELEN.

With mournful Cries the spacious City rung ;  
Grief in each Face, and Woe from ev'ry Tongue ;  
In solemn wise, all Things in order plac'd,  
Imperial Ensigns the Procession grac'd.

No Honours wanting, howsoe'er extreme,  
To spread the Glory of SEPTIMIUS' Name. (1)  
And, while the Pile did with his Relicks blaze,  
Fine Sights were shown to Valour's lasting Praise ;  
'Till, weakly lambent, only Bones to burn,  
Those milk-white Relicks fill'd the gilded Urn.

Now chang'd the Scene, a recent Time appears,  
When Mentor shows Great Chlorus broke in Years ;  
Diseas'd and feeble, dying on the Bed !  
Just as his SON had to YORK City sped ;  
That he might pay Respect in ducious wife,  
At his late Breath, and close his Father's Eyes !  
There (2) Helena sad Scene of Grief declares,  
With Heart-urcharg'd, and Eyes be-well'd with Tears.  
Nor is't enough that she incessant weeps ;  
Unwonted Love, which never vainly sleeps,  
A Plodge, scarce thought of, finds, that Times to come,  
Might learn Affection from the silent Tomb.  
'Twas low beneath a sacred Chapel plac'd,  
To show that Duty worthy the Deccas'd :

(1) The Apotheosis, or Consecration of Emperors, enrolling them amongst the Gods, was begun by AUGUSTUS for Julius Caesar for WHO M'tis very probable Horace wrote Ode XXV. Lib. 3.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui plenum ? qua in nemora, aut quagor in specus, velox mente nova ? quibus antris, egregii Caesaris audiar a vrnum meditans decus stellis inferere, & concilio Fovis

(2) Eusebius and Sulpicius Severus write, That this British Princess built the Church or Basilica on the Mount of Olives. An ancient one in this City by the Name often renews her Memory



With her tender Mark of conjugal Affection. 15  
 Of snow-white Marble's the Spulchre's made,  
 In which the Urn with royal Dust was laid.  
 'Mid'st the fine Arch suspending Lamp behold :  
 Not bubbling Oyl appears, but potent Gold ;  
 (1) Shining like Flames ; tho' Burning could not bear :  
 Hence ev'ry Side like aereal Rays appear.  
 Thus constant Light around the Vault was giv'n ;  
 And, undecaying, might be judg'd from Heav'n,  
 Thus honour'd in the awful Shade of Death,  
 Its splendid Fame spread o'er the higher Earth.  
 So did the widow'd Fair, thro' Love, inspire  
 The mournful Course, and made the World admire.  
 None then the curious Secret could behold ;  
 If caus'd by Art, or Nature's Springs, unfold.  
 These Rays, said MENTOR, after Ages past  
 Obscur'd, were found by Workmen at the last.  
 The yellow Beams of Fire did wond'rous seem ;  
 And to know why, well thought it worth Esteem  
 But whilst, in musing, they let in the Air,  
 The troubled Flames did quickly disappear.  
 Others think, When moist Element turn'd round  
 Within the Vault, the Flames Existence found ;  
 Till, overcome, it did revolve ; and sever  
 From Air to Fire ; and so was lost for ever !  
 Th' endearing Queen was sprung from royal Blood,  
 Parent of CONSTANTINE the Great and Good :

Here

(1) Camden mentions the burning Lamp that was found, when  
 the Monasteries were destroyed, in a Vault, within a little Chapel,  
 in which it was thought the Emperor Constantius Chlorus was  
 magnificently interred. But we are assured, there is in Arcadia an  
 unconsuming Stone, called Asphæstus, (ZANCH. lib. 4.) that set  
 once on Fire, by Art, can never be extinguish'd. Such Illumination  
 was in the Temple of Venus, if we may believe a certain Author.

TO *Historical DELIGHTS*: Book I

Here with what Joys for Him did she abound;  
Receiv'd thro' Merit, and with Glory crown'd. (1)

Where *Mentor* led, the more to please Desires,  
Wond'rous! a Palace large they view with Spires;  
Whose courtly Turrets, spangling in the Air,  
Were shining seen afar, as well as near;  
As now *St. Peter's* comely do appear.

Here 'twas *King Ebranc* reign'd, who first did frame  
*BEDERNA* fair, call'd by his lov'd *Queen's Name*:  
Whose tall stone Image stood before the Gate,  
The fittest Place for publick View in State;  
In his Devotions, like his Fathers, true;  
Rever'd the Gods, and serv'd with *Worship* due;  
Preserv'd his Subjects in their lawful Rights;  
And what he built, therein were his Delights.  
His Ancestors are known by founding Fame;  
And from his Loins a num'rous Issue came.  
But, in the Progress of this present Work,  
Few Things I'll write but what's concerning *Tork*,  
*Troy's* lov'd *ÆNEAS*, near to him in Blood:  
Still nigher *BRUTUS*, who did cross the Flood  
From fair *Ausonia* to the *Albion* Shore;  
Which, conquer'd, chang'd the Name for evermore.  
There *Brennus*, and *Belinus*, Brethren, reign'd;  
One study'd Peace; the Other Arms maintain'd.  
Enrag'd that *Roman* Ethnicks should command,  
Plunder'd *Troy-Novant*, burnt it out of hand.  
The *Delphian* Temple there was rash defil'd.

(1) O happy Britain, more happy than all the Earth besides,  
which first beheld the mighty *Constantine* proclaimed Emperor.  
Said the *Panegyrist*, and that very worthily for this City.

*Apollo's Altars scorn'd, thro' Fury wild. (1)*  
 From them behold a famous Race of Kings,  
 Dear to their Country! Look how Virtue springs!  
 See, see, says MENTOR, Worthies of old Times,  
 By Arts and Manners, rend'ring blest our Climes:  
 So soft restraining, and with Mercy sweet,  
 Attemp'ring Fiercencels, making JUSTICE meet.  
 First, mind what his extended Hands contain;  
 Who limpid Water mix'd with sprightly Grain.  
 The charming Flute you see the next him bears:  
 To Swains delightful, when oppress'd with Cares:  
 For, next to Food, which only could exceed,  
 Soft Sounds well pleas'd them from his Oaten Reed.  
 There's the bold Man, who search'd, to free Cold's Harm,  
 Earth's Bowels; and found us Coals the Hearths to warm,  
 With Metals useful. Mind the Weaver's Art;  
 Nor him neglect, who did the same impart;  
 From Lamb's Wool comb'd, in Webs how closely spun,  
 Found Sale in York soon as the Works were done.  
 But of the Kind, beyond all other Coasts,  
 Is the fine HORSE, this happy County boasts;  
 Great Neptune's Gift, for Honour of the Plains;  
 Emblem of Subjects where a wise Prince reigns.  
 He, who beneath salt Seas could form long Coves,\*  
 Preserv'd the Beast from life-devouring Waves.  
 For, as Fame says, when Pallas gain'd the Cause;

And  
 (1) Where Brennus and his Army were consumed by Lightning.  
 But the original was in Bœotia, situated among mighty Rocks, that  
 defended it: However this solar Deity, which (as Justin tells us  
 had truly declared to ALEXANDER the Great the Treachery of the  
 Macedonians) became stript of its Power at the Birth of Christ,  
 the Son of Righteousness, when it was stricken dumb for ever.



18 YORKSHIRE Horses, their Original.

And that an (1) Olive-Tree should meet Applause:  
 Besides, that Greece must only have the Fame  
 Of that fine Breed, which undeserv'd the same;  
 Albion he sought, whose Guardian Seas surround;  
 And, soon, (2) Gormire's limpid Pool he found.  
 The fairest Nymph of Fountains grac'd the Lake,  
 When he arose, and Earth began to shake.  
 His three-fold Spear but touch'd the adverse Hill,  
 When soon a comely STEED obey'd his Will.  
 The Mountain opening, leapt a fine swift Horse;  
 Ran to the Top; and, shining, grac'd the Course.  
 The Marks remain. Such Pow'r the God of Seas!  
 An annual Race must ever YORKSHIRE please.  
 Whose sprightly Youth, like Fame, will comely rise;  
 And praise the Wonder thro' the glitt'ring Skies.  
 The neighb'ring Islands were not back to spread  
 A just Report of what they'd seen, or read.  
 In Marble fine, for sov'reign Pomp and State,  
 High-mounted Neptune grac'd the royal Gate;  
 With scepter'd Trident, like an arch'd Prong:  
 The well-pleas'd Stranger smil'd, and pass'd along.  
 But look within, now open Doors are found.  
 Hark, *Cæsar* calls--- Senate and Captains round:  
 For ROME design'd: To profit, as to part,  
 Pours forth his royal Sentiments of Heart;  
 Instruction gives to suit both War and Peace;  
 With proper Forms to act in either Case.

And

(1) King's Mythology. Page 41. and 147. OVID. lib. vi. p. 150.  
*Perussamq suâ simulat de cuspide terram*  
*Edere cum baccis fœtum canentis OLIVÆ,*  
*Mirarique deos. Operis victoria finis.*

(2) A Lake, called  
 Gormire, beneath  
 Hamilton.

*Ruin of Heathenism fully determined. 19*

And, more, he gave Eborius strict Command, (1)  
O sacred Priest ! You well know from this Land  
My Sire supreme was call'd from Men to God ;  
And, leaving Earth, bright Heav'n is his Abode.  
From hence with Honour did he part from You,  
For Life supernal, which I b'lieve his Due.  
All adverse Rites must Worship true confound,  
Unfit to name ; much less on Earth abound :  
While senseless Mixtures set good Men at odds ;  
Prostrate high Altars, and confound with Gods.  
This is my Mind ; and I hope Your's will prove,  
No more to suffer, but resist the G R O V E. (2)  
Each monstrous Image, that offends the Eyes ;  
With Tables, hundred, for fum'd Sacrifice !  
Tho' hence I'm told most horrid Speeches come,  
Pronouncing Threats to strike the People dumb :  
So shake their Minds, and with such Terrors fill,  
As to please Idols were Heav'n's only Will ;  
Lest brave bold Souls should them esteem as Elves :  
Or shun the Pagan Fanes, and hurt themselves.  
But cast to Winds such goblin Dread or Fear ;  
And wile Reproaches from RELIGION bear.  
Let Temple, Gods and Shades consume in Fire !  
Then will our Arms be blest to your Desire.  
And now, farewell ! Rome and the World demand,

That

(1) The Emperor Chlorus is said to have dignified York as a Bishop's See. Eborius (who styled Britain the Province to which he belonged) was among the Council at Arles about the Year 314.

(2) Near Market-Weighton, now called Godmanham. Formerly noted for the Oracle, and a famous Temple, which indeed the Saxons destroyed, as you may find in my York History, p. 11.

That I must hence : But in what foreign Land,  
 What Place I am, my Heart will still pursue  
 Your Good ; still thoughtful both of Your's and You.  
 So said, embracing, mid'st salt trick'ling Tears,  
 He left this City, fill'd with Grief and Fears.

While on his Voyage o'er the surging Sea,  
 Or passing Regions to a greater Sway ;  
 EBORINUS, holy, pray'd with Ardour great,  
 Heav'n ! make that lovely Prince most fortunate !  
 Still adding præscient Things would certain come.  
 O Sirs ! ye know the great Regard of Rome.  
 Yet not that Mistress of the World you'll see ;  
 Nor spacious Walls, rais'd with Sublimity,  
 By Great QUIRINE, can equalize his Mind,  
 For whom a more important State's design'd.  
 The (1) Hellespont, which EUROPE separates  
 From Asia, fertile, and her happy States ;  
 Whose roaring Waters circle Kingdoms bleak ;  
 Where Princes high must sure low Homage make &  
 Her Streams will show, as they reflecting lead,  
 The Seat of Empire, and the World's chief Head.  
 Transferr'd will be whatever's rook in Fights ;  
 Remains of War, Spoils, Trophies, and Delights :  
 What e'er near Tyber did accumulate ;  
 Whether of imag'd Gods, or Altars neat ;

Not

(1) The narrow Sea, running by Constantinople, taking its Name from the unhappy Prince, therein immurg'd, named HELLE, Son of ATHAMAS, and Grandchild to Æolus, King of Thebes. It is also remarkable for the Fate of LEANDER, who lost his Life whilst swimming from Abydos to his beloved HERO, a beautiful Thracian Damself, who lived at Sestos : Both of whom have been the amiable Subject of OVID in one of his learned Epistles.



**P**ROPHETCY of the Eastern Empire. 21  
Not for their Safety, in this Place, shall be ;  
Or Worship due ; but to grace Sov'reignty :  
To greater Auspices, and more divine,  
That to this lower Orbit would incline :  
For, from Above, a Sign would sure be giv'n  
To Constantine, of Victory from Heav'n. (1)

Now leaving Y O R K, by knowing Mentor led,  
Alcans views fair Morning's Rays to spread ;  
Sees the white Pavements t'wards the pleasant Vill's,  
Near wide-spread Humber ; and repeated Hills  
Upon the left, once grac'd with Turrets high ;  
And Derwent's Streams beneath soft passing by :  
Known by the City's Name, fair to the Eye !  
Whose fertile Banks were crown'd with sprouting Grain,  
As if perfuming C E R E S there did reign :  
While distant Charms proclaim'd the useful Plow,  
And how from Tillage wond'rous Things did grow.  
Which blest Employ, we, by Historians, find  
Delighted Kings, and Fathers of Mankind : (2)  
Such Gifts, redundant, did the Earth afford  
To Caesar's Wish, and for the People's Board :  
The Emp'ror serving, either in his Court,

Or  
(1) Of the Cross, with this Inscription : **IN HOC  
SIGNO VINCES.** By this Token you shall overcome.  
Its Bearing is the true Characteristick of a Christian. *Insignis ad voluntatem Domini sunt portanda, & non alias. GUIL.*

(2) *Gaudebat terra triumphali aratore  
Et laureato vomere subigi.*

**P**LINY tells how the Earth flourished in former  
days, when Emperors left their Seats, and be-  
took themselves to rural Employments, &c.

22 DARWENT, once a remarkable City.  
 Or when he did for rural Air resort.  
 Where nothing could, like Nature, bright, impart;  
 Whose mingled Sweets as much surpass all Art,  
 As if, with Eagle's Sight, you could behold  
 Heav'n's SUN exceed its Picture 'ray'd in Gold.  
 Oft he recited Praises of the Land;  
 Pronounc'd Men happy, did they understand  
 Their chiefest Good; and this the Emp'rour thought  
 They should yield Thanks to Heav'n, as well they ought.  
 But, now, alas! said he, Blessings so great  
 I shall not share, tho' call'd to Helm of State;  
 Nor yet enjoy that soft or sweet Repose,  
 Through weighty Cares none of the Country knows.  
 For Caesar true Content thro' Darwent found;  
 Which Age, long since, has levell'd with the Ground  
 Where tufted Woods high Battlements did breast;  
 (A charming Prospect to the wand'ring Guest)  
 Where flow'ry Banks adorn'd the rural Scene,  
 And Tow'rs in Streams were fair reflecting seen:  
 Now far estrang'd to what they were before:  
 The Palace gone, the Shadows are no more!  
 Luxuriant Autumn, with industrious Care;  
 Did Winter, Spring, and lovely Summer, cheer.  
 Oft viewing shady Groves, with Walks between,  
 There, prone to study, \* Wisdom's Works were seen:  
 Sublime thro' Art kind Nature's Plantage grew;  
 Still rais'd high Thoughts, whilst pleasanter to view.

\* Ut equum ad cursum apertus, & liber circus pro  
 vocat sic animum vagans, vacans; aura. Silvam il-

The Natural GLORIES of Yorkshire. 23

Beneath some spreading Oak, or Lime-Tree Shade  
Humbly conceive the pond'ring Emp'ror laid ;  
Invited by Sun's Warmth, or murm'ring Stream,  
Lays fall his Book, and sinks in soft'ning Dream ;  
Till wak'd by various Sounds of thrilling Notes,  
Like Discords sweeten'd, wond'rous Joy promotes :  
And more recover'd, from soft downy Sleep,  
The bellowing Cattle hears, and bleating Sheep ;  
Which he admires, by Providence, design'd  
To cloath and feed the Offspring of Mankind.  
Look where he wou'd, fresh Objects pleas'd his Sight,  
To praise kind Heav'n, and yield his Mind delight.  
Sweet-scented Airs, and od'rous Blessings round,

With

*lam viridem videt ? nemus ambulacris amœnioribus,  
& viis philosophicis interstinctum ? hic meditari a-  
vet, & contemplari arcana Naturæ, arborum concin-  
nos ordines, & plantaria. Fluminis molliter præterla-  
bentis strepitum audit, & murmur ? ob repente leniter  
somnia, niſtari oculis, & apricari. Avium suaviter  
trutillantium, & fritillantium modulationes, & que-  
rulas voces ? excitari ilico, & grata illa concentus  
discordia demulceri. Errantes denique alibi reduſta  
valle mugientium, aut belantium greges ? mirari  
providentiam DEI, etiam in brutis abjeſtis ad pa-  
ſtum, ut hominem veſtiant, & alant. Altum hic ſe-  
curumque otium : nemo qui appellet, aut interpellat,  
quamque in partem circumfert oculos, multa ei ſug-  
geritur materia laudis, latusque campus apperitur  
ſanctæ meditationi.* C R U C. p. 459.



24 Contemplation on delightful rural Scenes.

With which the Harvest, when mature, was crown'd  
 That gather'd, then he us'd to call the Swains  
 To Sports and Dancing on the soft-trod Plains ;  
 And gave Rewards to those that acted well :  
 But when in martial Feats some did excell ;  
 Triumphant Palms, with rural Honours too,  
 Became their Merit, to brave Valour due.  
 Here 'twas, said Mentor, CHLORUS us'd to come  
 For mental Ease, surcharg'd with Cares at home :  
 Free from all fuming Cities, Clamours rude,  
 Trac'd verdant Lawns in charming Solitude.  
 (In ev'ry Age allow'd, (1) to ease the Pain  
 Of fainting Thoughts, and sweet perfume the Brain.)  
 And saw the Sun chase nightly Shades away :  
 Rose with the Lark, which welcom'd in the Day.  
 With sprightly Warblings hail the spreading Light,  
 When Thousands join'd in Consort 'till the Night  
 When Philomela, chanting from her Breast,  
 Made sad Complaints, and lull'd the World to Rest.  
 The trickling Brooks, swift-streaming Rivers glide,  
 And how the Meadows charm'd, with Daisies py'd !  
 Whilst gentle Zephirs with Aurora play ;  
 Like Youth and Virgins in the Month of May ;  
 (Whose Songs he heard, with Talk of mutual Love,  
 When rising Sighs and falling Tears did move !)  
 Where arched Walks adorn the twilight Grove

(1) Tu hoc uno felix, quod tuus, quories à studiis gravioribus, aliqua tibi remissio, ut inambules, & amœna solitudine, ægritudines animi discutias. CRUC. p. 594.

King EBRANC visits the Oracle. 25

Where Strephon mourn'd, and Sylvia's Tears did move.\*

The thick-sown Lands, how waving they adorn !

Frequent I've known him praise life-yielding Corn ;

Either ( 1 ) when milky, ripen'd, shot to Ears ;

Or, near to Food, for Use it reap'd appears.

Where Castles stood, now grow most stately Pines,

And sprouting Grain with nat'ral Beauty shines.

As for the Delgouvian gloomy Wood,

There the round Hill, on which the Temple stood,

Yet plain appears ; with Cypress Trees that rear

Their lofty Heads, and mix with Clouds of Air.

From long Tradition did the Natives prove

Their Gods Abode, and here their shady Grove ;

Who in past Ages wond'rous Answers gave ;

Events declaring from the gloomy Cave :

Where fam'd King EBRANC came to supplicate

The Oracle, and learn Affairs of State :

If Fate would prosper what he had begun ;

His Palace fair, or for the City done ?

Which, for his good Intentions, did express

Hopes of his future Kingdom, with Success.

Within the Chapel ; but beneath the Ground,

The rural Gods, in Image-Work, stood round ;

With Altars proper ; for each had the Power

To raise the Suppliants Hearts, or sink them lower.

Thus, before CHRIST, Men plainly might behold

The Jaws tremendous of the Cave unfold !

See the strange Deities in Order stand,

As

\* See my Pastoral POEM on the delightful Beauties of  
Castle-Howard, contrived by the good Earl of Carlisle.

( 1 ) Amongst complicated Deities were *Laducina*, *Matura*,  
*Hosilina*, and *Tutelina* ; in like manner as were own'd *Ver-*  
*umnus*, *Pomona*, *Flora*, &c. Whose Beauties appear lovely  
in fine Animonies, Auriculas, Crocus, Cowslips, Haythorn,  
hyacinths, Iris, Junquils, Narcissus, Pinks, Prim and ( Da-  
nask ) Rese, Renunculas, Snow-Drop, Tulip, Violet, &c.  
See Dr. King, p. 134, &c. with other Works of Botany.

## 26 Heathen Gods terrify'd at Godmanham.

As tho' o'er Fate they had entire Command.  
 But now, thro' JESU's Coming, wiser knew  
 Their Force must end, for all that they could do.  
 'Tis o'er. Observe, as if sad Cries you heard  
 The echoing Noise of Spirits sudden fear'd !  
 The Grove to move, and trem'lous Doors to sha k  
 Their Foldings hinder'd, and their Hinges break :  
 Whilst from the Chapel woful Words did come,  
 Thus venting Groans for loth-departing Doom.  
*Alas, for us, the Time draws near at hand ;*  
*Expell'd, we shall be driv'n from this Land :*  
*No Residence, as tho' we did expire.*  
*For all our Buildings must consume in Fire !*  
*All our Recesses, be expos'd to Air !*  
*This sure we know, in Sorrow must declare.*  
*By Cæsar's Order, we shall burn in Flame.*  
 One JOVE must triumph, whom we dare not name :  
 And since He cannot bear us in his Eye,  
 Nothing's more safe than from his Sight to fly :  
 Who, like another dreadful TYPHON seems, (1)  
 That forc'd bright Pow'rs to Egypt's slimy Streams.  
 Therefore, Thou, Neptune ! make the Gods thy Care,  
 And forthwith place them in thy wat'ry Chair.  
 Thro' trackless Seas for Northern Pole explore ;  
 And where the Ocean washes Scythia's Shore,  
 There land your Passengers ; transfer their Fears,  
 Where Temples they will find, and Altars new be theirs.  
 From hence digressing, let's view Humber's Sands,  
 Where the last Roman Station now demands  
 Our Notice, called by the Prætor's Name, (2)  
 Tho' in its Road were little else of Fame :  
 For not as yet could Beverley be seen,  
 With gilded Spires, to mix with Skies serene ,  
 And please the weary Traveller afar,  
 With Hopes of Rest, whilst he approached near :  
 Nor yet fam'd Vessels near Hull's Shore appear'd ;  
 Or lofty Walls on humid Banks were rear'd. (3)

Works

(1) *Quid. Met. l. v. 322. Dr. King's Myth. pag. 28.*

(2) *Pattrington. (3) Invenit antiquitas posteris perfecerunt.*  
 Things unfinish'd by Antiquity are left to another Age.

(1) C  
 accepera  
 ab occas  
 Homero

(2) A  
 Major, v  
 and set  
 the And  
 of Orob

(3)

(4)



## Of Constellations, Rivers, Ocean, &c. 27

Works of another Age. The Earth then seem'd  
 Alike to view ; useless, and unesteem'd.  
 Thick interwoven Trees clogg'd up the Ground,  
 Where Beavers, Wolves and Bears Reception found ;  
 Whilst thro' the Air hoarse Birds of Prey did sound. }  
 Within the Port the Roman Navy show'd,  
 As tho' their Station fram'd a lofty Wood :  
 Whilst strong-built Piers, by Stones of various Kinds,  
 Procur'd in Sea, and skreen'd from threat'ning Winds (1)  
 The turbid Humber rag'd ; but vainly strove  
 With Waves, advolving, to disturb, or move.  
 This the prime Place for maritime Affairs ;  
 For Ships, and Men of Trade, with what were theirs :  
 Whether of Profits, Revenues, or Hire ;  
 Things suiting War, or militant Attire.  
 A large Exchange ! high Pillars in great State,  
 With mighty Cov'ring, did compose the Gate.  
 Thro' sprinkled Roofs Heav'n's brilliant Lights appear'd ;  
 The Seven fair Sisters by the Greeks rever'd !  
 The glorious SUN, whether at Morn or Noon ;  
 And Ocean's powerful Lamp, Night's long-ray'd Moon !  
 Tho' lesser Light, sweet and refulgent seems ;  
 Who rules the Seas, and gilds the waving Streams.  
 The fam'd (2) *Arcturus* to the North a Guide ;  
 And (3) *Orion* brave, sprung from an Oxen Hide ;  
 With those dear (4) Twins, that do alternate shine :  
 Fair Constellations ! equally divine.  
 Not less the Stars, that nearer *PHOEBUS* meet,  
 By Gravitation, rend'ring all compleat :

---

Or  
 (1) *Olim quidem apud Græcos quatuor tantum ventū nomina  
 acceperant, nempe cardinales, Eurus ab ortu spirans, Zephyrus  
 ab occasu, Boreas à septentrione, Notus ab Austro : neque ab  
 Homero aliorum ventorum fit mentio. VARRON. p. 256.*

(2) A Constellation of 14 Stars, which follow the *Ursus  
 Major*, whence it has its Name ; imagin'd both at rising  
 and setting) to cause Tempests : Those Appearances, say  
 the Ancients, are in the Middle of *September*, and Beginning  
 of *October*. See *Hor. Lib. III. Od. I.* and other Books.

(3) A hoisterous Star, mentioned in *Virg. Lib. I.*

(4) *Caster* and *Pollux*, celebrated by learned *Homer*.

## 28 *Maritime Affairs, Courts of Justice.*

Or *JOVE*, æthereal, round about Him rang'd  
 With moving Objects ; He, himself, unchang'd :  
 All so benign toward the naval State,  
 And make advent'rous Mariners compleat.  
 Fine naval Crowns adorn'd the spangling Shade ;  
 And Columns, suiting, were with Beaks array'd :  
 Hung up, as Trophies from pyratick Foes ;  
 By wise Decision, plac'd as publick Shows.  
 For in these Limits did the Prætor sit  
 In Court, convok'd, when Bus'ness call'd for it.  
 That so strict Justice they might firmly keep,  
 Whilst judging Doubts concerning of the Deep.  
 Nor only here were ended causetul Suits ;  
 But more transacted still than bare Disputes.  
 The best-built war-like Vessels here assign'd ;  
 Instructions giv'n for those of stoutest Kind ;  
 To furnish Weapons ; well supply the Stores,  
 And load the Merchant Ships for foreign Shores.  
 Retain, inspect ; pay Tribute without fail ;  
 At Times, propitious, then oblige to sail.  
 Moreover, notwithstanding Care and Charge,  
 (Which Heav'n we wish will more and more enlarge!)  
 Took heed the great Revenues for the Sea  
 Might be supply'd, that Trade might ne'er decay.  
 Our Sailors, while on Land, make Truth their Guide,  
 But, navigating, will triumphant ride :  
 Just, brave and gen'rous ; tender, and yet bold ;  
 Scorn to oppress ; nor will they be controul'd.  
 Great Heaps provided : Necessary Goods ;  
 Fell'd royal Oaks (1) that grac'd the shady Woods ;  
 With lofty Pines, that well could bear the Storms  
 Consider we the Lab'ers, and their Forms.  
 Incumbent all to work, Tall Masts some make.  
 Others to Yards and Sails themselves betake :

---

These

(1) The cutting down of Forrest-Trees, &c. (*Ash, Aspine, Beech, Birch, Cedar, Cypress, Elm, Ewe, Fir, Holm, Laurel, Maple, Myrrh, Oak, Olive, Pine, Plantane, Poplar, Sycamore, Vine and Willow*) is succinctly comprehended by Statius, &c. plain quoted by Chaucer, and Spenser in his *Fairy-Queen*, Book I. And likewise by the Prince of Poets, Homer, *Lib. xxiii.*

NEPTUNE *fled with Ethnic Deities.* 29

These to sleek Oars, or fixing needful Seats :  
 Part, spinning Ropes, stretch'd Cables show their Feats.  
 Some stop the Cliffs with Flax by heavy Blows ;  
 Others the gilded Stern with Beauty shows :  
 Or to the Prow affix the brazen Beak.  
 The Keels anointed, they united make  
 A mighty Noise, and haste towards the Sea.  
 The pitch'd Work glows ; and rising Fumes bear Sway.  
 'Mongst these, behold the Men, who, sudden, spring  
 To Motion quicken'd, as a wond'rous Thing !  
 They leave their Works ; and to the Sea-Banks speed.  
 In Companies, to view a Sight, indeed !  
 But angry Waves at that time ceas'd to roar ;  
 Nor Billows tow'r'd like Mountains to the Shore.  
 No clouded Tempests shook the lower Air ;  
 Scarce breathing Winds regal'd ; but all was fair.  
 Yet HUMBER soon began, as in discord,  
 With turbid Waves to swell, and proudly lord :  
 So hot, it crush'd with an unusual Noise :  
 So great the Noise, and none to counterpoise.  
 Quickly in Chariot Neptune they espy'd, ( 1 )  
 Sailing from Ure all in his aqueous Pride ;  
 Bearing the Gods, that from their Temples fled,  
 And late fair Groves, by Flames demolished.  
 He, fir'd with Rage, soon by his ( 2 ) Trident found  
 The lowest Depths, whilst tearing up the Ground.  
 Swift Wheels, their Axis moving, cast on high  
 Belpinkling Waters to the cloud-chang'd Sky :  
 Resolv'd by Flight to pass thro' gelid Gates,  
 And seek, thro' Fate, their lately promis'd Seats.  
 These for to find, if Fortune would but smile ;  
 And so repose them in their forc'd Exile.  
 Swiftly he cut thro' Humber to the Main,  
 Which on the left the watry Steeds did gain :  
 While to the North they did their Course pursue,  
 Low they subided as their last Adieu :  
 So left the Seas above, and Albion's Shore,  
 In peaceful State, as both had been before.  
 Now seiz'd thro' Love, whilst I broad Ocean view,  
 Not far, but ( 3 ) Spurn-head, rugged, strikes my View :

( 1 ) H O M. xii. xiv. ( 2 ) Ipse tridente, &c. Ov. l. 1.

( 3 ) At the Mouth of the River Humber, a fine Estuary.



### 30 Intent of ULYSSES to visit the Coast.

Despising Waves, yet answering Mens Desires :  
For far-stray'd Ships it guides by nightly Fires.

These far-seen Coasts, said MENTOR, once attain'd  
Laertes' Son : And when a while he reign'd,  
High Walls he rais'd on Zealand's (1) distant Shore,  
Call'd by his Name, well known in Times of Tore.

Long did they stand, 'till Neptune, as we find,  
The Ruins seiz'd, impell'd by Eastern Wind.

" O strange ! cry'd Alæ's, if it lawful be,

" To know past Days, and hear their History :

" Let's see, I pray, Dulichium's Chief explore

" In's sable Vessel, as, near Sigæan Shore,

" It seem'd amongst the rest of ancient Greece.

" Tho' under Shade, Things he may chance express,

" To honour both our Nation and our Name,

" Worthy recording in the Books of Fame ;

" Which may a little even Gods delight :

" Who pleas'd review'd, or, vexed, came to fight

" In that beloved and most noted Layd."

Scarce this was spoke ; but, as by Heav'n's Command,

A Ship, with broad-spread Sails, appear'd to them,

Who heard a shrill Voice call from curved Helm.

Upon the Poop, Ulysses plain appear'd

With liquid Eyes, as tho' by Tears besmear'd,

That noted Chief, whose Wisdom skreen'd from Harm ;

Whose Prowess conquer'd, as his Words could charm :

Yet tearful seem'd to trust a Land unknown,

By recollecting Actions long since done

Of Victories and Slaughters he had seen!

Much more to leave that Safety he was in.

At length the faithful Eurylochus sent,

And Polytes with twenty Herces went,

Who were to learn the Peoples Names ; and view

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○ Their

(1) Ulydingen or Flushing in that Country is said to  
have been erected by so wise a Prince : Qui domitor Trojæ,  
multorum providus urbes et mores hominum inspexit. HOR. Epist.

Tho' the Foundation was disputed. " Flissinga nominatur, non

" Ulysses ab ULYSSE, ut quidam augentur producta origine,

" sed ab urceo aut lagena potius, &c. De Occult. Nat. 365.

But Solinus mentions positively that he did visit England. His

Arms was a Dolphin, with Typhon breathing Flames. GULL.

Anc  
Their  
Mild  
To c  
And,  
They  
But,  
Polites  
And  
Neptun  
Hairy.  
With  
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Or Cy  
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*Anciently possess'd by gigantic Inhabitants: 31*

Their Lands, and find what Fruits spontaneous grew.  
Mild in Command, indigitating them,  
To climb the Hill, he shew'd his willing Men:  
And, Exhortation giv'n, in weeping Strain,  
They parted only soon to meet again.  
But, sudden, hasting back the Ship they hail.  
Polites crying, *Quickly let's set Sail,*  
And leave this dreadful Land; for 'tis the Place  
Neptunian (1) ALBION reign'd and left a Race,  
Hairy, like fearful Giants in Pursuits  
With Clubs of Ash-Tree, torn up by the Roots!  
Heaving great Stones, like Antiphates seem'd;  
Or Cyclops, horrid; so they might be deem'd.  
But now th' Advent'ers freed from what they fear'd,  
Those o'er-grown Monsters quickly disappear'd.  
And then the Vessel turning to the Sea,  
Mentor still made th' retiring Wand'rer stay.  
LAERTES Son, said he, *tho' Lethe's Shades*  
*Lull Ghosts; and deep Oblivion ne'er invades*  
*What is to come; yet, 'gainst my just Command*  
*You twice have enter'd this forbidden Land:*  
*But as I'm sure flown Ages you know well;*  
*Gladly I'd hear what's in your Pow'r to tell;*  
*Since Eloquence and Learning bright you have*  
*From everlasting Darkness Chains to save.*  
He paus'd; and, shaking off insomnial Airs,  
A circling Glory to his Sight appears:  
Past Things revolving, with an earnest Look,  
The learned Shade to Wisdom's Power spoke.  
O Goddess! none that in Elysium lie  
Can hide them from thy penetrating Eye:  
Nor any Might did e'er so great commence,  
Like thine, to call departed Souls from thence.  
Long since when Neptune's Vessel did explore  
O'er dang'rous Seas, Men sail'd to this fam'd Shore.

(1) See my History of England, p. 3, 4. concerning this gigantic Prince, his Brethren, and Subjects. Men became fierce and hard.

32 ULYSSES to MENTOR, or Minerva.  
But met Distresses thro' hard Destiny :  
So Fate, I think, has driven mine and me.  
But after I'd left Ithaca to roam,  
And sought thro' Perils for another home ;  
No Place than Yorkshire gave so sweet Delight ;  
None to review more pleasing to my Sight .  
If not illicit for Thebes Sage to rise  
From lowly Shades ascend to convex Skies ;  
Attempt to offer Tributes of due Praise,  
So well deserv'd by those of former Days :  
If in the Land of Spirits to converse,  
And hear pale Ghosts their own great Acts rehearse ;  
Demonstrate Glories, previous, bright to shine,  
Thro' future Times : Then to my Words incline.  
I've seen the Blessings Heav'n reserves in Store,  
And heard Tircias utter, more and more,  
To mourning Souls, long absent from the Tomb,  
What Peace and Joy hereafter were to come.  
With Hopes of Fame cheer'd Spirits entertain'd,  
For bright Atchievements in the World attain'd.  
Themselves perform'd, while they herein were blest ;  
Thro' Wisdom gain'd, or Fortitude possess'd :  
That Mæmnius, who could choice Things compose,  
Would shine in Sphere, the Virtuous only knows.  
And thro' the Poets, whom he would engage  
Make recent Years seem as th' Augustan Age  
But PROSERPINA calls. I must appear.  
This said, ULYSSES vanish'd in the Air :  
Whilst, at the hearing HOMER's sacred Name,  
MENTOR eclips'd the Brightness of his Flame.

The End of the First B O O K.



THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK II.

**MENTOR** and **ALCEUS** sail from Spurn-Head in a Passage-Boat, and arrive at the Mouth of the River Don. Merla, now called Sunk, an Island in the Humber. The Power of the River begins a Narration of the War between the Brigantes and the Romans: How the former, instigated by Carismandua, Queen to King Venusius, and influenced by A. Didius, built a Castle near its flowing Streams. That Prince prepares to fight the Forces of his perfidious Spouse, favour'd by the Pro-prator. The most loyal Subjects take up Arms, and come in Numbers to attend their King from remotest Parts of Yorkshire. From hence proceed Descriptions of Men, and various Places of Abode. Segonax, with his Son Arcadius; and of Sabella. Knaresbrough, Cleveland, Rippon, &c. The ancient Oak in the Forest of Galtries. The Event of War according to the Oracle which Venusius consulted, who sent for the Shield of Trojan **BRUTUS**, found amongst other Arms deposited under a Mountain. By Prayer to **JUPITER**, he finds it. Besides are exhibited to his View several Omens of happy Success in the present War; and, by wonderful artful Favour, beholds amazing Achievements and heroic Actions concerning his Posterity.

**I**N Vessel, small, from Spurn-Head's lofty Shore,  
And Ocean broad, **ALCÆUS** plies the Oar;  
Cloud-shading **MENTOR** then directs the Helm  
Towards an Island, Seas did over-whelm:  
For Fame declares, a Prince of **Munns** (1) was drown'd;  
And, by his Death, the Name of **HUMBER** found:  
Dread to bold Sailors, thinking, from the Shore,  
The royal Ghost caus'd boistering Winds to roar:  
And that his monstrous Form was plainly seen  
Upon the haunted Sands, or nearest Green.  
As tho' confin'd: That Bones, of divers Kinds,  
Lay

(1) *Hunnorum princeps obdicens tergo Locrino  
Submersus, nomen contulit HUMBRIS aque.*

See Preface to my History of Hull, p. 7. from **Cæsar**

# 34 *The Confluence of RIVERS.* Book II.

Lay sad Remains by Force of Waves and Winds :  
 Th' echoing Shores resound the Tyrant's Plaints !  
 Portentous Signs that Sailors were against !  
 As if fair Gales should be deny'd the Deep ;  
 Or dire Destruction with'd to ev'ry Ship :  
 And as, tho' angry, in tremendous Forms,  
 Provok'd the furious Waves by raging Storms.  
 Upon the left they leave these Scenes of Dread,  
 To \**Coritanea*, on the Right, make Head. \**Lincolnshire.*

Three flowing Rivers from the *TRENT*'s embrace.  
 One from the *U R E*, or *Swifter Ouze*, takes Place.  
 Next *A R E*, smooth, pleasant, clear as crystal, flows ; (1)  
 Collecting Waters, spreading as it goes ;  
 And ancient *D O N*, for slimy Entrance known ;  
 With Reef-girt Head, as o'er his Hafts a Crown,  
 Around him leafy Alder Trees, a Shade  
 Hung o'er his antique Shape, who was array'd,  
 With humid Graces, whilst, well-pleas'd, he laid.

Goddess ! I ken you ; and wou'd have you b'lieve  
 The Form of *MENTOR* cannot me deceive.  
 A'nt you *MINEVA* ? Think you I don't know  
 Whence you descend, and what brought you below ?  
 Bright Patron of the *NINE*, and Help divine,  
 To make their Numbers everlasting shine !  
 Eurus was lately here : These Lands, he told,  
 You and *Alceus* journey'd to behold ;  
 And learn what Roman Acts we could declare :  
 Therefore, I pray, don't quick pass by ; but hear  
 What now I offer, worthy of the Mule ;  
 How Virtues did those Champions, bold, infuse.  
 For I remember how brave *Yorkshire* stood ;  
 And verdant Plains for Freedom dy'd with Blood !  
 When first the Romans thought by Wars to gain  
 These Kingdoms ; where long time they fought in vain :  
 And how, when driven from the sanguine Fields,  
 To 'scape these Banks, swam o'er with Helms and Shields !  
 Hark ! whilst I lay these Things before your Eyes,  
 Fit for the Lyre ; or Verse, to reach the Skies !

Intent, they stopt their Boat, as well they need ;  
 Whilst, pleas'd, the River's God did thus proceed.

When

(1) *Kirkstall Abbey* was often called *crystal Monastery*, be-  
 cause of the Limpidity of the pleasant Streams running near it.

## Cause of War with the ancient Romans. 35

When famous Britain's prim'y Leader fell,  
 Thro' adverse Fate, in Battle, sad to tell !  
 The great *Caratacus*, in War renown'd ;  
 The Kingdom's Pillar, seem'd to lose its Ground ;  
 And as the Warriors by degrees did fall ;  
 So rushing Foes did more and more prevail :  
 Who, like swift Torrents, to extend their Bounds,  
 With Forces, fresh, seiz'd undefended Grounds.  
 Nor, yet, inactive, *Yorkshire* could complain,  
 For Want of Strife, in King *Verulus*' Reign.  
 Proud *Cartimandua*, Consort of his Bed,  
 Like him the Sceptre sway'd, and was obey'd :  
 She who, in Chains, brave *Situes* Prince did hold :  
 Betray'd to *Romans* for the sake of Gold :  
 Bold, beyond measure, flights her Marriage Vows,  
 And *Kellocatus* takes to be her Spouse.  
 Hence did the People's Hate, the Queen confound,  
 While their sharp Tongues stain'd Reputation wound.  
 Indelible ; and, Rage to gratify,  
 At length they make the odious Creature fly ;  
 Who, mad, from foreign Arms implor'd Relief,  
 Scarce hop'd by *Didius*, that her Rage and Grief,  
 Alluring strong, her Country overcome,  
 Might easy Triumphs well afford to *Rome*.  
 Mean while the King, surcharg'd with various Cares,  
 In Mind revolving, turns to State Affairs ;  
 And, in his deep discriminating Breast,  
 Thinks what old *Didius* took ; and how possesst  
 To skreen th' adul'terous Queen their Camp conceal'd ;  
 And by their Troops that he should be assail'd ;  
 From the high Castle gave the Sign of War ;  
 King *EBRANC*'s Standard waving in the Air !  
 As when commixt each beauteous Colour's seen ;  
 White, Orange, Red ; Bright Yellow, Blue and Green ;  
 Unnumber'd mingled Dyes, proceeding, yet,  
 From them, faint Azure, and the Violet.  
 Now spreading Fame with fleeting Pinions flew ;  
 Nor was it long before all *Yorkshire* knew.  
 The Country's Safety thro' all Places spread ;  
 And blooming Youth, by strong Incitement, led :

---

† Nullum supplicium gravius est publico odio.



36 *The most noted Towns occupy'd for Armour,*

So ardent all, to fir'd with fresh Alarms,  
 They strove who first could seize defensive Arms.  
 Fearless of Fate, of Death they had no Dread ;  
 But begg'd they might against their Foes be led.  
 Now think what Towns upon our Banks do glow ;  
 What Iron's wrought, where well-ply'd Bellows blow !  
 And where the (1) Anvil and the Hammer shew'd  
 The Smith's Industry for the publick Good :  
 Flaming like these, which (2) *Homer* tells for true ;  
 But these, in Fact, what *VULCAN* never knew.  
 A thousand Chimneys *Sheffield* occupy'd ;  
 For *Massam*, Metals neighb'ring Hills provide,  
 Dug deep from thence, and here hot liquify'd.  
 From sounding Anvils Strokes Men far might hear ;  
 Nor Files or Stones to polish wanting were,  
 Superior, yet, before the Smith's sharp Eyes  
 The *Roman* Arms were plac'd, that might suffice  
 Exploring Art, what Changes he shou'd make ;  
 Or if Examples better those to take.

All Sorts of Darts prepar'd, as could be thought ;  
 And, to instruct, prelusious Battles fought.  
 These happy Omens did *Venusian* please ;  
 And so his Mind and Breast became at Ease.

'Tis pleasant thus to hear, in ancient Days,  
 Were noble Souls for War ; Names worthy Praise ;  
 How they were arm'd, for what they crold the Main ;  
 And who the Leaders of each following Train.  
 The (3) *Daunians*, who first settled in our Land,  
 And prov'd as Neighbours, soon took Sword in hand,  
*Daunus*, their Chief, when he had humbly paid,  
 By fun'ral Rites, his Duty to the Dead,  
 The valiant *Turnus*, ever to him dear,  
 And that hard Fate had prov'd to him severe ;  
 From ruin'd *Troy* and *Italy* explores,  
 'Till, passing Seas, he found our happy Shores :

(1) *Ecclesiasticus* xxxviii. 28. (2) *XVII. 435.*

(3) *Daunia*, a Country in the East Part of Italy, commonly called *Puglia plana*, or *Piana*, belonging to the Kingdom of Naples. See *HOR.* lib. I. *Od.* xxii. and Lib. II. *Od.* i.

*Henry Pleydel Danney*, Viscount Downe, Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to the Prince of Wales. — The Learned and Rev. Mr. Benjamin Danney, of *Stalesfield*, *Kent* ; and others.

*The illustrious Origin of the Dannians.* 37

Freed from Exile, he meets a sweet Retreat  
For him, and his : Which, for to make compleat,  
He built a Castle high, in lofty Fane ;  
And call'd the Structure by his honour'd Name.  
A thousand Men he led of Kindred strong ;  
And joy'd that from a valiant Prince they sprung.  
To hunt accustom'd that in Woods annoy ;  
But Wolves, the worst, they would by Force destroy.  
Long || Spears they carry'd, with broad Iron bound ;  
And Skins they wore descending near the Ground ;  
The Beast's fierce Cheeks still dangling at the Hide,  
Wide, horrid Jaws, as it in Torments dy'd :  
Whole sanguine Mouth, in golden-colour'd Field,  
Became their Arms, the Glory of the Shield.  
He who did first fair *Almondbury* found,  
Acute in Arms, provok'd the People round  
To join : With those who Mountains high possess,  
And view'd the distant Ocean on the West ;  
Where many liv'd more near the setting Sun ;  
Or plac'd by Fate to view fair Fountains run ;  
Could of the *Calder*, *Wharf* and *Aire* partake ;  
*Ickley's* cold Springs, and kind *Malternal* Lake.  
Besides, on *Pennigent*, so near the Clouds ;  
Or such round *Ship-ton* Castle had Abodes.  
These hardy People, as from sharper Air,  
The Land produc'd, most likely for the war ;  
Who knew their two-edg'd Weapons well to wield,  
And in their Pine-Tree Chariots keep the Field.  
In such did mighty *Arviragus* fight ;  
His Axle-Tree tremendous to the Sight ;  
With plated Iron Scythes so thickly plac'd,  
That, moving round, spar'd neither Man, or Beast.  
Friend to the great *Caraticus* he prov'd ;  
Another Chief in War ; like him belov'd.  
Brittle, thro' Wars and Slaughters, well he knew  
The *Silures* sad Remains, and pity'd too !  
For sympathizing in the Country's Grief,  
That Vengeance sought, he came to their Relief.  
To raise their Hearts a thousand Chariots show'd,  
Whose Wheels were tinctur'd with the *Romans* Blood.

---

|| This Manner of Hunting is in Stone-Work in the Minster.

### 38 OF ARCAS, SABELLA, ARVIRAGUS, &c.

Then *Arcas*, (1) *Segonax's* beautiful Son,  
Join'd as Companion, who by Love was won.  
Tho' child, *Sabella* link'd in *Cupid's* Chains;  
The Nymph that own'd the cold *Lavarian* Plains;  
Whose higher Grounds, as yok'd to *Tese*, extend;  
Helress to *Timon*: She, averse, did bend  
To Hills and Mountains, seeming none to heed,  
But those who follow'd of the cynic Breed.  
Huntress of Beasts, that well could throw the Dart:  
No Hopes gave *Arcas*; rather broke his Heart!  
Yet them long cherish'd, tho' alas! in vain.  
At length his Sire accosted in this Strain.  
*Is this a Time, my Son, to search the Groves,  
For sake of her, who chaste (2) Diana loves?  
That flies your Arms more fast than you can run,  
And leaves you panting just as you begun?  
Can rural Sports, or wounding Beasts, detain;  
Whilst blooming Flow'r of Youth grace Ebranc's Plain?  
Shame and Dishonour to thy ancient Race!  
Forsake these Woods; resign the Sylvan Chace.*  
*CARATICUS* did once thy Praises sound,  
When by *Asmidas* with fair Girdle bound:  
In stately Chamber gave thee Sword and Spear:  
But, slain, methinks his gaping Wounds appear!  
Which laid him bleeding on the humid Ground,  
Whilst Roman Heaps his honour'd Corpse surround!  
Be thy high Fame as dear to us, I pray;  
Since Youth commands, and Strength has powerful Sway.  
The Helms, the Shields, *Soraxis*' mighty Spear,  
That in our Hall do on the Right appear,  
Were those from *Cattrick's* lofty Walls flung down;  
Both here and there dispers'd upon the Ground  
By Fugitives; and so as Preys were found.

Now  
(1) The Name of One metamorphos'd to a Constellation, along  
with *Callisto*, after her above quiver'd Mistress had changed her  
into the Great Bear, when enjoyed by *JUPITER*.

(2) Called also *Phoebe*. Likewise *CYNTHIA*, from *Cyn-*  
*thus*, a Mountain in *Delos*. *Hon. Lib. III. Od. xxviii.* The  
Temple of this Goddess, at *Ephesus*, was adorned with 127  
of *Parian Marble*. *S. PAUL* visited that Temple.



## *The fair Hunnress turn'd Warriour.*

39

Now go ; nor let to Morrow's SUN behold  
Thee loitering ; but the sought-for Camp behold.  
Compleatly dress'd, be thou, in Armour, seen  
Amongst brave Numbers on the verdant Green.  
Of Quiver-Bearers Hundreds, Ten I'll send  
From Swale's fair Banks, their strong stiff Bows to bend ;  
And hurle sure Arrows with unerring Aim.  
There Arviragus will advance your Fame :  
Learn all the Toils most proper thee to raise  
By martial Deeds, and gain immortal Praise.  
He goes ; he learns ; and now his only Care  
Is to surpass the Dangers of the War.  
But, lo ! a Change. Lavatria sets in Store  
Her absent Love ; and weeps — that shunn'd before.  
Inflam'd, the Forest, with its Creatures, leaves.  
The Woods, departing, mourning, thus she grieves.  
Must these my Darts be only useful here,  
To wound poor Beasts, and chiefly slay the Deer ?  
Can I not hear of any greater Foe ?  
These Alms us'd : What's mine were his, I know.  
The precious Gift of mournful Segonax.  
Who knows but now some God doth inward tax ;  
And tells me, were design'd for better Ends,  
To save our Country, and to help our Friends ?  
Perhaps to use them for a Sov'reign dread :  
Son of fair Britain, Father, and our Head.  
How'er it be, or what's of me requir'd ;  
I'm warm'd, delighted ; and, I think, inspir'd !  
This said, the Virgin snatch'd her shining Arms ;  
And, like a Goddess, with resplendant Charms,  
Her Ewen Bow on graceful Shoulders hung,  
While missive Arrows in fair Quiver hung :  
And, thus equip'd, soon in the Camp appears  
Amongst Equestrians, whom her Presence cheats :  
Whilst Segonax, the most admiring, view'd  
The wond'rous Nymph for sprightly Magnitude.  
Yet blam'd for sparing fading Life at home :  
But, this forgot, fresh Years made Honours bloom.  
While Sword and Shield are giv'n to her Desire,  
Unwonted Arms adorn her bright Attire ;

With

40 *Druids, their Antiquity, Doctrines, &c.*

With Countenance sweet, but yet majestic, blest ;  
 Whilst moving Virtues glow'd in her soft Breast.  
 Adjutrix noble ! such a Name she gain'd,  
 That further spread, more Years she had attain'd.  
 Where *Michael's* doubled Tops fair Prospects yield,  
 O'er *Studley Park*, like *Tempe's* lovely Field ;  
*Ripponean* Lands, and limpid Streams of *Skell* ;  
 The Muses had their Seats ; so Fame doth tell :  
 'Twas there invoking (1) *Druids* first apply'd ;  
 And *British* Bards their Skill in Verses try'd.  
 The Mountain *Apex* was, respected, seen ;  
 High, stoney, pleasant ; and, with *Laurell*, green :  
 All seem'd *Parnassus* ; still, as fair, below,  
 A solemn Wood, condense, around did grow.  
 For lonely Shades became the Soul's Desire ;  
 Prone to erect, and subject to admire !  
 Here did they mix their Happiness and Loves,  
 For sacred Sweets they found in shady Groves.  
 In bless'd Society, of Joys the Prime,  
 To sooth their Cares, and harmless pass the Time.  
 Between 'twas dark and cool t' attend the Gods ;  
 And in the Front grew many 'spiring Rods.  
 Here they would polish their un-rhyming Verse ;  
 And, with the Harp, their Heroes Praise rehearse.  
 Their Laws by Numbers ; Life's choice Precepts meet ;  
 Made terse, with mingled Harmony most sweet :  
 Nor less for separated Souls their Cares ;  
 But sung of those that liv'd above the Spheres.  
 Taught plain, that such, " from carnal Chains unbound,  
 " Sought not pale Shades, and *Erebus* profound ;  
 " But, fleeting hence, to other Regions stray,  
 " Once more to mix with animated Clay."  
 Show'd bless'd \*Content, and how the Mind is charm'd  
 To Joys exstactic, while the Soul is warm'd !

-----To  
 \*CONTENT transcends a Crown ; 'tis Wisdom's Mark ;  
 Choice Manna, treasur'd in Religion's Ark :  
 A perfect Watch, whose Motions firmly hold :  
 A Chymic Stone, which Love converts to Gold.  
 An Olive Branch, brought in a Turtle's Bill ;  
 An Anchor, which at Sea secures us still :  
 In Storms, a Calm ; a Peace, where Wars invade ;  
 In Frost, a Sun-shine ; and, in Heat, a Shade.

*Antiquity of Rippon, the Horn, &c. 41*

To these they added how bright *SOL* did rise,  
And from the East adorn'd the azur'd Skies,  
(That Orb, resplending, which such Charms display,  
None can right paint this Monarch of the Day!)  
Till in the West its lucid Head declin'd,  
Glory of Worlds, and Comfort to each Kind.  
How swift its Radiance, rapid like a Stream,  
That All illumines with ev'ry Ray, or Beam!  
Show'd how the lunar Planet trem'ulous, bright,  
Which wanes, and waxes, styl'd, Fair *Queen of Night*;  
Her Motions mutual to large Oceans prove,  
As Tides progressive or retractive move:  
Attending Stars, whose Lustres still combine,  
Declaring all those Lights of Heav'n divine.  
What these produce, what from the Earth there springs  
Nature occult disclose, and Secrets of Things.  
Thus were the Bards and Muses then employ'd:  
Which intermingled Years had render'd void.  
Ages unlearn'd! And, *Mentor*, you know well,  
How soon the (2) *Druids* sacred Laurel fell.  
The silvan Leaves, as dying, trembling shook;  
And priz'd *Mistletoe* perish'd in the Oak.  
Yet this Grove stood; nor hence the Muses fled,  
When *RIPPON*'s Bard would to the Camp be led.  
With well-tun'd, trusty Harp; by Country's Love,  
Inflam'd, he'd view the Field, and Witnes prove;  
Promise to laud their Virtues in his Song:  
And tho' stern *Mars* should not some Lives prolong,  
Yet Praise most due should to their *Manes* be giv'n,  
Of Force to raise 'bove stellar Rays of heav'n.  
Monest all the Pow'rs *Ripponia's* Woods could boast,  
*DIANA*, Huntress, he esteem'd the most;  
Us'd oft to worship most that Goddess dear,  
In former Times, whose Altar then was there:

(1) The God *Raphan*, mention'd in the Act, according to the Coptic Language is the *SUN*. See Dr. Mawer, and others.

(2) *Quos DEUS vocabat*, &c. *GROT. de Ver. Rel.* See differently in my Eng. Hist. p. 2. which mentions their Founder, to be no less than the British King *Drauis*, of great Eminence.



42 *People flock to the King from various Parts.*

'Twas that thick Grove so near the streaming *Shell*,  
Fam'd for a Cave, in Mid'st, as Fame can tell.  
From *Vellry's* Arch, the O R A C L E declar'd  
Events to come: Things either hop'd, or fear'd!  
Here Virgins, sad, might smile; here cease to mourn;  
Pleas'd, meet the Goddess; and, unhurt, return:  
Which none that lost their Virtue e'er could do;  
Judg'd worthless Marriage; nor could they pursue  
Past Honour unregain'd; but suffer Pain;  
Besides Expulsion from her sacred Train.  
At length a monstrous Beast did here assail,  
With Horn recurv'd, as bending to'ards the Tail;  
(Fierce as that \*Creature, which th' *Aonian* Plains  
Did sore infest; the Terror of the Swains!)  
Tradition says, rush'd headlong, here, and there;  
Disturb'd the Groves, and Choiresters of Air;  
Flung Trees on Heaps, the Altar spurn'd as vain,  
'Till by the Arrows of *D I A N A* slain:  
And then a Voice, from that preserving Vault,  
Declar'd its Fate, to expiate the Fault;  
And that the separated Horn foretold  
A Race to *R I P P O N*: Warriors, brave, and bold;  
A People worthy fair *RELIGION's* Guide;  
And, who, in future Ages, would preside.  
When this loud Tube from *Mical's* Mount did sound,  
Signal for War, it pierc'd the Country round:  
So hoarsely screaming, made *Ure's* Banks repeat;  
And lofty Woods change answering Echoes sweet.  
The Hills of *Sauley*, *Pateley's* gelid Plains:  
'Twas heard so far, and 'larm'd the rural Swains.  
*To Arms! to Arms!* they ran with Banners spread;  
Cry'd out to fight! in Battle quickly led:  
As Iron stout, they snatch'd their twanging Bows;  
And Steel, retorting, try'd with powerful Blows.  
All Weapons fit to act the Hero's Part;  
Clubs mix'd with Lead, and Javelins to dart.  
An hardy People, far above *U R E's* Rills,  
Content with lowly Food on lofty Hills;

Whom

\* O V I D, Met. Lib. vii.

*Encomiums on the Country, Cattle, &c.*

43

Whom piercing Winter could not o'er prevail,  
Follow'd War's Call, with those of *Wencedale*.

The *Bracchi* added to the martial Throng,

Boasting they sprung from *HERCULES* the Strong !

And, long, to prove their Origin was fam'd,

The ancient Castle, built by them, proclaim'd.

*ALCIDES*, fam'd for Wisdom, well as Strength,

His Image stood in full-proportion'd Length,

Before the Gate ; where, in the Days of Yore,

Long-stray'd fal'n Men, like *Lybians*, did adore.

His fuming Altars follow'd, wond'rous odd !

Referr'd themselves, and trusted as their God.

With stately Mein he bore his mighty Club ;

And Lion's Spoils o'er Shoulders seem'd his Robe.

In hairy Skins these Men their Habits took ;

With Bludgeons hard, enormous, from the Oak.

Where *URE* doth from the Western Mountains stream,

And cuts thro' fruitful *Wencedale* by Name ;

They, who fair *Massam*, in Possession, held ;

Or *Midst'ham's* Fields, by few to be excell'd :

*Tanfield*, as yet well known for *Danish* Blood :

All, with united Mind, to Battle flow'd

So far conceive, 'till *Swale* makes rapid haste ;

Its Source, near *Ure's*, both pouring from the West ;

And here, like Lovers, met, more close embrac'd :

Now *Richmond* view ; a Name bestow'd of Worth,

Whole howling Hills bright Metals, choice, brought forth

Quick-sped *Arvifus*. He my Bosom warms ;

Whose Troops, methinks I view in shining Arms.

Fine polish'd Brass, their own, that *Mars* might wear ;

And, deck'd in all Points, how did he appear

With Helmet, plumey, nodding on his Head,

Whilst, graceful, mounted on the foaming Steed !

The Rein, and Spur, to us'd, in equal Part,

That shew'd the Champion, and the Rider's Art.

Studious of Horses, he was most inclin'd ;

Numbers he kept, and tutor'd to his Mind.

Those that could leap green Hills on which they fed ;

Propense to move toward Battle, others dread,

He

## 44 Praise of Yorkshire Horses. Book II.

He chose apart,\* in which he did not fail :  
 Whose parting Neighings fill the sounding Vale.  
 The Mares, (full fine as *Erichonius* bred, (2)  
 Whom Men could learn, since by *Minerva* led,  
 Such splendid crown'd) not wanting to their Loves,  
 Immediate answer from the Hills and Groves.  
 The fair Steeds rush, with beauteous Hofs enforce ;  
 Congenial spring as *Winds* (1) to meet their Course.  
*Arifius*, tacit, smil'd to see them speed :  
 At length he cry'd, *Where is a fairer breed ?*

\* Dr. Mawer, &c. thus write of Horses in general.

“ Various the Tribes. To understand the best,  
 “ The Horse, whom Jockeys prize above the rest  
 “ Is he, whose Shape's with these Perfections crown'd :  
 “ Light let him thrust his Limbs, and rid the Ground.  
 “ Above his Neck the Head should something rise,  
 “ With Locks erect ; not little be his Size.  
 “ His Chin should to his Neck below incline,  
 “ And his large Front with sprightly Vigour shine.  
 “ Let waving Locks a-down his Foretop fly,  
 “ And Brills imbrown'd should edge his broad bright Eye.  
 “ Wide Nostrils, ample Mouth, and little Ears :  
 “ Arch'd be his Neck, and hedg'd with floating Hairs,  
 “ Like a plum'd Helmet, when it nods its crest :  
 “ Broad back'd, long-body'd, spacious be its Chest.  
 “ Let his plump Back be fattow'd with his Chine,  
 “ And run his Tail out in a bushy Line.  
 “ Clean be his Thighs, and finewy ; but below,  
 “ Strait, long, and spare the well-turnd Shank shou'd show.  
 “ Lean be his Legs, and nimble as the Stag's ;  
 “ With whom in speed the sweeping Tempest flags.  
 “ First let him tread, and just, marching along  
 “ Upon a well-grown, solid Hoof, and strong.  
 “ Such be the Horse to bear me to the Field,  
 “ That shares the Sport, with Fire and Pride impell'd.  
 “ Th' *Ackian* such, th' *Armenian* *Tyrhene* Steed,  
 “ And *Cappadocians*,† which by *Taurus* feed.”  
 (†) The learned POET also mentions those of *Africa*,  
*Arabia*, *Caria*, *Creet*, *Eleia*, *Iberia*, *Ionis*, *Libia*, *Magnesia*, *Nis*,  
*sea*, *Parthia*, *Persia*, *Sarmatia*, *Sicilia*, *Sparta*, and *Thrace*.

(2) H O M. Lib. XX. He was the first Inventor of  
 Pompous Coaches in rich Asia, because of his Lameness.

(3) In *Lusitanis juxta fluvium Tagum, vento equas totus*  
*concipere multi auctores prodidere, &c.* Many have written,  
 that Mares conceive Foals by the Winds ; which Fictions arise  
 from their Fertility, Numbers, and Swiftness, in *Galicia* and  
*Lusitania*, that the Reports seem'd so neway reasonable. *J. Astin*,



# Of King MULMUTIUS, Aldborough, &c. 45

Brisk Men I lead, for whom fine Beasts I've bred,  
As Epidaurus or Epirus fed :

Or whole brought up by ancient Graecian Swains,  
For Games, olympick on smooth-surfac'd Plains,  
Or prais'd by Elians for the Prizes won,  
Like Chariot Horses of the Rising SUN.

Earl Mowbray's Vale, where fruitful Lands abound  
In Cattle plentiful, by rich Harvests crown'd :

The hardy People took defensive Arms ;  
Whole Fields the Wiske (with pleasant Riv'ers Charms)  
Well waters ; and, increas'd by Winter Show'rs,  
Adjoin'd to limy Swale, sweet Plency pours.

The Men of (2) Thirke, Northallerton beside,  
With Toxelff (3) Heroes, show a comely Pride.  
'Mongst whom the Percies, whose authentic Fame  
Time can't delete, while Records tell their Name.

Where Hamilton fair Hills do westward rise,  
A sylvan Country, sweet, contiguous lies.

Those People came with fertile Cleveland's Train,  
Some from Teese Banks, and Yarm so near the Main.

First NOBLE's Race, wise, opulent, high-born ;  
Nor less for Valour fam'd, would MARS adorn :

For all he drew : While Brazen Ware appears,  
That brightly shin'd in Helmets, Swords and Spears.

Shields as much priz'd ; and did the Warriors please,  
Like Silver, worn by A R G I R A S P I D E S. (4)

Beside, their Coats of Mail, so well apply'd,  
And with soft Skins, for Ease, on ev'ry Side.

To their long Weapons dangling Orbits hung ;  
When, shook in Combats, fearful horrid rung !

When parted Air, by tingling woful Sounds,  
Rais'd up their Spirits ; but the Foe confounds,

Thro' dread of Noise, much more of mortal Wounds.

Now those of Aldborough whose ancient Seats  
Were to choice sacred Brigantes Retreats ;

Pity, are led to know the Toils of War :

(1.) Camden, p. 723.

(2.) A Family that flourished about the 12th Century.

An Ornament to it, Lady GUNREDA, gave Byeland, to  
erect a Monastery, whose venerable Ruins I beheld, a few  
Miles distant from those remaining of Ripon's Abbey.

(3.) There that great Lineage dwelt formerly.

(4.) Justin, p. 120. Cassandra, Rollins, &c.



# 44 Praise of Yorkshire Horses. Book II.

He chose apart,\* in which he did not fail :  
 Whole parting Neighings fill the sounding Vale.  
 The Mares, (full fine as *Erichthonius* bred, (2)  
 Whom Men could learn, since by *Minerva* led,  
 Such splendent crown'd) not wanting to their Loves,  
 Immediate answer from the Hills and Groves.  
 The fair Steeds rush, with beaten Hoofs enforce ;  
 Conceal'd spring as Winds (1) to meet their Course.  
 At length he cry'd, *Where is a fairer breed ?*

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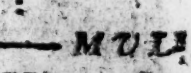
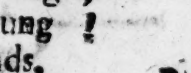
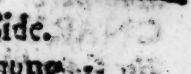
" Various the Tribes. To understand the best,  
 " The Horse, whom Jockeys prize above the rest  
 " Is he, whose Shape's with these Perfections crown'd :  
 " Light let him lift his Limbs, and rid the Ground.  
 " Above his Neck the Head should something rise,  
 " With Locks erect ; not little to his Size.  
 " His Chin should to his Neck below incline,  
 " And his large Front with sprightly Vigour shine.  
 " Let waving Locks a-down his Foretop fly,  
 " And Brills imbrown'd should edge his broad bright Eye.  
 " Wide Nostrils, ample Mouth, and little Ears :  
 " Arch'd be his Neck, and hedg'd with floating Hairs,  
 " Like a plum'd Helmet, when it nods its crest :  
 " Broad back'd, long-body'd, spacious be its Chest.  
 " Let his plump Back be narrow'd with his Chine,  
 " And run his Tail out in a bushy Line.  
 " Clean be his Thighs, and finewy ; but below,  
 " Strait, long, and spare the well-turn'd Shank should show.  
 " Lean be his Legs, and nimble as the Stag's ;  
 " With whom in speed the sweeping Tempest flags.  
 " First let him tread, and just, marching along  
 " Upon a well-grown, solid Hoof, and strong.  
 " Such be the Horse to bear me to the Field,  
 " That thres the Sport, with Fire and Pride impell'd.  
 " Th' *Asiatic* such, th' *Armenian* *Tyrrhene* Steed,  
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 (+) he learned POET also mentions those of *Africa*,  
*Aravia*, *Caria*, *Creet*, *Eleia*, *Iberia*, *Ionis*, *Lybia*, *Magnesia*, *Nis*,  
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*concupere multi auctores prodidere, &c.* Many have written,  
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 As Epidaurus or Epirus, fed :  
 Or those brought up by ancient Graecian Swains,  
 For Games, olympick on smooth-surfac'd Plains ;  
 Or prais'd by Elians for the Prizes won,  
 Like Chariot Horses of the Rising SUN.  
 Earl Mowbray's Vale, where pinguid Lands abound,  
 In Cattle plenteous, by rich Harvests crown'd ;  
 The hardy People took defensive Arms ;  
 Whole Fields the Wiske (with pleasant Riv'ers Charms)  
 Well waters ; and, increas'd by Winter Show'rs,  
 Adjoin'd to limy Swale, sweet Plenty parts.  
 The Men of (2) Thirike, Northallerton beside,  
 With Topcliff (3) Heroes, show a comely Pride.  
 'Mongst whom the Percies, whose authentic Fame  
 Time can't delete, while Records tell their Name.  
 Where Hamilton fair Hills do westward rise,  
 A sylvan Country, sweet, contiguous lies.  
 Those People came with fertile Cleveland's Train,  
 Some from Teese Banks, and Yarm so near the Main.  
 First NOBLE's Race, wise, opulent, high-born ;  
 Nor less for Valour fam'd, would MARS adorn :  
 For all he drew : While Brazen Ware appears,  
 That brightly shin'd in Helmets, Swords and Spears.  
 Shields as much priz'd ; and did the Warriours please,  
 Like Silver, worn by A R G I R A S P I D E S. (4)  
 Beside, their Coats of Mail, so well apply'd,  
 And with soft Skins, for Ease, on ev'ry Side.  
 To their long Weapons dangling Orbits hung ;  
 Which, shook in Combats, fearful horrid rung !  
 When parted Air, by tingling woful Sounds,  
 Rais'd up their Spirits ; but the Foe confounds,  
 Thro' dread of Noise, much more of mortal Wounds.  
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 Were to choice sacred Brigantes Retreats ;  
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(1) Camden, p. 723.

(2) A Family that flourished about the 12th Century.

An Ornament to it, Lady GUNPRED, gave Eycland, erected a Monastery, whose venerable Ruins I beheld, a few Miles distant from those remaining of Ripon's Abbey.

(3) There that great Linage was formerly.

(4) Justin, p. 120. Cassandra, Rollins, &c.

MUL





46 The Rape of MELISSA. Book II.

MULMUTIVS, King, to Fame doth him declare,  
Built Castles high, made Laws deserving Praise;  
And to the Ethnic Gods did Temples raise.  
He first attempted, thro' thick-shaded Woods,  
That Men might pass, to cut convenient Roads:  
Nor Forests spar'd, or Hills, nor Fens of Slime  
But laid foundation Heaps for future Time.  
Streets he made of fair and beauteous Frame  
To reach his Kingdom in the Parts extreme:  
Since Wisdom's\* God his royal Actions grac'd  
So many STONES, quadrivial, he plac'd.  
Each bore her learn, form'd to different<sup>(1)</sup> Sense,  
For Swiftness, Musick, War, and Eloquence.



CNARUS, Contemner of the Pow'rs above,  
Who rul'd a Forest, next to War did move:  
His Land so blest, the flowing Wharf and Nid  
Wash'd its green Hem; but, as they should be chid,  
Upon high Banks impoled Structures rise:  
A Castle strong, whole Turrets reach'd the Skies.  
Defence of Vice! where, griev'd at such Retreat,  
He fain would move, and shun that hated Seat.  
The Case was this: MELISSA, Huntress, bright,  
In whom the Goddess<sup>(2)</sup> TRIVIA took Delight;  
Whilst thro' thick Woods she prest the flying Deer,  
For Prey desirous, got she knew not where!  
Alone, to lost Associates vainly cries;  
And here, and there, to free herself, she tries.  
CNARUS beheld; but Lost the Wretch in snares.  
Her Charms he seiz'd, unmov'd by Prayers, and Tears!



\* The Grecians and Romans us'd to place their *Hermæ*, or Statues of *Minerva*, commonly of Marble, and sometimes Brass, Called *Apollo*; because he was *Propagator*, set over the Highways, to whom the former People erected Altars and Images.

(1) That was of her divine Attribute as a Goddess, by the first Appellation; and *Pallas* always of attracting Pulchritude.

Because her Beauty, shou' from Mortals' look, Was sweet & charming, with an heavenly look.

(2) Or *DIANA*, called the chaste *Delian* born in *Delos*. HOR. Lib. II. Ode vi.

The *Hermæthene*, Sec. *Minerva*, or *Pallas*, is Goddess of Wisdom & Mercury God of Eloquence. BOTH extraordinary CHARACTERS.

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## Disconsolate Nymph turn'd to a Fountain. 47

Nor did regard those Powers she said could see :  
Nor Temple, Grove, or Goddess : No, not he !

But, as compos'd in Wickedness, might say,  
To that sad Nymph, whilst spurning her away,  
Go, tell your Gods, for whom I little care ;  
No, not DIANA, was that Mistress here !  
Now, swift, absconding from the Sight of Men,  
Precious to her seems ev'ry Hole, or Den.



(Tho' Cave, (1) Dionxan, better might become

The ruin'd Nymph, to fly approaching Doom :

Or (2) ATALANTA, to Arcadia's Hills ; )

And each still Vale with son'rous Plaints she fills.

Sad flowing Eyes the ruin'd Virgin rears

To Grey Sun, bright Moon, or spangling Stars :

Her milk-white Minutes, causing weeping Hours,

Made Drops to fall, resembling pearl-like Show'rs :

Her sad Complaints in lonely Shades express'd ;

At length Distraction had so seiz'd her Breast ;

Grief overcome, she stops at Nid, and calls

Before her Ravisher's strong Castle Walls.

Then in the Skies were heard most dreadful Murmurs

And her dire Clamours Echo kind returns :

Invokes avenging Gods might him confound !

Powers in Heaven and under Earth profound ;

Impatient Grief produc'd such horrid Pray'rs ;

The Waters tremble, and the River tears !

Thrice did bright Sol from Eastern Waves arise ;

Cynthia so oft with Stars adorn'd the Skies ;

When strong Complaining struck her Heart so deep,

Her Voice extinct, she could no more than weep !

Then PHOEBE, lunar Goddess ! who discern'd

Her undeserved Woes, prov'd so concern'd ;

Turn'd ¶ sweet MELPSSA to a rocky Stone :

From

(1) HOR. Lib. II. Od. i. (2) King's Mythol.

¶ I give the Epithet sweet to MELISSA,

because that Dr. King, in his History, p. 136

writes she was the first that found Honey in

that noble Peninsula Pelopponesus, where af-

terward the Bees were called by her Name :

And yet Justin, lib. 44. mentions, that Gar-

garis, descended from Teucer, (Brother of Ajax

Ancestor of the Turks, who sailed to Galizia in Spain, there ruling

King, was the primary Inventor of its many excellent Uses.



# 48. Punishment of the Lord of Knaresbrough.

From which, like Tears, clear Drops still trickle down !  
 A humid Softness blooming Cheeks turn'd pale,  
 When Blood decreas'd, as Water did prevail ;  
 And Whiteness cover'd undistinguish'd Veins,  
 As pearl-like Dews succeed thick pouring Rains :  
 Famous as (1) Syblis, turn'd to Fountain's Stream ;  
 Weeping for Love ; as she, thro' vengeful Flame !  
 Or like the much lamenting true Pyrene, (2)  
 Who mourn'd her Lover, by a Goddess slain !  
 Whose petrifying Force loud Fame will tell ;  
 And now the Place is known for Dropping-Well.  
 Then (3) Tyfishone, that lives so far below  
 King Pluto's Realm, but his sharp Rod we know ;  
 Like (4) Erynus, who could distract the Mind ;  
 And from tormenting Views of bitter Kind,  
 Fury of Vengeance, that makes Wretches quake,  
 Is call'd immediate from the Stygian Lake :  
 Before the walls his Crimes she never spares ;  
 But, tho' nefarious, openly declares.  
 Her Clamours and Complaints, importunate,  
 Are heard by him within the Castle-Gate !  
 By Anger child'd, so soon was seiz'd his Heart,  
 That where he stood, he had no Will to part,  
 But in that plight Snakes folded in his Hair,  
 And, fiercely harass'd as in bloody War ;  
 Hissing in dreadful Forms ! Sometimes this done,  
 They altogether hem'd conjoin'd as One :  
 When that pestif'rous SERPENT sore oppress,  
 And fix'd beneath the guilty Raptor's Breast !  
 Attend this Gift from Hell, (the Fury said) (5)  
 HECATE (6) sent, for ravishing the Maid !  
 Then cruel Marks were felt on every Side !  
 The mighty LORD, so monstrous terrify'd,



Fredy

(1) Ovid.

(2) Dr King.

(3) From *Tisio*, *ultio*, and *q̄ovos*, *caedes*. Invented to represent the unhappy Condition of the Wicked, both here, and hereafter. See Ovid. *Metam.* lib. iv.

(4) One of those Infernals that confounded the Soul.

(5) Such as were the Punishers of the Wicked. See *Harper*. Book the Second. And the aforesaid Dr K. Likewise Lord Epsom's Punishment for Visage to S. Robert of Knaresborough.

(6) From the Word *Ἐκάτη*. A Goddess call'd Luna in Heaven, Diana on Earth, and Hecate or Proserpine in Hell. See further in the *Sayres* of H O R. and proper *Dictionary*.

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# More Forces from Leeds, Wakefield, &c. 49

Freely confess'd the GODS had overcome,  
 And well might bring Offenders to their Doom.  
 The Beast expiring, being fill'd in part;  
 With raging Pains prey'd next upon his Heart.  
 With Tytus' Groans, as when the Vulture fed, Horrid  
 And heald alternate, as the Wounds fresh bled;  
 Like Fire, burning with excessive Pain;  
 And Water, froze, to vex in different Strain.  
 Where Stings of CONSCIENCE bite, she forces dwell;  
 And pains, in Shadows, future Pains of Hell!  
 Shame, Grief and Fear of greater Woes affright:  
 With Sense of Guilt: All which he dreams by Night!  
 But, what is more; the Wretch, who little sleep,  
 Sees in the Morn MELISSA — how she weeps!  
 On adverse Bank, turn'd into humid Stone;  
 His Monument of Shame, to Ages known.  
 He cannot bear to lay: for his Desires  
 Are prone to Arms, and nothing else requires.  
 So leave the Fort, near which fair Rivers flow,  
 Resolv'd to die and (1) let the seek below.  
 Those on fair Calder's Banks, and near the Ais,  
 Would so signalize themselves in War.  
 They left their fruitful Lands, fresh inter-lac'd  
 With gliding Streams, that as it were embrac'd;  
 Where Poplars fair, and hoary Villows, feed;  
 With lovely Shades o'er purling Waters spread:  
 Altho' the Spindle late had been their Care,  
 And handling Distaff shew'd a Judgment rare.  
 Their Combs condens'd; and could their Shuttles throw:  
 Till Webs, compleat, their weaving Arts did show.  
 For these the Gods in mighty Fame were held;  
 And PAN the most in keeping Sheep excell'd.  
 To spin fine Cloth Minerva first made known;  
 And from rough Hides to part the softest Down.  
 Extensive Works, that Villages have made  
 Like lofty Cities rise by Cloathing Trade;  
 Their Products sought, throughout the World are fam'd;  
 Wakefield for spiral Beauty may be nam'd;  
 And so, methinks, might lovely Halifax;  
 Once thund' like Hull, or Hell, thro' fearful Ax!  
 Yet not one Town o'er their fair Shores so speeds,  
 With urban Glory, more than prosperous LEEDS.



(1) Pluvius inferorum apud poetam. Stephens's Diss.

30 From Whitby, Cleveland &c. Book II.

Strangers from Denmark, Sweden, Norway Strands,  
 By BORRAS driv'n, in *Beltick*; fought with'd Lands;  
 Would add their Numbers to this famous War,  
 And in the Honours of Engagements share.  
 All between *Dunfley* and *Teeje* Haven came;  
 Others from Hills, for Allum, held in Rancie;  
 Cliff-Land's high Mounts that seem'd to reach the Skies;  
 Swell'd Hills of sable Jet grant more Supplies,  
 Next a large Train from ancient *Whitby* came;  
 Led by great *Mulgrave*, Baron, once in Fame;  
 With others from the Bay of *Robin Hood*;  
 Who us'd *Gagates*, in their fighting Mood:  
 Nay, priz'd as much as some do costly Gems,  
 To furnish up their Corslets, Shields, and Helms.  
 Which, when oppos'd to solar Rays of Light,  
 Reflecting, back, became a direful Sight!  
 In their left Hands seal'd Targets were displays'd  
 Forms, serpentine; but each without an Head.  
 Like num'rous Stones, that here and there were found,  
 Strange, metamorphos'd, on the pass'ring Ground;  
 Or, of *Medusa*, plac'd in *PALLAS*' Shield,  
 To fright Beholders in the sanguine field;  
 From *Black-Stone* Edge, whose Ancestors were there,  
 They came; or else descended thro' the Air;  
 When rigid *Auster* from the South did blow  
 In thick, dark Show'rs, impell'd by Storms below.  
 From *Osbasten*, and *Fley*'s piscous Shore,  
 Fresh Troops appear; nay, ev'n *Scarborough*'s Tower  
 Became desert; while *Neptune*'s Glory falls,  
 To View, forlorn, fair battlemented Walls;  
 Plac'd high as Safety for the *Britons* dear,  
 Whose Feast below they held with annual Cheer.  
 Now, as 'twere Night, let's *Jeer*'s Fires behold;  
 And, as illumin'd Glass, 'twill War unfold;  
 Like *Pharos*' Towers, whence far Lights appear (1)  
 To pallid Sailors, almost sunk thro' Fear.  
 The Skies turn red; and *Derwent*'s Dining Charns,  
 Tho' dire Pretage! the Country warns to Arms!



(1) H O M. Lib. XIX. concerning Water

Of the Kings Peredurus, Lucius, &c. 51

Then in a Valley, like a Garden green,  
With fruitful Trees, and ev'ry Beauty seen,  
Stood *Pickring Castle*, once of comely Height,  
Where *Peredurus* rul'd in regal State :  
And *Lucius* too, who by true Wisdom's Skill,  
Kept both himself and Subjects dear from Ill.  
And such their Love, that, when his Ring was sent,  
Numbers well arm'd appear'd incontinent.



So where *Rye* glides, there is a pleasant Vale,  
Call'd by its Name, whose Heroes did not fail,  
Favour'd by *Ceres* : *Helmshay* sent, like Doves,  
To join with those of sacred *Rivauz* Groves.



*Malton*, a Town where Instruments were made,  
Left rural Work, regardless of that Trade ;  
Would form no Plow ; nor to curv'd Yokes betake ;  
Or useful Harrows for their Lands would make ;  
Nor slow-mov'd Wains, to bring ripe Corn to Town ;  
Nought but War's Chariots would with them go down ;  
Thought little else but Faulchions, in their Arms ;  
Or Waggon-Poles, how they might form long Spears :  
And thus Materials chang'd, as did the Mind,  
From ev'ry Use, that was before design'd.

The Ash-Trees fit for Javelins to dart ;  
And those, of Firr, spear'd Pikes, to pierce the Heart ;  
The knotty Oaks for Club-confusing Blows ;  
The Box for Shields, and Cornel-Trees for Bows.

On *Garraby* high Hills, a Shepherd led  
His Flock of Sheep ; Arcadian Life he led  
Quite free of Cares ; long Days he pass'd away ;  
And, warm'd by *Phæbus*, on his Reed would play :  
But when the harmless *Corydon* once heard  
The Cries of Men, he then was some way fear'd ;  
Loud rattling Wheels, and Horses neighing more,  
Made his Surprise much greater than before.

His Mind presaging caus'd a pannaic Fear ;  
Yet thus accosts a furious Charioteer.  
*Alas ! What is the Cause of this swift Flight ?*  
*Why is the Line of Government not right ?*  
*O why th' unwonted Motion at the Helm*  
*That speedy Madness turns our peaceful Realm ?*





72 From Garraby, Bridlington, Flambrough.

WAR! WAR! said he, the Romans are come here;  
 And Danes, infidels, on our Coasts appear.  
 No more — but, stim'lous, left the pallid Swain,  
 With trembling Palms, lift up to Heav'n in Pain.  
 Now ev'ry Region (which the Ocean laves,  
 When Eastern Winds cause agitating Waves,  
 Which Humber fierce with Derwent's Streams inclose)  
 Unanimous, prepare to meet their Foes.  
 First, the Gabrautes (those whose fertile Lands  
 Encompass'd where fair Bridlington now stands,  
 With all the Villa's thence to Flambrough Head  
 Appear'd to move, as from the Ocean led.  
 The stretch'd in Deep, yet fear'd they no Attack;  
 From surging Waters raging at their Backs;  
 Since, by the Safe-guards of the winding Bay,  
 In vain they strove; nor South-Winds could them sway:  
 But, free from Dangers, in a tranquil State,  
 Their Shipping rested, whether small, or great:  
 This Doris gave to lovely EULIMENE, (1)  
 To serve the Ocean, or the rising Main.  
 The Sea-Nymphs Palace stood as in the Rock, *Hom. l. 18*  
 On Pillars propp'd, nor even Time could shock.  
 These were the Gates of Goddess THETIS too;  
 But strict behold, and wonder at the View!  
 Stupendous Sight! the glitt'ring House displays  
 Vast unknown Treasures of the wealthy Seas!  
 Bright as pure Gold; nor shining less thro' Red,  
 The lofty Roof with glitt'ring Gems were spread.  
 A thousand Spanglings, colour'd as those Shells,  
 Where pretty Fishes liv'd, like Hermit's Cells.  
 An hundred Nymphs once fill'd those radiant Seats;  
 Whilst I stood near the Threshold's brill'ant Gates;  
 To ask, of Doris, VENTA for my Dame;  
 And I remember, too, how others came,

(1) *Ubi littus iterum in alium prochi incipit, sinum admittit, Pilem*  
*Eulimene Gabrantivicorum, quem Latinorum interpre*  
*alii Portusum sinum, alij salutarem verierunt.* That is, *Where the Shore*  
*begins to spread, and bears to the Ocean; it admits Space for a Bay, call'd by P*  
*LOMY as above said; which some have interpreted the harbours, others the se*  
*break. It is probable the little Village Soreby expresses the wreck word*



*Valiant Sailors, and Others, unite.* 53

Sprung from great NEPTUNE; but, together twin'd,  
Were call'd *Plethona*, that did Favours find.  
My Benefactress, Sister of a God,  
*Naiades* gave; tho' dubious whence they flow'd;  
But, as kind Parent, pity'd Rivers small;  
Of Rise uncertain, and as doubtful Fall:  
Which, at chance Times, swift trickle to the Vills,  
Or run, like Sluices, mongst the various Hills,  
When too much burden'd by descending Rain,  
That made fresh Rivers rush towards the Plain;  
Thro' broken Sides would mighty Torrents flow;  
Enlarge the Chasms, and spread afar below;  
Like *Axius*, swelling with its num'rous Rills, HOM.  
That, far, and near, the floated Region fills.  
These People, too, did scorn to stay behind:  
So follow'd others, with a warlike Mind.

Leaving the Seas, and empty Ships on Shore,  
Alacrious Sailors for Land Combats roar!  
A jolly Crew, from *Burlington's* fine Bay,  
And round the Skirts, in haste they prest away.  
Who us'd to furrow, with the Plowshare toil,  
On *Wolds* declining but abounding Soil;  
Or nearer Shore, turn'd up the pinguid Clod;  
But now in Paths of War they only trod.  
So that went on, they did not value how  
Choice Cattle far'd, or what concern'd the Plow.  
Such martial Cares stout Farmers did environ,  
That into Darts were quickly forg'd their Iron.  
To proper Chariots some sharp Scythes apply'd.  
Others long Lances fix'd, and whely try'd.  
Some got aloft to shew their new-found Arts;  
And, brandishing, turn'd swift their wheeling Carts;  
To *Mars* unknown; except the Arrow keen,  
That mortal flies! But let me change the Scene.  
A Prince, antique; and goodly Knight was he  
As (1) Him, that honour'd *Ebrant's* Family.

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(1) See in my *English History*, Page 11,

From Gattaby, Budlington, Flambrough.

WAR! WAR! said he, the Romans or come here,  
 And Danes, infamous, on our Coasts appear.  
 No more — but, stim'lous, lest the pallid Swain,  
 With trembling Palms, lift up to Heav'n in Pain.  
 Now ev'ry Region (which the Ocean leaves,  
 When Eastern Winds cause agitating Waves,  
 Which Humber fierce with Derwent's Streams inclose)  
 Unanimous, prepare to meet their Foes.  
 First, the Gabrautes (those whose fertile Lands  
 Encompass'd where fair Bridlington now stands,  
 With all the Villages thence to Flambrough Head  
 Appear'd to move, as from the Ocean led.  
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 Their Shipping rested, whether small, or great:  
 This Doris gave to lovely EULIMENE, (1)  
 To serve the Ocean, or the rising Main.  
 The Sea-Nymphs Palace stood as in the Rock, Hom. l. 18  
 On Pillars propp'd, not even Time could shock.  
 These were the Gates of Goddess THETIS too:  
 But strict behold, and wonder at the View!  
 Stupendous Sight! the glittering House displays  
 Vast unknown Treasures of the wealthy Seas!  
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 Whilst I stood near the Threshold's brilliant Gates;  
 To ask, of Doris, VENTA for my Dame;  
 And I remember, too, how others came,

(1) Ubi situm iterum in alium prochi incipit, suum admisit, Poleson  
 EULIMENE Gabrantivicorum, quem Latinorum interpretas  
 alii Portusum suum, alii salutarem vocerunt. That is, Where the shore  
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*Valiant Sailors, and Others, unite.* 53

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Were call'd Plethona, that did Favours find.

My Benefactress, Sister of a God,  
Naiades gave; tho' dubious whence they flow'd;  
But, as kind Parent, pity'd Rivers small;

Of Rise uncertain, and as doubtful Fall:

Which, at chance Times, swift trickle to the Vills,

Or run, like Sluces, mongst the various Hills,

When too much burden'd by descending Rain,

That made fresh Rivers rush towards the Plain;

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That mortal flies! But let me change the Scene.

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As (1) Him, that honour'd *Ebrant's* Family.

(1) See in my *English History*, Page 115

54 *Of the Great King RUD, Lyrannus, &c.*

See great King *Rud*, (1) how grand his stalking Gate !  
How vast his pine-tree Spear to hasten Fate !  
Who scorns the *Roman* Javelin : To whom  
*Agnestus* brave, and *Vilobosius* come,  
With good *Lyrannus*, tho' unhappy made,  
By luckless Omens, sounding o'er the Dead !  
Then, thrice, one silent Night, sweet Harps were heard ;  
And, almost vocal, from the Tombs, declar'd,  
In Words, expressive, gainst his bearing Arms ;  
And, to secure the Lineage too from Harms,  
Death to the Race : But, undisturb'd in Mind,  
The Aug'ry flights, as of ignoble kind.  
To prove an Hero would not shun War's Strife ;  
But lov'd his Country dearer than his Life.

Lo ! *Holderness*, as 'twere between two Seas ;  
*Locrinus*, scorning an inglorious Ease ;  
That peaceful People stirr'd at his Command ;  
And, arm'd, appear'd a most delightful Band :  
Leaving *Prætorian* Walls, and Parts extreme,  
To Men at Sea, for Profit, more than Fame.  
*Winested*, to toping *Bacchus* ever dear ;  
*Burton*, superb ; their Forces, too, appear,  
With those of *Heddon*, once in fair Esteem ;  
And *Paul's*, descending near to *Humber's* Stream.  
Next those of *Ryfe*, fam'd for its pleasant Grove,  
With Men of *Hornsey*, to the Battle move.  
A Lake there sprung where milk-white Swans were bred ;  
But, where the Town's now seen to raise its Head,  
Upon the Margent of the spuming Sea,  
In former Times more near the Ocean lay :



(1) In these Parts is a Village called by the Name  
of *Rudston*, where there is an enormous *Saxon* Sepul-  
chre. This large One is in the *E. Rid. Dickeying Hun-*  
*dred*. 'Tis an Obelisk, in the Church-Yard, of *Mill-*  
*stone* Grate, of the same Shape and Size like those near  
*Brough-Brigg*, frequently mentioned by antiquaries.

|| Like those upon the Banks of  
*Castor*.

H O M.

Of Hornsea, the TRITONS, &c. 55

But when the Natives found their useful Horn,  
And lov'd those Sounds the Pow'rs of Sea did scorn;  
Nay, when on sudden they begin to puff;  
And thought correcting others not enough;  
But, mad, presum'd t' oppose great Neptune's Train  
With their hoarse Tones to sweet Tunes on the Main;  
(1) Triton, enrag'd, to think his Trumpet-Shell  
Should be despis'd, and not perform so well;  
He could not bear; but made the roaring Deep  
Overflow some Lands, Men, horned Beasts, and Sheep.  
Their Bounds first fix'd where dire Destruction ran;  
From whence it was that Horn-sea first began.  
Historians write, how'er the Natives find,  
They're much expos'd to the Eastern Wind:  
And 'tis as likely they can fashion Horn  
For publick Use, and much the same adorn.  
In firey Furnace how to melt the same;  
To mix the Juice of various Herbs by Name;  
What Leathern Size, what lupal-binding Gore,  
Serv'd then the Art, improv'd since Times of Yore.  
Thus indurated Armour, for each Part,  
Could make impervious to the keenest Dart.  
To different Arms, HORN did Assistance yield;  
Or grac'd, or skreen'd, the Breast-Plate, Helm and Shield;  
Scabbards for Swords, or Cov'ings for their Spears,  
As well as noisy Trumpets, in the Wars.  
At Sound of which, by furious MARS inspir'd,  
They troopt to Combat, which they most desir'd.  
Now on (2) Hull's Banks appear'd a savage Throng,  
To whom the Care of Cattle did belong.  
Many fine Herds, that fed in verdant Meads,  
Water'd by Streams, where Sedges grow, and Reeds.

----- Springs  
(1) He frequently used to take away the Cattle grazing in the pleasant Fields of Tanagra. See Dr. King.

(2) The River Hull, whose Silver like Waters spring near Driffeld, the Church of which is remarkable for the Tomb of Alfred, the most learned King of Northumberland. CAMD.



556 HULL, BEVERLEY, &c. Book II.

Springs clear as Crystal, smooth as Mirrors fair ;  
 Fat were those Lands ; then only Fields they were.  
 No towering Walls, but Houses here and there.  
 Who knows not (1) *Beverley*, so long in Fame,  
 Did shine before this Place scarce had a Name ?  
 Who has not read of its illustrious Fane ? (2)  
 Or sees it stands not near the River plain ?  
 Or who is ignorant how *Fell* increase,  
 To prove the Key, or Fortress, of the East ?  
 Both can to Glory make a just Pretence ;  
 Tho' this superiour for a strong Defence ;  
 And by its Harbour nothing them annoys ;  
 But each its own true Happiness enjoys ;  
 Veil'd from that Part which any way destroys.  
 So Time wheels round, and Age revolving chang'd.  
 Then Woods did grow, where Youth had often rang'd ;  
 Inur'd to Hardships, here they had their Seats.  
 No Cold they valu'd, nor regarded Heats ;  
 Taught these to suffer, and to fight beside ;  
 Hunting they made their Pastime, and their Pride.  
 Cloath'd in Hair'd Skins, the Spoils of Beasts they stow'd ;  
 Soon from the Woods sprung forth this silvan Crew ;  
 Shaking their Poles, aloud for War they cry ;  
 And, with accustom'd Clam'ring, rend the Sky ;  
 But when their Furies timely were restrain'd ;  
 When (3) *Holbams*, (4) *Gees*, and *Meyers*, mingling, gain'd  
 Ascending Power o'er their swelling Hearts,  
 Like neighboring Worthies, by the mildest Arts ;  
 They learnt such Forms as gave them full Content,  
 Of War, wise Laws, and happy Government.  
 Not those *Parisians*, near the sacred Grove,  
 Would be exempt ; but brave to War must move !  
 The Wonder less, since they from *Cliffords* sprung ;  
 Who snatch'd their Ensigns, and adorn'd the Throng ;  
 Of whose great Valour long loud Fame has rung.



(1) *King Athelstane was a great Benefactor to its fine Church erected here, now its well-known, magnificent and famous Minster.*

(2) *By the Walls almost meeting (or as it were turning by those of the Garrison) the Harbour is every way defended. &c.* (3) *Two of 'em executed*

(4) *Sir William intomb'd in Park Minister,*

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*The Prince escapes from his Stepmother. 37*

Nay, Men, assembled in the sacred Bounds  
Of Godmingham, that heard tremendous Sounds;  
And what the Oracles did plain declare,  
From arched Vaults, concerning this great War!  
An hundred fuming Altars did appear!  
As many Answers from the Gods they hear!  
These join'd with Howden's Troops, likewise the Swains,  
That, circled by fair Streams, liv'd on green Plains.  
So those employ'd in Cultage on the Banks  
Of smooth reflecting Waters, show'd their Ranks;  
And, from Derwent's Wall, and Lury Towers,  
Brave Men were welcom'd like descending Showers:  
From Garraby fine Troops with Joy surprize;  
And Western Mountains still add fresh Supplies.



Behold, unhop'd for, princely Cymbelin,  
But late subjected to the furious Queen (1)  
Lapt from her Wiles, and mad novercal Airs,  
Before his royal Father now appears!  
On to Guideria, (2) first Spouse to the King,  
Whose beauteous Charms thro' all the Realm did ring;  
Brought forth a Blessing whilst she was but young,  
And from whose Birth great Expectations sprung.  
The Parent runs, soon as the Youth appears;  
Sees the kneeling Prince, and bursts in Tears!  
With joyful Shouts the Interview was crown'd:  
At Pontefract, for Strength so long renew'd,  
Mother's Dorrery, which no Force could take,  
King bestow'd him for his Consort's sake.  
As, as a Prince prepar'd, with Aid at hand,  
Sway was large, and beautiful the Land;

Replete  
About the Year 14 before Christ. (2) After  
carnation, circ. An. 21, this Son Guiderius was Mo-  
ver the Realm. See Engl. Chr. p. 12, &c.

my History, Vol. II. of Antiquities, Appendix, after p. 22 to 43,  
were in the History of Rippon, 8, 9, 10, &c. amongst Travels.

8 Bramham, Castleford, &c. Book II.  
 Replete with Nobles ; Buildings, too, most rare ;  
 Fine Rivers, Woods, and clear salubrious Air ;  
 A pinguid Soil to harrow ; all that suits  
 Life's Use ; as yellow Corn, and other Fruits ;  
 Then him impower'd to list a gallant Train  
 Of choicest Youth, to bless his Father's Reign.  
 From Banks of River Went, and Dornham's Streams,  
 Scarce one but what his princely Speech inflames ;  
 That, round Earl Huntingdon's fair silver Well ;  
 Or Robin Hood's ; Historians, ancient, tell ;  
 Numbers did flow, to show their Hearts were good :  
 True to their Country, and to spend their Blood.  
 From Elmet, too, there came a willing Train ;  
 But (1) Bramham, all selected Youths, like L —  
 From Castleford's high Walls brave Champions came,  
 And (2) Towton's Fields ; where, sad it is to name,  
 Large Bones, with mighty Arms, of Men, are found,  
 Plow'd up, with roseal Shields, long hid in Ground ;  
 Unlike from what they in the Battle were ;  
 White for York's House, and Red for Lancaster ;  
 So in the Banks of Coc, like ting'd with Blood,  
 Destructive Weapons many Years were stor'd :  
 None fierce and angry ; no Distinctions brave ;  
 But all, concordant, lie within the Grave !  
 No more Discrimination, dire to know ;  
 But subterraneous Leche beedles flow.

Behold  
 (1) Noted for fine Springs, near and at the Seat of  
 Lord BINGLET with delight in Cascades ; that I be-  
 lieve cannot be exceed'd in the Realm of Britain.  
 (2) See my History of York, page 212, 213 and of Rippon, 140.

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## Of Tadcaster, the Forest of Galtres, &c. 59

Behold, the End of such intestine Wars !  
 Learn, and be wise, all who peruse, or hears.  
 Fick of these sprightly Men could nimble whield  
 The lighter Dart ; and wore a small round Shield ;  
 Falchion and Sword ; helm'd, and in Armour bright ;  
 The Prince soon brought them to his Father's Sight ;  
 Who look'd upon these Heroes, in their Bloom ;  
 Sure Signs propitious of great Things to come.

Mean while, York's Legion, all compleatly arm'd,  
 Led by the glorious KING, Beholders charm'd !  
 Quiv'ring bright Spears they jovial Pæans sung.  
 To these the Aynsty added Forces strong.  
 Then ( 1 ) Tadcaster was almost left alone,  
 With Cliffs adjacent to that ancient Town :  
 Those on the Lands ; the fertile Fields, or Meads ;  
 Which sedge, rushy, still, slow Foss pervades,  
 Sent in their Aids : So ( 2 ) Galtres Forest theirs,  
 Once most surprizing, which now little bears.  
 For sacred then to JUPITER renown'd,  
 A Tree, exhortive, stood on rising Ground.  
 A noted Oak, and ancient as was seen ;  
 And of those Groves was justly II the Queen \*  
 Much like that fair Dodoneian One, which stood,  
 As Ovid writes, the Beauty of the Wood. ( 3 )  
 As solemn Worship here was giv'n by all ;  
 A vocal Nymph this well-known Oak wou'd call :  
 And when, with blest Mistletoe, it was green,  
 The Moon increasing, Aitars plac'd were seen ;  
 And then the Druids, with Gold-hatted Knife,  
 Cut off to Custom, and preserv'd as Life.  
 An hundred Yeats while they this Tree enjoy'd ;  
 When strip of Leaves, and Bark, became not void :  
 But, as in former MAJESTY, exhort  
 Those who refer'd ; and, trusting, did resort ;  
 Tradition says, and gives a Reason for't.



Be-

( 1 ) See in my History of Rippon, p. 567. State ancient and modern.

( 2 ) In Volume I. English History, p. 16 once of great Extent.

( 3 ) Ovid Met. Lib. vii.

<p><i>Exiguâ crescit de glande olivæ quercus ;</i>  <i>Et tandem patulis surgit in astra comis ;</i>  <i>Dumq. anni pergunt, crescit latissima moles ;</i>  <i>Atq. sicut æquæus bellicæ navis æquæ ;</i>  <i>Angustâ fit hinc fama, salus hic nascitur o-</i>  <i>glaus æ nobis præsidium imperiis. (11)</i></p>	<p>From a small Acorn see the OAK arise ;              Superbly tall, and waving in the Skies ;              Glory of Shades, her stately Head endears ;              Increasing arms to late with length of years.              How flows the deep, whilst Thunders roar,              And rises the Main, from Shore to Shore.</p>
---	--

6 *The King pleas'd at his Champions.*

Because the *Hamadriades* liv'd here,  
 Beneath tall Oaks, which they esteem'd so dear ;  
 And, far from slighting, whither Fate did bind,  
 Or that the Oak coeaval Love should find ;  
 The People would not the old Trunk desert ;  
 For which, more Reasons Poets still impart.  
 For, truly, Natives oft were wont to hear  
 From this fam'd Oak sad Groans that piteous were !  
 And in the Midst of dark and silent Night,  
 As if a Nymph complain'd, in woful Plight, [1]  
 For either raising some old noted Tree,  
 With its lost Sisters ; or that Destiny  
 Had made late vegetative Pow'r relax ; [2]  
 Or else hewn down by life-destroying Ax.  
 So mourn'd, in Vengeance, lest the thoughtless Swain  
 Foe to their Woods, should make their Groves a Plain !  
 These Sylvan Champions wore strong Helms of Oak ;  
 Their Shields the same, to bear a ponderous Stroke ;  
 Help'd by *Sylvanus*, Deity of Woods,  
 From lofty Mountains down to wat'ry Floods ;  
 (All rightly balanc'd equal their stout Heatts)  
 With never-failing double-feather'd Darts.

And now the KING displays his martial Charms ;  
 As well in comely Shape, as shining Arms !  
 He turn'd, and view'd full Numbers in the Field ;  
 Whose Troops, well-arm'd, did wond'rous Pleasures yield.  
 Still, piercing, saw their inward Spirits rise,  
 Thro' noble Valour, lust'ring in their Eyes !  
 Such Men, conven'd ; such Breasts for War inspir'd,  
 Elate his Soul, to find what he desir'd.

About this Time Embassadors did learn,  
 What to them all appear'd of great Concern.

----- They'd  
 [1] See Ovid ; and likewise Dr. King, how the Nymphs  
 did good to those that preserv'd 'em, particularly *oaks*.

(2) However this was, the Poet hath asserted, that there  
 is even Affinity or Love among some Plants and contri-  
 bute us Herbs growing together than if mix'd with others.

*Vivunt in Venerum fontes, annisque*

*Fein orber amat, nutant ad mutua palma*

*Falera, populeo suspirat populus ists, &c. PEARSON.*

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*The long-hid Shield foretold, to be found. 61*

They'd been at *Godmanham*, whence flow'd the *Springs*,  
Oraculous, to know Event of Things :

Soon as return'd, they to *Venusian* came ;

Who to his Host this Answer did proclaim :

" Seek *Armcliff*, high ; the frightful Rock will yield,

" From its low Vault, the long-interred Shield".

These Words, when spoke, *Ormus*, who was the Head  
Of all the *Druids*, to the King thus said.

Behold, dread Sou'reign ! See the promis'd Day

Is come, that doubtful Matters will display :

What we have hop'd for long and many Tears,

Accept, deserving ; for the Secret bears.

**BRUTUS**, preparing Italy so soon ;

Then seek new Kingdoms, and to make his own ;

Thoughtful on the *Cumæan* **STBIL** waits,

And stands upon the Threshold of her Gates ;

But she, to whom he did so humbly yield,

No Answer gave, but an engraven Shield ;

Where ev'ry Action, worthy to be read,

Of him, or his ; or British Subjects bred ;

Things past, or future, would, in Time, be known.

But Admonitions then she gave thereon.

" When You, as Conq'rour, distant Nations braves ;

" Beyond the Pow'r of foaming *Humber's* Waves ;

" See that you hide this Specimen of Fate :

" Bury it deep : for *Jove*, Heav'n's King so great !

" Not overmuch would have its Secrets [1] known ;

" Nor those of other Gods. Plac'd under Stone,

" A Rock's Foundation, vast ; there let it be,

" Till later Ages find the Mystery ;

" And so transmit to long Posterity."

Struck at these Sayings most the Army were.

The **KING**, in wonted Temper, bid prepare

To find the Mass ; and near an Altar raise,

That all the Pow'rs might have besitting Praise.

But kind **TARANUS**, Briton's fav'rite God,

Should have the fittest Hecatombs bestow'd.

----- These  
[ 1 ] *Mitte arcana Dei, calumque inquirere quid sit.* It was  
thought anciently Presumption to be too inquisitive.

----- *quid quis eruditio, & obli. pietas ?* **CRUG.** p. 160.



62 The K I N G ardently prays. Book II.

These stoney Rocks, like mighty Structures rise,  
From terrene Depth to Surface high surprize.  
Mid'st of the Wood large Prospects please the Sight ;  
And Air, ætherial, with *Wharf's* Streams, delight ;  
Of then, the Case ; how certain, I can't say ;  
But 'tis call'd *Arm-cliffe*, proudly, at this Day. [1]  
Here met the Druids, rob'd in Vestments white ;  
Fine Beasts for Victims led ; an awful Sight ! [2]  
Their Heads with season'd lov'd *Mistletoe* crown'd :  
Attempt'ing Fruits they minister'd around,  
With Wine, and Fire. [3] O R M U S, the first, did rise,  
Who, on the Altars, laid the Sacrifice ;  
The prime Libation to the Lord of Skies.  
Crown'd King with Nobles round the Priest were seen ;  
In their white Hands fresh Oaken Boughs, and green.  
Then great VENUSIUS, looking to the Stars,  
With suppliant Voice, thus offers up his Pray'rs.  
Tremendous JOVE ! Supreme of all the Gods !  
Who long since Albion gave, for sweet Abodes,  
To Phrygian (4) BRUTUS, and his Heroes great ;  
That, settling, made Britannia bloom in State ;  
A glorious Race, from whom King EBRANC came ;  
Whose tow'ring Walls will e'er proclaim his Fame !  
Further extend Thy kind auspicious Care,  
That our great Parent's Shield, He us'd to wear,  
Hid under Stones, of hard and lofty Kind,  
No human Strength could pluck, or Art yet find :  
Do Thou, with Might, unfold ; and bring to light !  
The various Deeds, display'd, will much delight :  
Decrees of FATE, by fine Devices there,  
Will more instruct us, how we them shall bear.  
'Tis sweet to know good Things to us foretold :  
Or yet hard Hap, will make us wise, and bold.

[1] Said to be in Knaresborough's ancient Forest.

[2] But the Sacrifices of human Nature are shocking as mentioned by *Dionysius Halicarnassus*, *Clemens Alexandrinus*, &c. as used in *Africa*, *Egypt*, *Mexico*, and also in *Britain*. "Cruore captivo adolere aras." *Tac. Annal. Lucret. &c.*

[3] This Name is also ascrib'd to a *Persian City*, in a *Island* abounding with Shells, that produce the finest *Pearls*.

(4) See my compendious History of England, Vol. I. p. 8, 9, 10.

*The Wonderful SHIELD discovered.* 63

This said, Cimmerian Darkness fill'd the Skies !  
The Clouds condense, and stormy Winds arise !  
All agitate ; and, thro' th' æthereal Space,  
A Tempest, frightful, rag'd in ev'ry Place.  
The Axis, horrid, thund'ring, seem'd to rend ;  
And Showers, mixt with Flames of Fire, descend !  
Then JUPITER, by Lightning, sent, divides  
The stoney Chains, and thrusts away the Sides :  
Which open sprung, that all the Cave display'd ;  
And in the Part extreme the Shield was laid !  
Quite round they saw the bright refulgent Gold.  
Tho' joyful, still to their Devotions hold :  
Their Vows yet pay, lay on fresh Sacrifice ;  
While Altars, fuming, sweetly scent the Skies.  
Now all, in haste, would view, with curious Eyes,  
The Sybil's Gift ; which fill'd them with Surprise !  
For, in the Bowings of this glitt'ring Shield,  
Were figur'd Heroes, as in MARS's Field.  
The Trojan Champion, how he did excell,  
Whilst sailing hither, 'twas recorded well :  
And, landing on the *Torkshyre* Coast, display'd :  
All arm'd in Brass, methinks I view his Shade,  
Thro' undulating Streams, fair to behold ;  
Inlaid by Silver, and enrich'd with Gold.  
Various the Forms, with charming Colours fear'd ;  
Thro' ignipotent Force, where Scenes appear'd !  
Methought a Series of Decrees I found.  
There *Oceanus*, closing *ALBION* round.  
Its candid Rocks conspicuous did appear.  
The next I spy'd was royal (1) *BRUTUS* there.  
How he the vast and strong Foundations laid  
Of his (2) *New Troy*, and there the Sceptre sway'd :  
In what just Order follow'd mighty Things,  
As Years revolv'd, great Poets, Heroes, Kings !  
How, thro' Heav'n's Pow'r, long-life'd (3) *Abram* rose ;  
And fix'd, on Banks, near which clear *Urn* flows,  
(Reflecting then, as, in these Days of ours,  
Pleas'd, we behold *YORK*'s lofty Piles, and Tow'rs.)

Next  
[1] Ant. Chr. 1108. [2] *London*. [3] *Bef. Chr. 989*.  
buried at *Tork*, where he far as Archflame, or Pagan Portiff

64 *Amazing Prædictions reveal'd.* BOOK II.

Next (1) King *MUL MUTIUS*, brave, did I behold,  
The first that wore a Diadem of Gold :  
Who, for wise Laws, the People did revere ;  
But much more to his honour'd Gods was dear,  
Since for due Worship he would oft declare.  
*BELINUS*, (2) too, whose Offspring were of Fame,  
With other Princes, that assum'd his Name.  
These Ancients shown, *VENUSIUS* hastes to see  
What Acts in his, or future Times, would be.  
Then he beheld our Rivers ; and the Banks  
He plainly found possess'd by Roman Ranks.  
Himself he knew ; his Camp, and Leaders all,  
Fit, as resolv'd, to conquer, or to fall ;  
Nay, some engag'd, most sharp, at *Mars's* Call.  
Sollicitous, he ponder'd, as divine,  
Unto which Side the Battle would incline :  
Before the Eagle's turning round, he view'd ;  
And saw the Laurel's strange Vicissitude ;  
How temporiz'd by Woes from ev'ry Part ;  
And that Heav'n's Friendship would rejoice his Heart :  
That fav'rite Oracles to them were plain,  
All did assent ; but still fresh Hopes, again,  
With Doubts, succeed ; but more delightful heard  
Concerning *Torkshire*, what could be declar'd.  
Fresh Things appear'd, that later Times did yield ;  
And, raptur'd, find pourtray'd within the Shield.  
There *Ebor's* blooming Citizens do shine ;  
And, wond'rous ! mix with those of great *Quirine* : (3)  
Our Country's Youth select the female Train,  
From *Latium* sprung, return'd with Love again.  
One Face of Friendship, join'd with *Hymen's* Rites,  
Exult pacific, and yield soft Delights !  
There *HELEN*, British Princess ! royal sped,  
Meets her lov'd *CHLORUS*, and partakes his Bed.

[1] Ant. Chr. 401. The first Monarch, bury'd at *London* *Aurelianus*, the 37th Roman Emperor, wore a Diadem in the Year of Rome 1010, An. Chr. 270. See Chron. p. 5.

[2] Ant. Chr. 401. See in the Eng. Chron. p. 6, &c.

(3) The Name of *ROMULUS*, first King of Rome.



*Dreadful Invaders intrude upon the Land. 65*

That Emperor, and great begotten Son,  
In y view of Splendor grace th' Imperial Throne ;  
And their Vicegerent, who long rul'd in State,  
With all their Ensigns, borne in pompous Gait.  
In other Parts appear'd the lofty Prows  
Of crowded Ships, with Eastern foreign Foes ;  
Arm'd Troops of Saxons, under Leaders strong,  
The fierce proud *† Ella* being them among ;  
He who *Deira* rais'd, whole Fame still rings ;  
And from whose Loins long sprung a Race of Kings.

Unruly Scots, and cruel ( 1 ) *Picts*, beheld ;  
That, in our Confines, scarcely were excell'd ;  
In Hate, congenial, as it were from Birth,  
Till Providence turn'd Blessings to the Earth :  
On the \* afflicted laying treble Weight,  
From sad Reflexion, of like *Solou's* Fate :  
Made Poverty, with its wan meagre Face,  
And Death, portending, end the cold Embrace!  
Over-running Lands, destroying Cities great,  
Whom strongest *Bulworks* could not make retreat ;  
( 3 ) And tho' broad *Trenches* did those Forts surround,  
No ways to stop such Robbers could be found.  
Then other Ships appear'd. A People came,  
That run at all ; and did the Land inflame ;  
Taking Advantage of pale *Cynthia's* Light ;  
And Stars in Heav'n's round *Convex* shining bright ;  
Whose

*† See in my History of York, preceding the Chief Governours,*

*1. Both English and Scots Writers agree, that the Original*

*the *Pict* was from Germany, hardly like those of *Scythia*.*

*\* Oppressive and Cheating *Plains*, of any kind, foreign or domestick, should*

*read to muddle with an ingenious *POET*, or *PRINCE*, who can perpetuate*

*the jockeying Characters for ill govern'd Estate, and furnish *Demons* with *Accu-**

*sations to *READ* in judgment, as a proper Antithesis to any fulsome Inscription.*

66 *The Horrid Cruelties of the Danes.* BOOK II.  
 Whole Deeds were penn'd by Sufferers divine,  
 And plain recorded in small Works of mine.  
 Their Chief, in Slaughter skill'd, did most annoy:  
 And the *Danes* did stir to murder, and destroy!  
 Then spuming Earth appear'd by thedding Blood;  
 And, whilst, conspiring, with the Watch he stood  
 To be reveng'd, and do the People Harms,  
 His Men got in, that lurk'd in secret Arms:  
 And this in Vengeance that because one Day  
 Those cruel Champions were quite made away.  
 When *Normans* lind *York* Walls, 'tis sad to tell  
 How direful Rage on this fair City fell!  
 These, also, were unplay'd, with dreadful Flame;  
 And still the *Roses* as great Ills proclaim.  
 Some in their Shields the lovely *White Ones* bear;  
 While deepest *Red* their Kin or Brethren wear;  
 Till, after Suff'rings of each loyal Train,  
 And so much Blood of Heroes spilt in vain,  
 At length the sad and dire Contention ends,  
 By joining both, and turning Foes to Friends  
 From *York*'s fair Sem long Time a Race was led  
 Of Potentates; 'mongst whom *Eliza* Queen,  
*Nassau* and *Anne*; but who adorns our Helm  
 Is *George*, belov'd; the Glory of this Realm;  
 His Sov'rign dread, yet Country's Father dear  
 And kind to all his People far and near;  
 Who tempeates the World by Wisdom's Charms  
 The Strength of Council, and the Force of Arms

[2] See my *English History* Vol. I p. 113. &c. and  
 the *Pure* introduction is worthy of a place  
 in the *Battle* fought between *York* and *Langston*. History, o *Rippon*, 140, 1

*The Prophetick Shield borne to the Battle. 67*

With equal Weight his Justice never fails ;  
But, in true Balance, even keeps the Scales.  
Great Arbitrer of *Europe* 's allow'd,  
To raise the Humble, and pull down the Proud.

Then other Kings were seen to grace the Throne ;  
Both Peace, and War, alternate, too, were shown ;  
Which, in late Ages, would be certain known.

Portraits, as *Homer* drew *Achilles*' Shield ;  
Or *Virgil*'s Buckler, which strange things reveal'd.

When King *Venusius*, then, with high Content,  
Had view'd the Shape, and ev'ry Argument,  
Shaking his royal Head, thus prophely'd.  
The Works of WAR will never end, he cry'd.

O Mars ! how great thy Cares ! what Dangers too  
Have others felt ! and what must we go thro' !

But, sure, that Fate, which rais'd their high Renown,  
Now calls to make our rising Virtues known.

It stands us, well, that, War-like, we attend ;  
And sacred Altars of the GODS defend :

That future Ages, nor resounding FAMES,  
For Deeds ignoble, may have Cause to blame :

The great Examples our Fore Elders gave  
Should be our Guides, and make us equal brave.

Or rather, by such Virtue, at this Need,  
Inspire us more their Valour to exceed.

Thus said, he rais'd aloft the *Thrygian* Shield ;  
The Mace, air glit'ring gladly all beheld.

Laid on his Shoulder ; then he gave Command  
To move long ; no did they loit'ring stand,  
Who wou'd to fight, but march'd with warlike Main,  
Until their Troops, join'd, had reach'd the Plain.



## The ARGUMENT.

DON, having finished his Narration, returns home  
 that, in the Night, he might entertain the several  
 Nymphs of favourite Rivers at a sumptuous Ban-  
 quet. To the Aspect of these delectable Beauties the  
 wise Goddess leads Alcæus; who beholds, in the  
 deep Mansions, (in which were several Urns re-  
 plete with Water) the noble Countenances of illustri-  
 ous Personages. Returning from the Palace, they  
 ascend a very high Mountain; from whence they  
 perceive the Battle between the Heroes of York-  
 shire and the Romans. The Character of King  
 Arviragus a well with Scithes. He wounds Di-  
 dius, and slays Verocatus. Sabelia puts a Period to  
 the Life of the infamous Queen Cartimandua. King  
 Venusius goes against Serranus. He sees  
 Lucine wounded. Spares Cælonius; but destroys  
 Halsus. Vespasian is rescued by a Cloud. Al-  
 cæus asks Mentor the Reason of these cruel Wars.  
 The informing Ghost of Segonax. Ambiorix and  
 Pærus fall by mutual Wounds. Venusius rescues  
 Adminius, and opposes Serranus. The Battle of  
 beholding Gods. Serranus, observing his Destiny  
 in the foreboding late found-out Shield, receives  
 a mortal Wound from Venusius honourably ex-  
 pires in the Field, and the Legions are dispersed.

\* But the Historians say, " CORBREDUS I. about the Year 34, before  
 Christ, commund with Venusius, Spouse of Cartimandua, his Stepmother  
 Queen of Scotland; who, by crafty Sights, had taken her aforesaid royal  
 Consort, with his sundry Friends, and imprisoned them, intending to  
 deliver them into the hands of the Romans; for which designed Wicked of  
 the impartial Northern Sovereign ordered her to be buried quick; tho' the King  
 had positively allotted to her a sanguinary Fate by a most noble Heroine.

## B O O K III.

**T**Hus far grave *Don* by antique Power charms,  
 With *Yorkshire* Glories, while in shining Arms:  
 And now, says he, O Goddess! what remain,  
 'Tis You to your lov'd Poet must explain.  
 Again the *Romans* on my Banks do stand,  
 Where *Streams* of *Gore* have fertile made the *Land*;  
 Oft plow'd and harrow'd in our bounded Plains,  
 That Arms are found, with Owners' white *Remains*.  
 Now rest your Boat 'till Morning's purple Ray;  
 But I must hence; for *Nereus*, Prince at Sea,  
 Grants Leave his Daughters, and their Mother fair,  
 This Night shall to my humid Hall repair:  
 There to make merry, with a Banquet cheer'd;  
 Such as my Spouse, sweet *VENTA*, has prepar'd.  
 Thus, having spoke, *DON*, like a Phantom, glides;  
 And, 'midst his Streams, soon from their Presence hides.  
 'Twas Night; but, yet, with Help of swelling Sails,  
 The clearing Boat o'er adverse Stream prevails.  
 Calmly they move 'tween shady Alder-Trees;  
 Whilst *Eurus* cheers 'em with an Eastern Breeze;  
*Luna*, that full-orb'd Planet, fair to Sight,  
 Who wanes, and waxes, trem'lous Queen of Night;  
 Whose Motions, mutual, to large Oceans prove,  
 As Tides progressive, or reverte, move;  
 Long-ray'd, well-pleas'd, o'er-joy'd, with *Cynthia* Grace,  
 And elemental Brightness, fill'd the Place:

70 *Ethnic Historical DELIGHTS* : Book III

Her sportive Face on trembling Waters shew'd.  
 And while her Charms adorn'd the liquid Road  
 The Way seem'd short; Time's Hours did swiftly fly  
 'Till Somnus spread, all silent, o'er the Sky. †  
 My dear lov'd MENTOR, did ALCEUS say,  
 What is the Cheer, or Banquet? Tell me, pray.  
 Where stands Don's Hall? Beneath the Earth or here  
 Fix'd in the Seas, from whence all Rivers flow?  
 And do our nymphal Powers so far resort,  
 To splendid Feasting in that humid Court?  
 To him MINERVA gracefully replies:  
 Great OCEANUS, (1) whom the (2) Ancients prize  
 Here his diffusive Blessing chiefly reigns;  
 And by his Nymphs Men, Birds and Beasts sustain  
 For Drink and Food he gave to them Command,  
 To feed all Kinds, and chiefly of the Land.  
 Hence mighty Sway of circum-ambient Deep,  
 It is their Pleasure, well as Right, to keep.

† The Egyptians, Chaldeans (and the said Chinese) reckon'd Months for Years.  
 (1) See Dr. King's learned Account, pag. 4.  
 (2), By their styling him Father of all Things  
 are supposed to have signified that Moisture or radical Humour which is infused by a divine Power in that universal Matter, and all natural Bodies without which it was imagin'd by the heathen Philosophers nothing could be formed.  
 He is right styl'd Oceanus by Homer and Virgil, encompassing Earth, and washeth about the Periphery of Rivers, Brooks, Fountains and Lakes. Tho' higher magnitudin than Land doth not overflow that low Element. *Præscriptas metuens transcendere mo-*

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Or, Ancient GLORIES of Yorkshire. 71

A LAKE, immense, embracing Tellus fair,  
With genial Virtue, bringeth Things to bear ;  
And, by its Moisture, vivifies the Air,  
Hence, from the Clouds, our Lands are blest with Show'rs,  
That much allay Heat's dry and parching Pow'r,  
To Tillage hurtful ; and the Morning Dew,  
That does soft Nature's pleasing Charms renew.  
Hence Lakes arose, and Fountains first began,  
In rowling Tears, of sov'reign Use to Man ;  
With confluent Streams, still glistening fair,  
That bless the Earth with Fruits and Flowers rare ;  
On Rivers sprucey Banks cause shady Woods,  
To trim our Walks, and grace the foaming Floods.  
Surely by \*WATER all Things nourish'd are ;  
And hence the  $\dagger$ ethnic Fathers us'd to rear  
Fit Altars for those Deities allow'd ;  
To whom they pray'd, and as devoutly vow'd.  
Thus cou'd their Anger turn, by sacred Rites,  
But what need more ? Not Words, but real Sights  
Will full instruct and please, when them you see  
Which, having Right, ne'er fear, but follow me.  
I'll lead you to the Threshold of the Gods,  
That Night they sup with him at his Abode.  
Soon as Aurora shows the coming Day,  
We'll speed the more, and nimbly clear the Way.  
MEN TOR immediate doth his Force apply  
Towards the East : the Vessel seems to fly

\* 'Twas their Beginning, produced thro' the Omnipotent, and sanctified  
by Him ; that Mind, intelligent Principle, and great Substance  
Ascribed by Aristotle, Plato, Pythagoras, &c. to the Supreme Being.  
† They represented their Gods swearing by Ope upon that account.  
Exactly agreeing with what MOSES says of the Creation, That the Spirit of  
GOD move upon the face of the WATERS ; or herent with it. PETER III. 10.  
" That by the word of God the heavens and the earth were made, &c.

72 *Ethnic Historical DELIGHTS: Book III.*

With swelling Sails the cutting Keel divides  
 The furrow'd Waters foaming on both Sides ;  
 A long Way seen, like fierce abruptive Tides.  
 Thus they approach'd a mighty Cave, lo ! where  
 Grave *D O N* was wout to issue nearer Air ;  
 And speeding on, until a spacious Plain  
 Of Waters seem'd, as tho' an ample Main,  
 Too large for their small Boat. The Poet gaz'd  
 At such an Ocean, which his Soul amaz'd !  
 So many Rivers, springing wondrous rise,  
 Approximating swiftly r'wards the Skies !  
 Such numerous arch'd Coverings for the Gods,  
 That had in Ponds, Lakes, Fountains, their Abodes,  
 So many Urns, in various manner, shown ;  
 And ev'ry Pow'r with its peculiar One !  
 Whilst lofty Rocks produc'd their avial Stores ;  
 Whose wild Notes sounded to the distant Shores.  
 View Rivers Gods while thus they charming sail  
 Of flowing *Nidd*, and murm'ring Streams of *Swale* :  
 The purling-winding *Wharfe* ; whose Waters, fond  
 In Murmurs glide ; too lucid to abscond :  
 But, like a Silver Tide, beneath are seen  
 Fair variegated Stones from Banks of Green :  
 Limpid as *Trent* ; and, those like Brethren dear  
 Smooth-flowing *Calder*, with soft-crystal *Are* ;  
 The Source of *Darwent*, and *Hull's* fenny Bed,  
 From whence that River raises up its Head  
 But He, from whom *Tork's* Secrets they could learn  
 Was Father *ART* to all of great Concern :

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III. Or, Ancient GLORIES of Yorkshire. 73

He, leaning on his Urn, aloft appears ;  
 (A Crown of Reeds encircling his grey Hairs)  
 Who, giving Royal Laws, imperial, spoke :  
 Go, ye fair Rivers ! and most kindly look  
 On Yorkshire lov'd, for its bright Worthies sake.  
 But mind that none from hence so far betake  
 To mix w<sup>i</sup> Sea, or with its Waves combine :  
 I'll act for you ; let this Affair be mine,  
 To render Ocean what we all incline. (1)



And now the concave Hall of DON appear'd,  
 Beneath a rocky Mountain, as rever'd.  
 Prepared Lights, fit for nocturnal Flame,  
 Might well a Banquet in the Hall proclaim.  
 Their Voyage ended, wond'ring at the Place,  
 DANUS, o'er-joy'd, receiv'd them with a Grace.  
 Fair Goddess, welcome ! said he, to his Guest ;  
 And your Companion, likewise, to our Feast !  
 To see these unknown Realms, from Earth hid far,  
 Are not unworthy of the M<sup>U</sup>S<sup>E</sup>S' Care,  
 To whom MINERVA made this sweet Reply :  
 Truly to please the Poet here came I ;  
 That such a View of these fair Seats might show,  
 What noble Honours we to RIVERS owe.  
 Beside, your Forms of Government to learn ;  
 Convent'd so brightly, with such sweet Concern ;  
 And Beauties, so carulean, to admire ;  
 Which charm the Earth, when told, as might inspire.

(1) Omnia flumina properant ad mare. Eccl. I. 7. Cut



74 *Ethnic Historical DELIGHTS* : Book II

Cut in a Rock was this resplendent Hall,  
 Adorn'd above and round the caval Wall :  
 A spacious Furnace, to prepare the Feasts ;  
 With fine Apartments for invited Guests :  
 'Midst of the Table lay a charming Heap  
 Of finest Biss, wou'd make one's Heart to leap  
 And while the Nymphs sat sweetly at their Meats  
 Illuminations brighter made their Seats.  
 All knew the Goddess ; and, with Joy, attend  
 On *Alcans* too, the Muses dear-lov'd Friend.  
 The Cups of *Bacchus* then went briskly round  
 As e'er at *Ceres* Sacrifice, were found.  
 Their Looks were cheary, full of sportive Mirth  
 That gave to Jokes and Laughter pleasing Birth.  
 In sweetest Notes each lovely Nymph did sing  
 That made the son'rous arch'd Vault to ring.  
 Choice *Visitants* ! \* *Sabrina's* Daughters come ! \* *Seven*  
 With amber Locks, from *Trent* and *Cambria* some  
 So charm'd with Sisters, living near to *Humber*,  
 Made sweet their Concert echo by the Number  
 But while they shin'd in this delightful Mood,  
 No Sonnets pleas'd like those of *Robin Hood*  
 Such merry Ditties of his strong-stretch'd Bow  
 To them well known, they did the best allow  
 And, while his Feats so ludicrous were sung,  
 With sweet-shrill'd Praise th' embow'd Palace rung  
 Mean time, *Alcans* spy'd, in Order, neat,  
 Glass Uins, with clearest Waters, and replete

Fix

Or, Ancient G L O R I E S of Yorkshire. 75  
 Fix'd to the Walls ; in which, preserv'd with Care,  
 Were imag'd Worthies that renowned were.  
 Won'drous ! each Figure by its Face was known ;  
 For ev'ry Vase exactly held its own ;  
 Only inanimate. The Poet, fir'd,  
 Immediately their History requir'd.  
 Whom, to oblige, Dannus began his Tale.  
 Where my pure Streams in Yorkshire did prevail,  
 I could not help ; less Rivers did incline ;  
 And would, at times, glide gently into mine.  
 My Region all ; the Shores my Praise resound :  
 For I made fecund all their pleasant Ground.  
 But, as t contending H E R O ' S there arose  
 In Ages past, whom Earth but little knows ! (1)  
 Nor any P O E T ever yet could save  
 Their being lost in low deep Lethe's Grave !  
 Much, as I could, I've drawn from cruel Fates,  
 By lively Forms, whilst in the World's Debates :  
 Most worthy Fame ; because each nobly stood ;  
 Secur'd my Banks, and shaded o'er my Flood.

Their

† " Quid ALEXANDRI Magni voto, in summa fortuna defuit,  
 " præter HOMERI ingenium ? & quo alio nomine felicem prædicat  
 " ACHILLEM, cum in Sigæ ad tumulum ejus adfuit, nisi quod  
 " tales laudum suarum præconem habere meruerit ? Et verè : nam nisi  
 " ILLAS exstitisset illa, idem tumulus qui corpus ejus contexerat,  
 " nomen etiam obruisset. Quot enim ante eum Imperatorum Regumque  
 " ignota nunc nomina, & æterno oblivionis sepulchro recondita ?  
 " Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona Urgentur, ignotique longo  
 " Multi : sed omnes illa horribiles Noctæ, careat quia vate sacro  
 " Beatiores illi qui post fata sua, chartis, & calami pæcarum, immortalitatis filia  
 " ductis, animati rursus, & velut mortui sua supersites vivunt, & victuri  
 " sua sol diu

Donec effundet ; sua Luna donec Lumina nocti.  
 Et profecto sic oportet, cum non minus posteritatis intersit, quam  
 æmulationis virtutis, qui pro Patria strenue fecerint, ut : gal-  
 lorum, missilia, labores, ingenii monumenta, nec virtutibus debita  
 gloria miras invidetur, æternitati, famaque templo consecrari.

J. Grev. Batav. Epist. p. 173. &c.



76 *Ethnic Historical DELIGHTS* : Book III

Their Effigies, exact; which soon you'll see,  
My faithful W A T E R S thus presented me,  
Inclos'd in glassy Urns; their Shapes, sublime;  
Age can't destroy, or be impair'd by Time.  
Then cease to wonder at what now you view:  
For, sure, there's nothing but the Gods can do:  
Who much esteem those Souls they call their own;  
And, next themselves, do hold of high Renown:  
So, in their Courts, are pleas'd to behold  
The Icons fair of Champions brave and bold:  
When, recollecting, much they yield Delight;  
Their Acts, for mine, as recent in my Sight  
And when to Contemplation's Charms inclin'd,  
Their noted Forms strike my retentive Mind.  
Proud that my Rivers have bright Men sustain'd,  
Methinks I'm happy by just Honours gain'd:  
Some whose great Names illustrious still proclaim  
Their Country's Love, with their immortal Fame. (1)  
Behold great (2) Talbot, what a Front he bears  
Who shin'd with Terrors in the Gallic Wars!  
There's Strafford's Image, once fam'd Earl, in State  
Whose Soul, unconquer'd, was both good, and great

And  
(1) *Datum homini dominium in suas actiones, appetitus immortalitatis insit, &c.* There is a strong natural Desire in Man to enjoy Immortality, &c. GROT.

(2) See the Histories of Mr. Eachard, and Others. One of the Name I find was Dean of St. Paul's, Lond. 1261. Nephew to Fulco Basset, formerly Bishop. See Wharton.



# Or, Ancient GLORIES of Yorkshire 77

And, mark, the Duke of Leeds is plainly seen,  
 With Looks of Wisdom, and a Face serene.  
 And You, fair Wentworth ! where may we espy  
 The native Sweets of ancient Piety ;  
 But whence congenial Offsprings clear descend ?  
 The noblest Parent, and sincerest Friend !  
 Too long 'twould be all these to ponder o'er :  
 My Pow'r can only thus their Forms restore :  
 Low laid in Earth, beyond all human Praise ;  
 You and the Muse, now, jointly, them can raise :  
 In brighter shapes, by Art, you may enrobe ;  
 And celebrate them through the upper Globe.  
 Alcæus, struck whilst he these things displays,  
 Now, fresh to him, his priz'd Instructor, says.  
 O DANUS ! generous to all Human-kind,  
 What you've declar'd, I'll humbly bear in Mind :  
 Too much neglected in a World to blame,  
 When worthy Records of resounding Fame.  
 Too dear to lose ; to live, I'll make my Care :  
 Nor think for small things we have enter'd here :  
 Or that in vain the Goddess with me came,  
 To view such Wonders scarce my Skill can name.  
 The Poet, thinking all he had acquir'd,  
 But inexplorable still more and more desir'd ;  
 Till Time so swift, that Mentor, from Delay,  
 A month's time, that both might speed away !  
 Then taking Boat, is prone to welcome Strand,  
 More swift than yail'd till they had reach'd the Land.

† But Porphyrius thought Spectres (like Libyan Apparitions, or Armies of fighting and vanishing Goats beheld by Sylla) proceeded from multiplied *Insanities* ; for which St. AUGUSTINE quotes the learned Porphyrius. Also, That on the Plains of Campania, after terrible Noises, Demons come forth ; prefiguring the civil Wars of Capua, Cinnæ, Catiline, Marius, &c.

78 *Ancient Heroes arise to Battle.* Book III.

The Morn had just display'd the Mountains white,  
 And gelid Shades quite vanish'd with the Night;  
 With Rays of Red the streaking Skies seem'd fair,  
 Green towering Hills with higher Groves appear;  
 When they observ'd the Banks: Then MENTOR said,  
 These Lands we seek to know what Fame hath spread;  
 How ancient Yorkshire Men, in Sweat and Blood,  
 Bravely distinguish'd for their Country stood;  
 Prepare to see. Now, Ghosts, arise from Dust;  
 Resume past Life, and Labours, still you must,  
 As I command; then soon ye shall return  
 Such as ye were, before ye left the Urn:  
 For 'tis your Right eternal Rest to have;  
 With Comforts too beyond the silent Grave;  
 Nay, more to free your Names from sable Death;  
 And thus reward by glorious Fame on Earth.  
 This said, arose what e'er the Hills contain'd;  
 And added Forces from smooth Pastures gain'd;  
 With those that near the Mountains did subside;  
 And ev'ry Place, in which they lay, or dy'd.  
 Immediately, Rome's Troops, in equal Bands, [1]  
 Appear as ready to receive Commands.  
 Thus ev'ry way they grac'd the station'd Field;  
 Whilst dreadful Jav'lines all the Soldiers held!  
 In Armour bright, oppos'd to Phæbus' Beams;  
 And crested Helmets, with their nodding Plumes;  
 In various Colours, by zephyral Breeze,  
 Like æreal Whirlings, moving Tops of Trees. Hom.  
 In Front, as Chief grave (2) DIDIDIUS appears,  
 On his swift Horse, yet suiting well his Years;  
 Dispos'd their Weapons, made the Trumpets sound  
 And warm'd the Breast of all the Host around:  
 Reviv'd the Mem'ry of their ancient Fame;  
 Exhorted, warn'd, and mention'd ROME by Name  
 How her great Heroes conquer'd where they fought  
 Nor less he hop'd from them, with Valour fraught.  
 Moreover, shew'd, 'Twas for an iredul Queen,  
 Whose past Rejection caus'd her present spleen:

(1) This is much parallell'd in *Virgil*, Book VI. Ver  
 975, &c. in the Speech of *Anchises* to his Son *Æneas*.

(2) *PLUTARCH* mentions a General of this Name, who presented the  
 Head of *Pompey* the Great's eldest Son to the Emperor *Julius Caesar*.

(1)  
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K III. *Or, Ancient GLORIES of Yorkshire.* 79

And for that Kingdom which from her was ta'en ;  
Where, re-obtain'd, themselves therein might reign :  
For that, with Vengeance, fiercely she pursu'd ;  
And, 'gainst her Husband, ventur'd Blood for Blood !  
Mean time appears from YORK the blooming Flower ;  
Resolv'd to fight, and to oppose her Power.  
As when a Storm of Rain falls from the Skies,  
Breaks into Rivers, makes the Waters rise ;  
Rush on, with Noise, until they reach the Plain ;  
Then soft expatiate here and there again ;  
'Till to extremest Bounds their way they take,  
And make the Valley one extensive Lake ;  
So did they haste, impatient for the Fight ;  
So firm conjoin'd, to do their Sov'reign Right.  
Not much unlike, the Country Youth did flow ;  
As twining round in Heaps they sharply go :  
Then soft proceed ; and, with an equal Pace,  
Progressive, fill'd their war-assigned Place :  
And then, extending on the martial Plain,  
Equall'd the Forces of the hostile Train.  
Mean while, great *Arviragus* further stands,  
Waiting th' Onset 'mong his well-known Bands :  
The armed Chariot, ready to embrace  
Its royal Owner, grac'd the Interspace.  
When all had Knowledge how they should proceed,  
The bright KING, mounted on his snow-white Steed,  
With shining Buckler, spoke, *Brave Souls*, said he,  
*The Gods, whom well ye serve, grant Victory !*  
*Think of your COUNTRY, fight for Liberty !*  
Then order'd ancient *Ebranc's* [ 1 ] Standard, there,

Should

(1) In ancient time they were display'd by the  
express Command of GOD, NUMB. ii. 2, &c.



80 *The terrible Appearance of Armies.* Book II.

Should stream in Wind, and glorious shine thro' Air.  
 Transporting Shouts ascend æthereal Sounds,  
 While horned Trumpe's swell in martial Sounds :  
 And, at the quivering of their Brazen Spears,  
 A Noise, fore-boding, rang in all their Ears.  
 Nor less the *Romans* clearer Tubes alarm ;  
 Who sought, to fight, and seem'd the first to arm.  
 The Rage of War incited ev'ry Breast ;  
 And cruel *Mars*, in common, All possess.  
 Like Iron hard, so Violence appear'd.  
 Beyond Intreaty, dreadful to be hear'd !  
 The Force of Spirits, and of Bands the Might ;  
 The Voice of Threatnings, with the fiery Light,  
 That darted from their fierce and watchful Eyes,  
 And their stern Looks, might even Thought surprize  
 Such were these Heroes, whilst in Anger then,  
 As seem'd to be above the Race of Men.  
 The Sounds of clanging Armour pierce the Skies ;  
 Whilst noisy Rage, unbridled, upward flies.  
 Not Victors Shouts, nor Heroes dying Groans,  
 Can move their Hearts, hard as the flinty Stones  
 Thro' *Ares* urg'd ; and, by the Leaders Ire,  
 They mutual fall, are vanquish'd, and expire !  
 Thus certainless the Contest did remain ;  
 None knowing who the Victory should gain :  
 Yet *Didius* thought ( nor blame him for his Care  
 That Fortune to his *Romans* did adhere.  
 Not grieved both Sides had such Wonders wrought  
 But that the Fight was far from Period brought.  
 And now his chietest Care was to defend  
 The brave (1) *Serranus*, *Cæsar's* well-lov'd Friend  
 Whom quick he found, by his discerning Eye,

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(1) This Name is mentioned by *CLAUDIAN*  
*Ruf. Sudabatq; gravi consul Serranus exatro.*

**ANDROGEUS slain in War by SERRANUS. 81**

Drawing his Spear from fall'n Androgeus' Thigh.  
To whom he said, Stout Champion ! well we know  
What thy unconquer'd Arm in War can do !

Six such brave Men amongst us in the Field  
Would make our Foes soon turn their Backs, or yield,  
Except with their stout Fathers, long since dead,  
They'd have their lifeless Bodies soon be laid.

Most famous General, said the Champion bold,  
Amongst Ausonians ne'er did you behold

True Roman Virtue more conspicuous shine ;  
Or martial Heat, that never will decline.

Fair is the Battle, nothing of Disgrace.

AGRICOLA aid thus adorn his Place.

Cotta I've seen, and brave Vespasian ;

Each shew'd the Hero, and display'd the Man.

Glorious alike while in resplendant Arms ;

Strength in their Limbs, and Spirit that equal warms !

When jointly they engage against the Foe,

Their Spears ne'er fail to give the mortal Blow.

At once Foes pierc'd ; their Bodies meet the Ground ;

But like one Noise doth prove the sinking Sound,

Heard by their Friends whilst Terrors them confound.

What tho' this hardy Nation stoutly fights,

As if defending what they deem their Rights ;

Yet, sure, I think, they much inferior are

To Us in Valour, and the Fears of War.

Their ancient Fame at Arms they think, in brief,

Venusius still retains ; and, as their Chief,

To Great CARATACUS do him compare !

Alas ! a Prince we've known o'ercome in War

In Caesar's Chariot borne o'er British Plains ;

And sent to Rome, sad Spectacle ! in Chains.

But if it is my Chance this KING to meet,

And that in Fight he falls before my Feet ;

His splendid Arms to JOVE I'll consecrate ;

And

80 *The terrible Appearance of Armies.* Book II.

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Not Victors Shouts, nor Heroes dying Groans,  
Can move their Hearts, hard as the flinty Stones  
Thro' *Ares* urg'd ; and, by the Leaders Ire,  
They mutual fall, are vanquish'd, and expire !  
Thus certainless the Contest did remain ;  
None knowing who the Victory should gain :  
Yet *Didius* thought ( nor blame him for his Care  
That Fortune to his *Romans* did adhere.  
Not grieved both Sides had such Wonders wrought  
But that the Fight was far from Period brought.  
And now his chiefest Care was to defend  
The brave (1) *Serranus*, *Cæsar's* well-lov'd Friend  
Whom quick he found, by his discerning Eye.

(1) This Name is mentioned by *CLAUDIAN*  
*Ruf. Sudabatq; gravi consul Serranus æatro*



**ANDROGEUS slain in War by SERRANUS. 81**

Drawing his Spear from fall'n *Androgeus'* Thigh.

To whom he said, *Stout Champion!* well we know  
What thy unconquer'd Arm in War can do!

Six such brave Men amongst us in the Field  
Would make our Foes soon turn their Backs, or yield.

Except with their stout Fathers, long since dead,  
They'd have their lifeless Bodies soon be laid.

Most famous Gen'ral, said the Champion bold,

Amongst *Ausonians* ne'er did you behold

True Roman Virtue more conspicuous shine;

Or martial Heat, that never will decline.

Fair is the Battle, nothing of Disgrace.

**AGRIGOLA** aid thus adorn his Place.

Cotta I've seen, and brave *Vespasian*;

Each shew'd the Hero, and display'd the Man.

Glorious alike while in resplendant Arms;

Strength in their Limbs, and Spirit that equal warms!

When jointly they engage against the Foe,

Their Spears ne'er fail to give the mortal Blow.

At once Foes pierc'd; their Bodies meet the Ground;

But like one Noise doth prove the sinking Sound,

Heard by their Friends whilst Terrors them confound.

What tho' this hardy Nation stoutly fights,

As if defending what they deem their Rights;

Yet, sure, I think, they much inferior are

To Us in Valour, and the Fears of War.

Their ancient Fame at Arms they think, in brief,

*Venusius* still retains; and, as their Chief,

To Great **CARATACUS** do him compare!

Alas! a Prince we've known o'ercome in War

In *Cæsar's* Chariot borne o'er British Plains;

And sent to Rome, sad Spectacle! in Chains.

But if it is my Chance this KING to meet,

And that in Fight he falls before my Feet;

His splendid Arms to **JOVE** I'll consecrate;

And

# 88 *The dreadful Approach of K. Arviragus.*

*And, in a Victor, triumph at his Fate. [r]*  
 To whom said DIDIUS, in a pleasant Vein,  
 Thy faithful Heart did ever firm remain ;  
 Whose unrestrained Hope we all admire,  
 And pray the Gods may favour your Desire.

The dire Contention reach'd the Pow'rs above,  
 Tho' Dust condens'd 'mongst azur'd Clouds did move.  
 The Soldiers Clamours did on high ascend ;  
 With Noise of Wheels that seem'd the Skies to rend.  
 Then in his plated Chariot might they view  
 Great *Arviragus*, how he forward drew !  
 How, pouring on the Enemy, he drives ;  
 His *Axis* being arm'd with curved Scythes !  
 For when War's Signal plain was heard around,  
 His Lashes answer'd to the dreadful sound.  
 All spring : And as a mighty Show'r of Hail,  
 Tempestuous-like, doth suddenly prevail  
 O'er strewed Corn, and break the pliant Ears :  
 So he destroys, or rather worse appears :  
 For what with Sword ; and as the Horse he drives,  
 He tears, he rends, and quite atunder rives !  
 Deformed Limbs, maim'd Bodies ev'ry where,  
 In once but touch'd, were strewn about his Chair !  
 Some, lifeless ; others, dying, did deplore ;  
 'Till Brains, distain'd, commixt with clotted Gore,  
 Unhappy Mortal, that such Fury feels  
 With dire Contusions from the rapid Wheels.  
 Death and Destruction thus rag'd o'er the Field !  
 Which when the Roman General beheld,  
 How too and fro the Vehicle mov'd on,  
 Cry'd *Stop the Horse ; let fly your Darts upon.*



[1] Let not him that gird  
 only on his hauberk, boast him  
 self, as he that putteth it on.  
*K. R. XX. 11.* For Ma  
 and Fortune are ever doubt  
 ful. *LEVY, SENECA, &c.*

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*DIDIUS the Roman General, wounded. 83*

Prevent your Fate, obstruct their deadly Way :  
The Wheels retard, that work your Lives Decay !  
Restrain these Furies, turn immortal Courſe :  
More glorious 'tis to fight with equal Force.  
So ſaid, the Chariot moving on apace,  
His ſharp Spear dar'd in the Courſer's Face.  
The bounding Steed, that us'd to paw the Ground,  
Soon roſe erect when ſtunn'd with fatal Wound ;  
Struck where the Man in beauteous Manner ſtood,  
The brazen Thing quick ſtartled from its Road :  
So ſmote, as made him backwards fall ; and rear  
Its Feet ſupinely in the duſty'd Air.  
The Wheels are ſtill, the Beam extended lies ;  
And piercing Outcries reach the nearer Skies.  
Enrag'd, then *Arviragus* ſoon deſcends ;  
And, with fierce Looks, the pointed Dart extends ;  
Soon makes the Shield of *Didius* to rebound ;  
Who, near his golden Belt, receives a Wound.  
Nor that, but quickly draws his flaming Sword,  
To try what its keen Metal could afford.  
But Fate forbids ; the *Lustrans*, like a Cloud,  
Their bleeding General from his Fury ſhroud :  
Whiſt he could move, tho' ſlowly, to depart  
From Battle, and to ſeek a Cure by Art ;  
Such as the Camps produce in ev'ry Age,  
Thro' learn'd Phyſicians, careful, good and ſage.  
Mean time, the royal Briton firmly ſtood,  
Tho' miſſive Arrows poured like a Flood ;  
And as a moveleſs Rock, that Waves ſurround,  
Receiv'd them hurtleſs, ſtedfaſt kept his Ground.  
But glowing more and more, as Chance did yield,  
A mighty ſhapeleſs Stone lay in the Field.  
Enormous Weight ! like *Diomea's*, rais'd high,  
He, hurling, drove amongſt the Enemy !  
The People ſell ; no Arms, or mighty Strength,  
Could then prevent Death's meaſuring out their Length :  
With fractur'd Limbs, the Bodies backwards ſeiz'd ;  
And panting Souls were by the ſtroke out-ſqueez'd.



84 *Velocatus, the Usurper, slain by Arviragus.*

His Sword then brandish'd, whilst whole Troops recoil,  
 Resolv'd he was to win the General's Spoil.  
 But all his Hopes of that rich Prey prov'd vain ;  
 So, fill'd with Anger, madly rang'd the Plain ;  
 To find another that was worth his Might,  
 And gain as rich what Didius sav'd by Flight ;  
 That so in Death his Valour might appear,  
 And his Rewards a due Proportion bear.  
 Chance happ'd, that *VELOCATUS* he espies,  
 In shining Armour, just before his Eyes !  
 On him a Tunick, interlaid with Gold ;  
 Pledge of nefarious Love, Shame to be told !  
 A sumptuous Present from the hated *QUEEN*.  
 This put the Hero into greater Spleen ;  
 That, in Revenge, he soon began the Fight  
 With the Usurper of York's Sov'reign's Right.  
 He, who pretended as the Kingdom's Head,  
 Took Arms against him and defil'd his Bed !  
 Scar'd at his Sight, nought could the Wretch avail,  
 His Hands fell useless, and his Face turn'd pale.  
 Trusting to Flight, his Back receives the Dart ;  
 Which peeping came thro' Breast when pierc'd the Heart,  
 Indecorous, he falls ; a while he lies,  
 With Hands extended, and soon after dies.  
 The Dame, provok'd to frenzy, gives an Howl ;  
 Curses the King, both Body, and his Soul !  
 Wishes that Hell might hear her screeching Cries,  
 And each dread Fury in her Cause arise :  
 To pour her Vengeance on the Champion's Head.  
 Then bid, or rather to her Soldiers pray'd,  
 With speed fall on, to kill him brave and bold ;  
 Lands they should have, nor ever want for Gold.  
 But far, unpleas'd to see her furious Mood,  
 And dreading *ARVIRAGUS*, as he stood,  
 Whose Strength they knew, turn'd from her Chariot there,  
 And seem'd as tho' departing from the War :  
 While He, recalling to his royal Mind,  
 How *Romans* brave *CARATICUS* did bind ;



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*And the false Queen by fair SABELLA.* 83

How the Venusian Brethren had betray'd,  
And foreign Forces brib'd to grant her Aid!  
Thou Pest, said he, ne'er to thy Country true,  
Accept the Prize, that now becomes your Due.  
Then, as he was about to lift the Spear,  
And give the fatal Thrust, who should appear,  
But fair SABELLA, Hundreds, prov'd in Need,  
On Palfrey borne, just as in panting Speed,  
She seiz'd on his right Arm; and smiling cries,  
Why, Arrivagus, do such Passions rise?  
Supposing Death's a wicked Woman's Due,  
Pray is it fit that she should die by You?  
Shame to our Sex! She, that deserves all ill!  
Leave me to all, her filthy Blood to spill!  
The quiver'd Weapon chose, she fix'd out right  
To the curv'd Bow; and drew with all her Might.  
Death flew as fast; the Arrow pierc'd her Throat;  
She sunk; and dying, made her Chariot float.  
The mighty Andragoras; Arms, too,  
Incens'd, while they their dying Sisters view,  
Sprung forth; and as the Elder seiz'd the Horse,  
He soon experienc'd her triumphing Force.  
To her torn Pap, she drew the yielding String;  
Near stretch'd-out Bow the barbed Point did bring;  
That, flown, his Wind-pipe pierc'd, struck the fine Steed,  
And laid both dying on the Sands to bleed.  
Arras, enrag'd, then at SABELLA flew,  
With his sharp Sword, as tho' he'd cut her thro',  
But with the Stroke, so forcibly impell'd,  
As took away Part of the Virgin's Shield.  
The Wound, but slight, adorn'd her milk-white Arm;  
Naked to view, which did each Host alarm;  
Seeing the lovely Tyrian purple Dye,  
Thus with her lily colour'd Skin to vie!  
Some griev'd; whilst others vented Speeches rude,  
That made her brighter shine in Magnitude.  
Strength did not fail, tho' Rage might overwhelm;  
An x she snatch'd, then struck him on the Helm;  
Cleft it in two; and made his sad Remains  
Fall to the Ground, dissolv'd from his Brains,  
Just as his Hand remitted had the Reins:



When

86 *Historical DELIGHTS: Book III.*

When Darknels spreading quickly o'er his Eyes,  
A ponderous Weight upon the Earth he lies;  
O then it was, that *Arviragus* cry'd  
Thou lovely *VIRGIN*, scarce the like beside  
Peaks of the Juss, Revengers of the Wrong  
Thy Country bears; what unto thee belongs?  
What does *Venus*us to thy Valour owe,  
For Deeds thy Sex were scarcely known to show?  
What the whole Kingdom, struck with wondrous Charms,  
To see your Virtues triumph by your Arms?  
Besides, before the darksome Evening comes,  
What Numbers may be fitted for their Tombs?  
Pure from Puissance of your detestrous Might!  
This said, they all bent closer to the flight.

Mean time, *Sybaris*, swift from Midst of Foes,  
Urg'd on his well-spurr'd foaming Steed; and flows  
By Looks deform'd; how great had been his Fears,  
Helm-less as lost, and scatter'd wide his Hairs;  
He comes before the King; told him how far  
The great *SERRANUS* did excel in War:  
In sanguine Victories so much dominion'd,  
That as a second *Mars* he had appear'd;  
Involving all that did but near him stand;  
And that *Arviragus* died by his Hand;  
*Thamir*, too, renowned for his Strength,  
With two *Guidarius*, measur'd out their Length;  
And that *Lucine* lay weltring in his Gore,  
Whose daunted Troops did much his Loss deplore;  
Those who, from *Holderness*, in Armour bright,  
Or *Hornsey* Town, had follow'd this fair Knight;  
The KING in Midst of the large Field did stand;  
With glittering Spear, to give the dire Command:  
His Mind involv'd which way the Troops to lead,  
Where most convenient; and the best succeed,  
To face the Foe. The Leaders then he calls;  
Bids them not fear where greatest Danger falls!  
To him came *Asius* of the *Aldro*'s Band;  
And *Vencedalus*, one of high Command;  
Earl *Mowbray* too, who well could use his Arms;  
And *Seginax*, most fit for War's Alarms:



LOCKE *adventitiously* wounded. 87

These all came round the King, resolv'd to fight.  
 Afresh; and to begg'd him to lead out-right.  
 'Tis done. He led; they follow'd him again;  
 Dust cloud the Skies, and Shouts alarm the Plain.  
 As lurid Welkin, mixt, precede sad Storms;  
 And Air fore Thunder shows but dreadful Forms:  
 Or as bright Lightning prior to dark Showers;  
 So mingled Clouds seem'd like involving Powers.  
 But 'midst of sable Dimples, like a Throne  
 Their dreadful Arms were heard, and Armour, in  
 No Thought of Fear in each the least confound;  
 Tho' horned Trumpets yield tremendous Sounds.  
 Proceed how far, this mighty Whirlwind might  
 Or who the Victory gain in fierce Fight;  
 That Doubt remain'd: But this they certain knew,  
 Th' *Ausonian* Chiefs would say, what they could do.  
 How great their Valour push'd them on to brave  
 No flouter Heroes on the Earth did live.  
 Invincible they thought their numerous Train;  
 And to *SERRANUS* loyal would remain.  
 As on the Way they All to Battle held,  
 Apper'd sore wounded, near th' ensanguin'd field,  
 A dear-lov'd Friend, late spoken of *LOCKE*.  
 While mournful Heroes did their Knight entreat,  
 As Blood flow'd fast, their Hearts did seem to break,  
 To whom the King, commiserating, spake:  
 What Hand so daring to commit the deed,  
 And shall escape unpunish'd for the deed?  
 Or shall he long exult for having shed  
 Thy Blood, dear Friend! and forfeit not his Head?  
 If Fate but grants that I the Wretch may see,  
 Not unreveng'd, I'm sure, shall be go free.  
 He, lifting up his dying Eyes, thus said:  
 None was so bold: But while I undismay'd,  
 Went to provoke *Serranus* on to fight;  
 A glancing Arrow did upon me light:  
 Unknown the Hand from whom the Dart did fly  
 But thus I'm deeply wounded in my Thigh!  
 Whilst he, exulting, laughs on the Plain;  
 And may stalk still, without thy Hands restrain.  
 O famous KING. Alas, alas! for me  
 That I'm prevented now from serving thee!

# 88 Particulars of the Battle. Book III.

That thus in Arms inglorious on I found,  
Laid bare quite useless by a basted Wound!  
Vain were Death's Arrows had I fighting dy'd  
Or, smear'd with Gore, my Prince my Valour spild.

Now as the Troops that stood about Egerius,  
View'd how the martial King in Arms did shine,  
With the Devices on his splendid Shield,  
They rais'd their Cries, and made towards the Field's  
Alacrious all, their jav'lins took in Hand,  
And bid the General only give Command.

Another War begun; fresh Fury burn'd  
All join the Slain promiscuous fall in turn;  
That, notwithstanding what had been before,  
This prov'd the Exordium of a Battle sore!  
Engag'd, a sudden *Aceldama* seem'd  
So direful sty'd, and long by Ancients deem'd!  
No Rage unconquer'd, till they shed a Flood,  
That quite re-moist'nd all the Place with Blood.

At first the *Torkshire* HERO laid along  
*Indius*, vainly boasting with loud Tongue.  
He potent, struck the Coving of his Shield,  
And thro' his Pap, the ponderous Spear impell'd.  
The Blood spouting forth; whilst Life flew from the Wound,  
And swift his Carcass tumbled on the Ground.  
The next our royal Champion did assail,  
Was great *Albinus* in his Coat of Mail,  
As with his threatening Dart he did appear  
At whom the King soon flung his quiv'ring Spear.  
It flew, and pierc'd him 'till the brazen Head  
Burst from his Back, just as the Soul was fled.  
Then *Salus*, lea'n'd with *Syrabus*, wife, he slew;  
Nor could, *Q. Rufus*! all that you could do,  
Thy weaved civic Crown, the just Reward.  
The *Rhodians* gave thee cruel Fate retard.  
But here must fall pierc'd by his powerful Dart;  
And from *Dan's* flow'ry Banks will never part!  
Not less great *Mars* in general did invade  
For all engag'd contagin'd Slaughters made!  
Thus Leaders fought. Stout *Corymbus* laid  
*Ayitur* low: *Bassus* *Carvilius* flew.  
*Nasica* strong *Sulpius* overthrew.

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# Various Exploits of the Combatants. 89

Medusus by AGRICOLA did bend  
 To Fate; who brought Agyrbus to his End:  
 And made procumpo with all his brazen Ware  
 In which replendent he did proud appear;  
 Du from Estate, parental Mountains high  
 Alas! he fell in foreign Company  
 Who hop'd, t' to Battle, prosp'rous, soon to change  
 The ancient Forms as obsolete, or strange:  
 Arm'd only with a Sword, the Shield, and Spear:  
 But all in vain. Death eas'd him of that Care.  
 None to his Favour shou'd presume to trust,  
 Who all Perfections levels with the Dust.  
 Well-fix'd Muretus closely ply'd the Rein,  
 And overthrew Culus on the Plain:  
 Then seiz'd his Head with dextrous strength and Art,  
 That Neck and Shoulders did as quickly part:  
 Corinus, seeing such a Sight, abhorr'd,  
 Grasp'd close the Conqueror; then with a sharpen'd Sword  
 Made his fly off, of Motion soon bereft;  
 And, stretch'd in Dust, the Corpse most scornful left:  
 Like ample Tree, hewn by a strenuous Swain,  
 Whilst Blood, irriguous, circled near the Plain.  
 But thou, O Plancus! fatal being struck  
 By Faxmaglus, hapless prov'd thy Luck!  
 Deform'd in being cut, alas! in twain,  
 As half-form'd Prey must for the Fowls remain:  
 Whilst thy chaste Spouse, fair like a tender Girl,  
 Sleeps in smooth Bracel'ets, and bright Rows of Pearl;  
 Snatch'd from her British Matrons, sent to Rome,  
 And now knows nothing of thy timeless Doom!  
 Such as the celebrated Claudia prov'd,  
 Descend'd from Crataeus, belov'd;  
 Whom kind Italian Virgins, such their Fates,  
 Adorn'd with Jewels, entering in your Gates.  
 But thy Return they have deny'd you there;  
 And all your Vows are vanish'd in the Air.

Now

(1) ----- colloque monile  
 Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis anlique coronam, Virg.

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90 *The Pusillanimity of Spruce Cæsonius.*

Now, look ! (1) *Cæsonius* comes, in shining Arms !  
 Comb'd Locks o'er painted Habit, far from Charms,  
 Much sure th' approaching Youth do misbecome ;  
 Who spent long time among Delights at Rome,  
 And *Sabine* Villa's, under Matron's Care,  
 Instead of Masters, in the Art of War.  
 When from the *Isrian* Wars his Father came,  
 A Cong'rour worthy, thought his Son to blame,  
 To lead a Life so soft, unworthy *Mars*,  
 And therefore sent him to the *British* Wars.  
 By Force impell'd him from maternal Arms :  
 Nor Sister's Tears could skreen from dread Alarms.  
 It was his Fortune, now, alas ! to stand  
 Before the KING, who stood against his Hand,  
 That seem'd prepar'd to hurl his glittering Dart :  
 But when he saw his Might, down sunk his Heart,  
 He fear'd the Sword that might within him sheath :  
 And, tho' a graceful Prince, thought him pale Death !  
 Thus struck like Thunder was his troubled Mind :  
 The Image fierce, short time to Comfort find !  
 What could he do ? There was no way for Flight :  
 No Shelter near to skreen him from the Fight :  
 But either fall, or Mercy to submit,  
 And beg for Life low at his roval Feet.  
 This soon he did ; unarm'd, with stretch'd-forth Hands,  
 That Pity moves, and flaming Ire withstands.  
 Attention gain'd, the humble Suppliant spoke :  
 Spare me, O King ! deign on my Tears to look !  
 Let me not feel what two young Nobles felt : (2)  
 But thy great Soul in soft Compassion melt !  
 Spare me but young, my loving Kindred spare !  
 My Mother's Darling, and an only Heir !  
 I have no Part in War. It is not long  
 Upon your Coasts I've been ; nor yet among  
 Your People ; neither did I any kill :  
 But my stern Father sent me gainst my Will :  
 For Arms I hate : And, after these, I swear,  
 The Gods forbid that I should Weapons wear !  
 Again amongst Warriors will I ne'er appear.

(1) *Cæsonius*, Son of renowned *Pompey* ; a far different Person from one in *Florus*. much more from the above.

(2) *Pyssander* and *Hypolechus*, unfortunate Sons of *Antimachus*, slain by

Upon Submission, the King spares him. 91

The King then smiling at his Words, and Fears,  
Said, *What a Champion's here to grace the Wars!*  
Live then, and think on Prince Simoilius fair,  
Like you, yet slain by cruel Ajax' Spear :  
Or young Euphorbus, who assumed Arms,  
Till Menelaus sounded Fate's alarms : HOM.

Or soft Lycaon, whose pathetic Strains  
Were vain to Rage that fir'd Achilles' Veins :  
Which, when you ponder, sure, with grateful Breath,  
You'll own me kind, who saves you now from Death.  
Submission's strong ; yet, take my sacred Word,  
Unfit thou art to wear a martial Sword.

But why has (1) Didius, stupid Knight, and vain,  
Plac'd thee, ignoble, mong' his warlike Train ?

As if thy combed Locks, or such as thee,  
Scarce Half a Man, should think to conquer me ?

But cries (2) HALESIUS, King, as great thou art,  
Behold with me you'll find no Coward's Dart.

So stalk'd like Telamon's Son, strong Hector near :

Or when he swung his mighty Mace in Air,

His Oaken Club of pond'rous Weight he rais'd :

Thought much of Conquest, nought whom he displeas'd.

Bred under Hamus lofty Mountain cold,

In Members strong, that made him stout and bold :

Fought Roman Legions for immortal Fame,

And for high Prowess of great Note became.

Educ'd by Didus' Wiles, would ne'er gave o'er,

Till he, with others, landed on our Shore.

That Prætor wise with præcient Mind as great,

Comis'd high things, how he might live in State :

That for his Valour YORK should him reward.

Which he smil'd, as tho' of small Regard.

Like other Youths, who prize their native Home,

Much better than o'er Seas, so far to roam.

But more and more the General so apply'd,

That to his Will with Ardour they comply'd :

For, ending Contests, Joys should soon begin :

They hop'd for Lands : All this their Hearts did win.

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(1) Florus mentions the famous Didius, who fought  
with Varus, both valiant and renowned Lieutenants.

(2) Persons of this Name are recorded by Homer, Virgil and Ovid.

## 92. *His strong Engagement with Halesus.*

His Lot, amongst the rest, was here to fall;  
 And scarce had view'd our Tow'rs, but turn'd his Tale;  
 For what he had before as 'twere despis'd;  
 Exstatick, now their lovely Beauties priz'd!  
 Thought, by his Merits, then, as Head, to reign;  
 And would his Might, against the King's, maintain.  
 Thus brave oppos'd to his full Heart's Desire,  
 We may the Heroes, and their Deeds, admire.  
 Our Chief against him darted his bright Spear;  
 Oblique the *Thracian*, whizzing toss'd in Air:  
 With club-like Truncheon pond'rous Weight he laid;  
 Struck at most Parts, but fiercely at the Head.  
 All the King could, was to object his Shield;  
 Which, like a Rock, the dashing Blows repell'd;  
 'Till, weary of th' enormous Fee, his Ire  
 Grew more inflam'd, resembling Raging Fire!  
 So us'd his Blade, that, with the sharpen'd Point,  
 The Champion's Blood gush'd from his Shoulder's Joint.  
 Un-nerv'd the Arm, the Club soon met the Ground;  
 And then the Steel gave him the mortal Wound:  
 'Till, at the end, a gloomy Shade spread o'er  
 His sinking Eyes 'till Life became no more.  
 And, as a Poplar hewn, and downward thrust,  
 Such was his Fate, when all besmear'd with Dust!  
 As Earth, unting, we may understand;  
 And took Possession of the promis'd Land;  
 Saw in those Moments, while cold Clay embrac'd,  
 Ambiguous Fortune how she mock'd at last:  
 In nothing certain; but, from Life's swift Space,  
 Death is the Prize, when Man hath run his Race.  
 And now the King perceives another Knight,  
 Preparing to oppose him in the Fight.  
 So fine Appearance show'd the Warrior's Charms;  
 Lovely in Shape, and beautiful in Arms:  
 Like *Saul* or *Agamemnon* did exceed  
 Many in Beauty, Sway, and stately Deed.  
 Such Symmetry of Personage, and Soul,  
 Shone from the bright Composure of the Whole!  
 Immediately in Battle they contend;  
 The Spears did shiver, while the Bucklers rend.  
 Their clanging Armour to great Skill seem'd vain;  
 And, when high Fury did the *Ape* again,



# The King wounds the Great Vespasian. 93

At once their sharp and glittering Swords they drew ;  
 And, with exerted Pow'rs, the Fight renew.  
 Then, far at distance, from least Concorde found,  
 Their steaming Gore flow'd mutual on the Ground.  
 Most dreadful Gashes ! both ashamed were,  
 To find an equal in this cruel War.  
 At length the King his Weapon high did raise ;  
 Which, far extending, on his Helm did graze ;  
 With such a Force, altho' it gave no Wound,  
 As struck th' amaz'd Vespasian to the Ground ;  
 Half dead, astonish'd ; whilst his Eyes did swim,  
 Involv'd, and his next Conq'r'or over him ;  
 Preparing his Sword's Point, as there he stood,  
 Lie to eject, with its conserving Blood :  
 Behold an Angel's Form, slip't from the Clouds !  
 Heav'n's dear beloved Hero quick enshrouds :  
 Mov'd him aloft in Air : The King pursu'd :  
 Cry'd out, and smote ; but all could do no good.  
 Like angry Lion, roaring thro' Desarts,  
 Gaping for Prey, that from his Fury starts ;  
 He seeks Vespasian, near the Roman Bands ;  
 But strives in vain, and vain his Death demands :  
 Like Diomed, who rag'd, in vocal Sound ; *HOMER*  
 And did, for lost Aeneas, VENUS wound !  
 Whilst he, with kind Preservance, was convey'd ;  
 And plac'd, with Honour, where no Paris laid.  
 The Gods accus'd, chide Fate as most unkind :  
 But while returning, Ormus eas'd his Mind.  
 Desist to wonder ; hope not Pow'rs will bend.  
 He, whom You sought, great King ! is their lov'd Friend ;  
 Who over ROME presides ; have safely plac'd  
 Amongst their Tents, by them to be embrac'd.  
 Those Deities are they which snatch'd from You  
 That mighty Prince, to give the World their due.  
 Thus Destiny has shown me of the Man ; (1)  
 Yet, for to comfort You whatever I can ;  
 Be You assur'd, You've fairly overcome ;  
 And that Your Honours will in Ages bloom.



(1) Martial, in his first Epigram, prefers his Roman Amphitheatre before the sumptuous Palace of the dispassionate King Cyrus the Great, which is recorded to have been curiously cemented with pure Gold;

94 *Ghosts of Heroes appear in the Sky.*

*ALCÆUS* wond'ring at Revenge untram'd !  
 Such cruel Deeds that rather Worth defam'd !  
 The Plains, coelestial, stain'd with crimson Gore :  
 Events, portending, scarcely known before. (1)  
 'Mongst these the Ghost of *Segonax* they view'd :  
 Fam'd once for Wisdom, Virtue, Fortitude :  
 New-quick'n'd from the silent Place of Rest !  
 But yet more fair, with Arrow in his Breast,  
 Well known to *Mentor*, for his Stature tall,  
 With fatal Dart ; and he as pleas'd withall :  
 Contempt of Life, which seem'd most to upbraid,  
 Who lov'd Enjoyment ; thus to *Mentor* said.  
 O what Rewards are due to them now slain,  
 Beneath green Fields inhum'd, or ample Plain ?  
 Who, bravely, for their Liberties have dy'd ?  
 Tell me, O *Mentor* ! that we may not hide  
 Their Worth, but yield what should not be deny'd.  
 That, after Death, their Virtues should proclaim  
 Their Praise, in lasting Verses of their Name.  
 Yet where's the Comfort, after greatest Deeds,  
 To them, whilst wand'ring in the dreary Shades ?  
 Forbear, said *MENTOR*, rashly to complain  
 The Loss of Ghosts ; or what they do sustain  
 In future State ; who little of this know ;  
 Or what is past ; for Fate will have it so.  
 At first the Body rushes to the Earth,  
 Just as the mortal Wound admits of Death.  
 The Soul stands sorrowful a little Space ;  
 Mourning fall'n Clay, would fain once more embrace  
 Remains past Love, ; and, avitous, desires  
 For quick Re-change, as vital Warmth perspires.  
 But all's in vain ; the Union quite dissolv'd.  
 One finds deep Sleep : the Other is involv'd :  
 'Till the sound Mind, serene, in settled State,  
 From Complex chang'd, perceives an happy'r Fate  
 That only from earth's-burden'd Prison ta'en,



(1) Sight's in the Air, before Battles, as portentive, has  
 been attested by authentic Historians, &c as Appian, C  
 cero, Josephus, Philo, Plato, Plurarch, Suetonius, Tert  
 tian, *Valerius Maximus*, and several other Writers.

*The Happiness of Virtue in Transitory*

A lively Birth succeeds the former Chain,  
But it's expedient what your Eyes behold,  
Those Spectacles unknown, I shall unfold.  
Immediately the widow'd Sprights appear,  
Above the Plains, wherein their Bodies were !  
And yet as tho' on grassy Land they stood ;  
But rather high, to be conspicuous view'd ;  
Center'd in Clouds, light gliding each appears :  
As variegated Shades do rotund Spheres :  
Or when autumnal Meteors light the Skies,  
And arm'd Equestrians fiercely seem to rise !  
In War, extended, fill the upper Realms,  
With Spears, æthereal ; and dire burning Helms !  
That their Examples, great and manifold,  
May, by recording P O E T S, be extoll'd : (1)  
Because he knew his Valour was confess'd :  
His Words exalted, with sweet Joy express'd.  
O Goddess ! as the arduous With for Strife  
To purchase Fame makes Mortals scorn this Life ;  
Grant Virtue that our *Tyrants* Heroes may,  
By our just Precepts, ever learn to sway :  
Know Heav'n's chief Spirit, since the World began,  
Was truly free, who Freedom gave to Man :  
Which, in due time, the Earth should plainly see,  
That where it is, there is true Liberty. II. Cor. iii. 17  
That future Ages may with Love defend  
Their Country dear, until the World shall end :  
Mean time transmit sweet Access unto theirs :  
Perfuming Blessings grant succeeding Years !  
So constant guard them, that far-spreading Fame  
May daunt proud Foes, and *England's* Worth proclaim  
Untermixing Prospects charm us here,  
In flow'ry Lands, beyond all Earth's Compare :  
Where ev'ry Sense, in orb'd, rules bright above ;  
And Pleasures immarcesible do prove :  
Where Happiness commences without End ;  
And each good Soul shall find a dear-lov'd Friend !  
What's Life, below, like Death a little more ;  
But here we joy to feel his Dart no more.

++++  
(1) *Virtute functos, more patrum, duce, HOR.*



98 *The Combat of Ambiorix and Pætus.*

Th' immortal State with us alone remains ;  
Free from all Troubles, Cares, and dying Pains.  
As oft inspir'd Druids have express'd,  
The Heroes Joys on Thrones among the Blest.  
And now behold the God *TEUTATES* calls  
For Us to come within his shining Walls.  
Methinks I see Him with his Rod divine.  
O dear Companions, said he, let's entwine ;  
And fly to him ; he beckons ; we'll obey.  
Then, graceful, turn'd ; and led them fair away.

*AMBIORIX* and *PÆTUS*, Captains great,†  
Stood opposite, as it so chanc'd by Fate :

Whilst in the Field they did prepare to fight ;  
Said *PÆTUS* If I'm not deceiv'd, brave Knight !  
Intrepid both, thoughtless of Fear or Chance,  
We prov'd the Strength of either's Sword or Lance :  
'Twas 'mongst the Silures we exchang'd a Spear ;  
And, not unknowing in the Arts of War,  
Have bravely fought until half-dead we lay,  
And with our Blood more humid made the Clay.  
This I do think, that there we equal fell.

What after past, I can't remember well. —  
But that I do — replies the other stout :  
And, joyful, now resume to fight it out.

Sure, Fortune will not let us twice so meet ;  
And, undecided, make both incomplete !  
At these Words they renew'd their dreadful Strife :  
Whilst former Anger foam'd at either's Life.  
As rugged Winds disturb soft Air's Repose,  
Their Arms resounded with the pond'rous Blows :  
Both fought alive : retain'd, or chang'd their Ground :  
The Combat equal : Wound, succeeding Wound !  
(The noblest Marks to grace each comely Knight ;  
That to the last *S&X* even yield Delight !)  
'Till parch'd Earth was moist with human Gore,  
Fresh Blood still following what was shed before !  
But when the Champions did long time contend,

~~~~~

† *Adversum se recipi stabant, se laeta ferebant.*  
*Ambiorix Pætuque duces : pugnamque cruciantem*  
*Dum miscere parant, &c.*

*Their inimitable Beauties in dying. 97*

With languid Members on their Spears they lean'd ;  
By Wrath, convulsive, both were like to burst :  
And thoughtless Rury now had done its worst ;  
Each look'd and found their strong enlanguin'd Darts  
Had led cold Death to seize on both their Hearts ;  
**AMBI'RIX** then : Sir, 'tis enough, indeed ;  
Methinks we need not further thus proceed.  
Our Wounds are mortal, cannot be heal'd ;  
Nor war-like Honours e'er to us reveal'd.  
Fighting, we die ! All see we've justly paid  
What Vows we ever to our Country made.  
Here let our Anger cease, join our right Hands ;  
And seal what Virtue by her Pow'r commands.  
**Petrus** tho' dying, was more struck with Charms  
Of such Endearments, than his val'rous Arms !  
You call me Hero ; but, alas ! said he,  
I'm sure a greater doubly woundeth me !  
To thee my self as conquer'd do I yield.  
What gen'rous Breast but must give up the Field ?  
What Heart not melt when such Expressions burn ?  
And who near death can make their due Return ?  
Alas ! my Lips are closing whilst I speak. —  
Thus each, by ending, Love did Conquest make.  
Their Souls, departing, both embracing fell ;  
And, sweet expiring ; — Tears torbid me tell.

Mean while **VENUSIUS** for **SERRANUS** fought,  
Who made such Havock whereloe'er he fought :  
Not only in Revenge for Lives so dear ;  
But to rescind the scarlet Knot of War.  
Nor did the Ardor of his Foes abate ;  
But equal strove this brave **KING** to defeat.  
They d'cant of nothing but to see him chain'd ;  
And his fine Arms by their Puissance gain'd.  
But, by the winding of the martial Train,  
And num'rous Congress, what they wish'd prov'd vain.  
Both Sides destroying, with avenging Swords,  
A middle Way, but dreadful Sight ! affords.

98 Adminius rescu'd on the Crisis of Death.

Just as a Reaper, labouring hard to thrive,  
Cuts down the Ears at Harvest with his Scythe ;  
Till to the Limits of his Field, so shorn,  
He thus extends his lovely Heaps of Corn ;  
In like, but different Forms, fall'n Bodies lay !  
The direful Work of that unhappy Fray !  
Long Way the Sword had made inanimate,  
When stout *ADMINIUS* near had met his Fate !  
All Safety, fought for, center'd in his Feet ;  
And, hung, his Race upon the Plain was fleet !  
Yet threw'd his bleeding Arm, with fractur'd Sword ;  
And, as a Wretch, for speedy Help, implor'd !  
His shudd'ring Back a deadly Fear reveals ;  
With swift *Serranus* glowing at his Heels !  
He was within the Cast but of a Spear,  
When the brave King his dear-lov'd Friend did hear !  
Whose moving Cries his royal Soul did pierce ;  
That, like a Winter's Storm, as swift, and fierce ;  
Or that strong Prince, who did *Ulysses* shield ;  
So interpos'd he in the bloody Field.  
The fleet Pursuer quick he did restrain ;  
And sav'd the worry'd Knight from being slain.  
Then, lifting up his Eyes to Heav'n, he pray'd :  
*O Great \* TARANUS, grant thy powerful Aid, \* Jove.*  
From High beholding, that my shafted Dart  
May strike this dread Destroyer to the Heart :  
That so the Romans never more may boast ;  
But be afraid of sailing near our Coast ;  
Nor think that with Impunity they stand.  
If, hostile, they invade our watchful Land.



Mean time *Serranus*, like a Statue, stood ;  
Whilst various Sentiments revolving flow'd.  
Those Centinels, his Eyes, plac'd to explore,  
Seem'd now more fix'd than e'er they were before.  
Oft of his Valour and Renown he heard ;  
Once frequent slighted what he now much fear'd :  
Mov'd, like a troubled Sea, his Thoughts did swim ;  
The more he look'd, he wonder'd more at Him !  
He strictly view'd his princely royal Gate ;  
His fine Appearance, with majestic State ;



# The KING valiantly encounters Serranus. 99

How his right Hand did shake the warlike Spear,  
 And saw that Armour, which he thought to wear:  
 Or, rather, what to JUPITER he vow'd,  
 Mistaken Man! to Boasters not allow'd.  
 But by how much his Ardour had inspir'd,  
 Thro' Hope of Fame, no less his Soul requir'd.  
 What Drusus, or Torquatus, justly gain'd;  
 Or pompous Triumphs others had obtain'd:  
 Nor less Serranus thought: Then rais'd his Spear;  
 Which, when he flung, whizz'd in the yielding Air.  
 The King receiv'd the Blow; but, re-impell'd,  
 Thro' Force of his impenetrable Shield.  
 The broken Point seem'd nigh to pierce the Sky,  
 But not so vain VENUSIUS did let fly.  
 For with such Force the Jav'lin did attack,  
 As made Serranus fall a little back;  
 Admiring at the pond'rous luckless Cast.  
 Then both drew out their glitt'ring Swords in haste;  
 Sooner to end the Contest, dread, begun;  
 And Lives consume, what Spears had left undone.  
 At which, encountring, firey Sparkles fly;  
 With thund'ring Strokes, like wind-opposing Sky!  
 In different Turns each play'd the Warriour's Part,  
 That none to know the Victor had the Art,  
 Equal long Space both glorious did contend.  
 One sharply fought his Country to defend:  
 The Other with unbridled Lust for Rome:  
 Both Parties judging which should overcome.  
 Thus, balanc'd, Tremors seem'd on ev'ry Side:  
 The Armies Champions by their Forces try'd:  
 Who should the Vic'ry gain? The first, who yield  
 Or if that both must perish in the Field?  
 Thus the Ausonians; so Brigantes were  
 A while involv'd with mental Hope and Fear;  
 As when the Heroes of fam'd Greece and Troy,  
 For Triumph fought, each other to destroy.

† Nobilissimus de Senatoribus Titus Manlius provocantem Gallum ad singulare certamen, congressus occidit: & sublato torque aurea, colloque furore imposito, in perpetuum Torquati sibi & posteris cognomen accepit. *Indis*

## 100 Convention of the Heathen Deities.

Then *Alcarn*, sage, of *Mentor* did require,  
Why Fortune did so ludicrous inspire?

That those who dwell near *Tiber's* Banks, remote,  
Should wish to live on *Swale's*, of lesser Note?

And this, with dread Confusion, to obtain?

Or why the Gods with Mortals intervene?

Forbear Complaints, he said; and I will show

Them fight above for Combatants below.

See o'er yon Summits, *Mars*! how stern he stands,

With all his Furies, sprinkling o'er the Lands!

His crested Helmet, and his brazen Spear,

Both ring'd with Blood, how frightful they appear!

To him comes *Hesperus*, with a lucid Train,

Like Constellations, *Latians* to sustain:

But for the *BRITONS* stand the Country Gods;

That have in Rivers, Ponds, or Lakes, Abodes!

O'er Fawns and Nymphs, with all the fairy Pow'rs,

Near crystal Streams, and solemn shady Bow'rs;

With those of Vallies, gloomy Woods, and Groves:

Before them All, see *HE S U S* how he moves!

War-powerful; with bestial Sacrifice

Well-pleas'd: But here, how doth his Anger rise.

Look how he shakes his Dart, and threatens *Mars*!

Crying *His* Yorkshire People, in the Wars,

Shall not be conquer'd, by the Sword and Spear,

The bloody Marks redoubt'd Champions wear

Shall not be conquer'd: (I for they were his own,

*Septimian* Gift, when *Saturn's* Son struck down

His Trident; and did make proud Waves advance

Above the Isthmus that once join'd to *France*:

So, like old *Noah's*, or *Deucalion's* Flood;

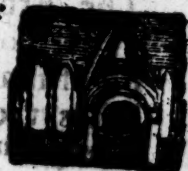
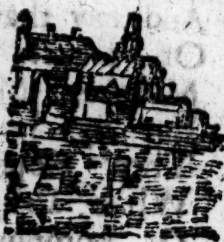
That Tract appear'd, to God like Wisdom good

As its Foundation seem'd as tho' 'twas hurl'd

To make fair *Albion* like a little World.

This *Hefus*, mild, ador'd by *Yorkshire* Men;

But, rais'd to Passion; such his Fury then,



(1) Indeed I do not find that the Britons were ever quite overcome by the Romans. The Expeditions of *Julius Caesar* did not appear a Conquest, but only the Liberty of treating with them; and that was very little regarded after their departure. Even *Horace* owns them unconquered.

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## V I R T U E *overcomes at last.* 101

*Mars* would engage, had *Jove* not thought it fit  
 To interpose, and so prevented it.  
 Now **JUPITER**, (not sure allow'd to thee)  
 Holding the † Scales on this Event I see :  
 He, who, alternate, **EMPIRES** may command;  
 Rise, or fall, which way He turns his Hand ;  
 Who from his Throne can shake both Worlds by Thunder ;  
 The Humblest raise, and bring the Proudest under !  
 Restore Estates from People wrong estreated ;  
 And save late Owners, tho' by Monsters cheated !  
 The bleeding, fainting **HEKQ**, giv'n o'er  
 As quite o'ercome, prove wond'rous Conqueror !



Tho', for a while, it, equal seem'd in Sight,  
 As adverse Tempests, dreadful thro' their Might ;  
 Yet, by its Weight, most plainly doth declare,  
 That *Torkshire* shall not be enslav'd by War.  
 And now *Serranus* heard the rattling Wheels  
 Of *Arviragus* ; and his Heart low feels  
 A sad Emotion ; whilst the Chariot drives,  
 In fierce Return, with its destroying Knives.  
 Alas ! alas ! too well he knew 'twas vain  
 For his weak Bands the Battle to sustain.  
 He sigh'd, and beat his Breast ; a Sign of Doom,  
 Not for himself but for the Cause of *Rome* !  
 The only Hope was to destroy his Foe ;  
 And this did make him strike the greater Blow :  
 But, ineffectual ; nought but Noise he heard,  
 Tho' fierce he struck his Sword, and never spar'd.

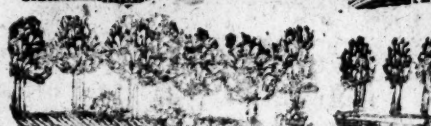
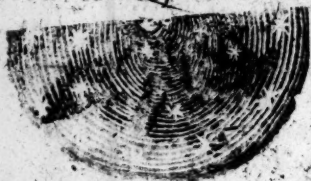


† **JUPITER** ipse duas aequato examine lances  
 Sustinet, & fara imponit diversa duorum :  
 Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum. **VIRG.**



102 *Serranus slain. Romans retreat. B. III.*

While thus he smote on the fore-telling Shield,  
 He 'spy'd engrav'd what Fate of him reveal'd.  
 His Countenance and very Arms he found,  
 And knew his bleeding Body on the Ground ;  
 Stabb'd in the Breast, as with a mortal Wound :  
 Struck sad, amaz'd ! for manifest he see  
 Hard Fate had conquer'd by the Gods Decree.  
 Thus torpid stunn'd, he ceas'd from being bold ;  
 His Courage fail'd him, and his Heart grew cold.  
 In little Time his Spirit seem'd to broke,  
 Scarce left was Strength to give a feeble Stroke :  
 Nor with his shield the threatening Dart controul,  
 Prepar'd for Blood, to free the wand'ring Soul !  
 The KING, all Life, quick seiz'd his tottering Helm,  
 In which Death's Shades his Eyes did overwhelm :  
 For when that nearer *Latium's* Worthy drew,  
 The barbed Point soon pierc'd his Body through !  
 Impenetrable his Panoply not found,  
 Down fell the Champion with a fearful Sound ;  
 And bit the Sands whilst sprawling on the Ground.  
 O how the *Romans* now their Eyes did turn !  
 How fill the Skies with Complaints, and inward mourn !  
 Nor only they, but thousands who had been  
 Inlink'd Partakers with the treach'rous Queen.  
 In short, the King, as Victor o'er the Field,  
 Was joy'd by Heroes, who their Foes expell'd :  
 Whilst *Arviragus*, now, more fiercely bears ;  
 And, with curv'd Scythes, dis-values their long Spears.  
 They turn their Backs, whilst Arms away they shrew ;  
 And swift, as them, the Conquerors pursue.  
 The thunder-bearing Eagle back did move,  
 And as a tim'rous Fugitive did prove  
 Unsatisfy'd with Slaughter ; or Desire  
 Of dire Revenge, which Heav'n did not require :  
 This Scene might been a Tragedy complear,  
 Had not bright *Phœbus*, from *Olympus* Height,  
 Descended ; when black Night, to save from Death,  
 In timely Darkness, over-spread the Earth.



## The Patberick CONCLUSION. 103

Thus have I sung of *YORK* ; and, in my Rhymes,  
 Mix'd prime Affairs with ancient *Roman* Times :  
 Nor is it right, that here my Labours end ;  
 If I, as once, had Money, with a Friend :  
 My dear *CASSANDRA* ! — see, as tho' she sits,  
 Who sweeten'd Cares, and kept me in my Wits !  
 For it remains to show how *Saxons* came :  
 Then *Danes*, and *Normans*, that once bore a Name.  
 A longer Journey, sure, it doth require ;  
 With timely Space, for clear poetic Fire :  
 But my weak *Pegasus*, I really doubt,  
 For neither one, nor other, can hold out :  
 And *Hesperus*, oft, my milk white Peace invades ;  
 My Evening Star points distant blissful Shades.  
 Let him, whose Wit and Matter shall combine,  
 Pursue the Plan, this Project far of mine :  
 Whose Fortune 'tis to have full Time to spare ;  
 With Spirit equal for his Country dear ;  
 And, favour'd by *Apollo*, high to raise  
 Its Praise, deserv'd, in sweet harmonious Lays :  
 But, ah ! I fear the Muses will not find  
 A Patron proper for so great a Mind :  
 To Dangers driven, in Confusions hurl'd ;  
 No Favour from a strange opposing World ;  
 Unless the Kind, as just from Heav'n they came,  
 To grant, what they deserve, poetick FAME.  
 With needful Help, I modestly may speak,  
 To swim, like *Duck* ; any dive such Depths as *Drake* :  
 Nor can a *P O E T*, howsoe'er inspir'd,  
 Be much esteem'd, where Criticism's admir'd :  
 Such as proceed from Cens'ers ill I mean ;  
 That, without Mercy, Labours great disdain :  
 Who either can't, or do not, show their Skill ;  
 Tho' they have Parts, with Fortune at their Will.  
 Fire Paper too ! idoneal *TYPES* for *J r o n* !  
 And charming Sense, with Rhet'rick in the Bargain !  
 Like Music Ditties, sweet with right resolving ;  
 Or Riddles, cunning, when by *WITS* a solving.  
 What I have done, is not for Love of Praise ;  
 Nor Profit, more than useful at these Days ;  
 Few to relieve me, tho' so strictly try'd ;  
 Nor any *Mæmmins* o'er me to preside ;

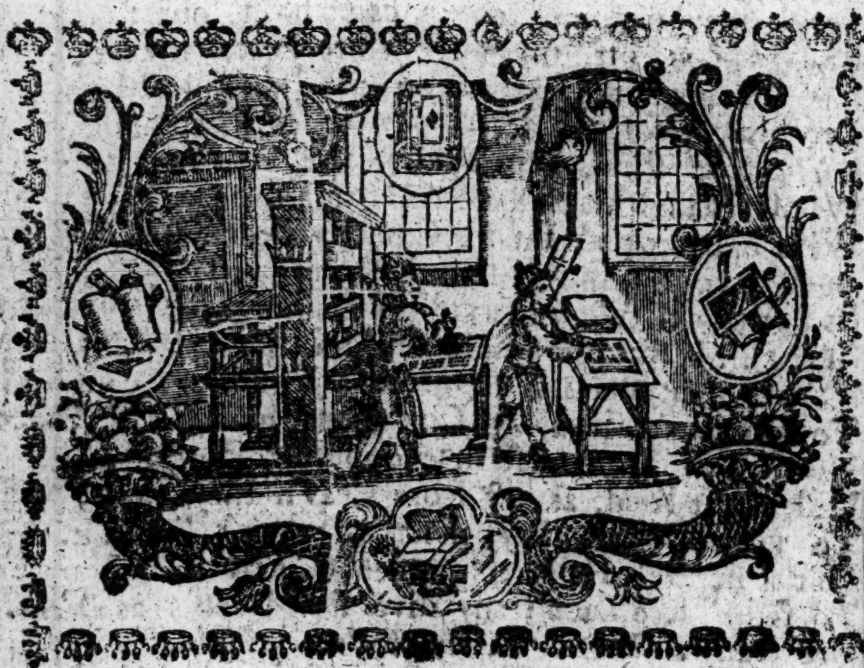


But

# 104 The AUTHOR'S FAREWELL.

But, when deserted by ungrateful Friends,  
 Delightful Studies make some small Amends:  
 At least the Mind from Troubles disengage;  
 And smooth the harsh Severities of Age;  
 Enrich our Souls for greater Joys above;  
 Where All is Glory, Ecstasy, and Love.

## THE END.



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87 11633 CST  
The Contingencies, VICISSITUDES or  
Changes of this transitory Life.

Set forth in a long and pathetick

PROLOGUE

Spoken for the most part

On *Wednesday* and *Friday* the 18th and  
20th of *February*, 1761.

At the deep TRAGEDY of the Beautiful,  
Eloquent, Tender-hearted, but Unfortunate  
*JANE SHORE*, Concubine to the  
goodly King *Edward IV.* and the Suffer-  
ings of Princess *Elizabeth*, acted in *Thurs-*  
*day* Market, *YORK*, at Mr. *Clark's* Theatre.

With a BENEDICTIVE

EPILOGUE of Thanks

To the Worthy and Charitable Beholders.

By THOMAS GENT, Master Printer: Being ut-  
tered and performed at his Benefit; and now published  
by the Desire of some Friends, who then heard him.

Afflictus sum, & humiliatus sum nimis. Memor fui  
dierum antiquorum, meditatus sum in omnibus  
operibus Tuis. Velociter exaudi me Domine. *Psal.*

Y O R K: Printed by the Author.

Price 3 d. But left to the Charity of the Gentry, &c.  
in tender Pity toward me in deep Distress, piously  
ought my painful Endeavours worthy Compassion.



*Dear Gentry, worthy Citizens, and all my Auditors,*

**I** AM very sorry I could not oblige You sooner, by the Exhibition of what some of You were pleased to require: But the inevitable Sickness and my inconceivable Loss of a dearly-affectionate Spouse have proved the mournful Occasion of this long delay. Certain it is, that I entirely owe my Happiness, as it were in a fresh Appearance more thro' your innate Virtue, and pious Charity, than any Merit I can claim by my Performance; which had as much need of your Candour and Compassion, as Encouragement and Protection, when tremblingly I ventured with my weak Elocution to entertain You on the Stage. For all these favours I think myself under the highest Obligations; and, that I may hope for a happy Continuance of them, my ardent Prayers shall never be wanting, That Peace, Prosperity and Felicity, may constantly abound amongst all Ranks and Degrees of each Sex and every Age who belong to this renowned, celebrated and ancient City.

*I am, GENTLEMEN and LADIES*

*Your most Humble Servant*



**Thomas Ge**



# PROLOGUE.

Strange, that a Printer, near worn out thro' Age,  
 Should be impell'd, so late, to mount the Stage !  
 In silver'd Hairs, with Heart nigh fit to break,  
 Thus to amuse, who scarce has Words to speak !  
 Contentious, sweet ; Things worthy your Regard,  
 For me to vent, with Patience to be heard.  
 Spare my weak Lines, since skreen'd by pow'rful Truth ;  
 And me, in Years, who lov'd YORK from my Youth.  
 To know such Judges, that, I'm sure, are here ;  
 Might strike a bold *Demosithenes* with Fear !  
 To see an Audience, so illustrious, shine,  
 Like Constellations, by the Pow'r divine ;  
 May human Sense, in ev'ry Passion, wound ;  
 And, with Excess, extreme, my Thoughts confound.  
 Yet when we ponder on Event of Things,  
 How vary'd Fortune changes mighty Kings ;  
 How rebel Traytors cause most sad Disasters ;  
 How treach'rous Servants to ingenuous Masters !  
 How cruel Combats alter pow'rful States ;  
 How Wealth or Want proceed from dire Debates ;  
 How numerous Interceptors, strange, invade  
 The deep-learn'd Science ; ev'ry Art, or Trade :  
 Will be no Myst'ry I descend so low,  
 To harangue before a Puppet Show.



I, who wrought Volumes, printed by Command  
 Of learned Pens, that ever grac'd the Land ;  
 One, sacred Doctor ! blest'd with *Wit at Will* ;  
 Who splendent shines for *Mithridatick* Skill.  
 Known Artizan, 'steem'd by a worthy Man,  
 Theatric Glory, Master *K E R E G A N* :  
 Dear Orator, adorning each lov'd Place,  
 With *Cato's* Virtues, and with *Cæsar's* Grace :  
 Blest'd thro' a State, that Envy could disarm ;  
 And, in a Consort, who had ev'ry Charm.  
 Then I enjoy'd Estates. — One, without Crime,  
 From me, like Life, was torn in Moment's Time.  
 Well-us'd, unspent — hard Fate seem'd too severe  
 To jockey mine — near fourteen Pounds a Year  
 Thus, like a comely Deer, from Plenty's Ground  
 Expos'd a Prey, or Sport, to ev'ry Hound ;  
 Soon strange and hard Vicissitudes appear'd,  
 As frightful Spectres by the Wilest fear'd.  
 When grimly *Want* came like an armed Knight  
 The Case was alter'd ; Day became as Night.  
 To Most stupendous seem'd my hapless Fall ;  
 But greater Wonder I could live at all.  
 Old seeming Friends, who with me frequent eat  
 Fled from my Board, when scant of curious Meat  
 Which prov'd the hum'rous Poet but too true,  
*Some love your Dainties better far than you :*  
 And, 'stead of Pity, which I well might share  
 False laid great Losses to my Want of Care.  
 Nay, vilify'd ; regardless how they us'd me ;  
 But, where they came, most horribly abus'd me.

\* *A melancholy Account of this Affair is in the Preface to the English History : A useful Compendium, of which I have so bound by me, that might prove to good purpose, could I be so happy to find charitable Customers now under my heavy Distress.*

† *Aprum amat. & mullos, & fumen, & ostrea, non te. M.*

†† *Psalm. cxi. 3.*

† *Tis strange*  
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*is, &c. &c.*  
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" Do not  
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art of my Tenants, whom I most oblig'd,  
 turn'd worst of Foes, when Woes had me besieg'd.  
 ay, Kindred, too ! who did not prove much better,  
 could scarce console, or answer my sad Letter.  
 drunkards || made Songs ; 'till, tipling off their Drams,  
 oblivion choak'd them, with their Epigrams ;  
 because Invective prov'd their dull Pretence,  
 and that they wanted no fine Gift, but — *Sense*.  
 thro' dirty Entries push'd by hot-brain'd Fellows ;  
 than Trumpet Sweets more fit for drone-like Bellows.  
 y Wretches, destin'd as a Sacrifice ;  
 alle furtively accus'd, condemn'd thro' Lies.  
 some rais'd me high, to plunge me low in Thrall,  
 That, like *Sejanus*, great should be my Fall ;  
 Deliver'd Nonsense, in such witless Strains ;  
 Which if not out, perhaps had came their Brains ;  
 id, *Sell your Presses ; part from † House, and Tools,*  
 o pleasure Knaves, and be the Sport of Fools ;

— || *Psalm LXIX. 12.* — — — — — Whose  
 † *Tis strange that Covetousness should be the least epidemick, contrary to the Command of not desiring our Neighbour's House, Ox, As, &c. when natural Reason tells us, that Dwellings, which include the Means of Livelihood, cannot well be spared : But as for the latter, is like that which Alciatus describes, it might be apply'd to the use of those wise Creatures who much resemble its Species.*

*As to my House in St. PETER's Gate, lest Time, Prejudice or Folly, should enviously deface all what I wrought with my own Hands in Stone ; I thought proper here to insert the Words I composed in a Place, the Enjoyment of which I hoped to possess, 'till should arrive at my full Period of this transitory Life.*

*Engrav'd near the Leads, over the Author's Printing-Office, some affecting Lines, to the Glory of Divine Providence.*

**W**HEN we are laid within the peaceful Grave,  
 “ Just HEIR ! who merits our Estate to have ;  
 “ Do not the TOW’R, for Prospects, fair, deface ;  
 “ Unless You raise a fairer in its Place :  
 “ And even then, tho’ brightest Scenes You make,  
 “ Regard these Works for tender PITY Sake.

THOMAS & ADELIZA GENT

Whole Malice, not my Foes, I wish accurst  
Envy to show ; but not, like *Martial's*, but  
Others did prove quite of a diff'rent Kind ;  
Pretending Friendship, whilst they undermin'd  
Who, base, and cruel, stopt the only Means  
Of earning That, which daily Life sustains.

Thus thrown on sudden, which might Nature shock  
From high green Pasture to an harden'd Rock  
† False Debts plung'd deep, made me of small Esteem  
And ev'ry Bayliff fierce as Tyger seem. † *Pf. lxix*  
Things from my Knowledge kept, apply'd too late  
That publish'd Treach'ry, and confirm'd their Hate  
In Home-Confinement forc'd long Time to dwell  
I look'd like Hermit in St. *Robert's* Cell : §

———— \* *Sic rumpitur invidia, &c.* ———— Wh  
In Memory of Mr. THOMAS GENT, Citizen of London, York,  
( In both Places Rightful Printer near 40 Years. )

“ W H O tho', in *Sonnet*, torn from Life's Estate  
“ Yet found an Home in fam'd St. *PETER's* Gate  
“ Where, H E A V'N be prais'd ! he built his Printing Room  
“ Cover'd with Lead ; a TOWER for a DOME  
“ From whence fair Spires, and most the City round,  
“ Are seen, as founded on a Rising Ground.  
“ Nor only ART, but what kind NATURE frames  
“ Skies, Meadows, Groves ; Plains, Mountains, Vales and Streams

In the Passage I have also placed a Cenotaph in Memory of  
indulgent Parents ; and another to that of a young and beautiful  
Niece, of endearing Accomplishments, named ANNE STANDISH  
whose Brother had academical Education, received Holy Orders  
the Church, and was blest with a fair paternal Estate of about  
200 l. a Year, left by one of the Gentry in Lancashire to his  
nephew ; who was judicially proved to be the indubitable Heir as  
that Part of the Legacy, mentioned in the Will and Testament

§ A noted Hermitage in this County, of which you may find  
ample Account in the Appendix to my second Volume of English  
Poetry, from pag 1. to 13. But I would rather recommend to the  
curious Reader page 359, 372, and 373, of the excellent History  
written by Mr. DRAKE ; a Gentleman, whom I have Reason  
to esteem for his great Humanity to me when an Out-Patient of the  
County Hospital, by which I happily found inexpressible Relief.

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whilst Foes, exulting, basely would degrade  
 curious Types, which oft had shin'd in Trade ;  
 should have laid by, as tho' quite dumb, or mute ;  
 the *Granta's* Musick from the cast-off Lute :  
 tho' I ever should of Fate complain ;  
 and not, like MASONs, FREE, arise again.  
 obstructing Crosses did bright Thoughts involve ;  
 and deep Retardments stopt each brave Resolve.  
 self made poor, judg'd worthless to enjoy ;  
 and foreign Hands set on — mine to destroy.  
 they scorn'd my Country, to all wise Men dear ;  
 sprung from pure Blood of loyal *Staffordshire*.  
 in senseless Ideots did with Scorn appear ;  
 in the Dark pierc'd deep with Wounds severe ;  
 subterraneous Streams, dense understood,  
 turn Earth to Mire, which sprung from filthy Mud ;  
 tho' they were *Stultitia's* quare *Hæphestion's*,  
 with pertless Answers to absurdest Questions ;  
 that, at long Run, I found my Spouse in Cares,  
 dang'ring Life, what with her Grief and Fears ;  
 whole lost Estate caus'd her soft Heart to bleed ;  
 and Lines to Write ; but HARDER far to Read :  
 enough to make us pray the Heav'ns || bow down,  
 to hear our Moans, and save from Fortune's Frown.

Free of Four Cities, thus my State to view ;  
 my Servants gone ; scarce any thing to do ;  
 my dearest Friends laid in the silent Grave ;  
 and me, o'er-power'd, sunk nigh to a Slave ;  
 that no Discrimination should be made  
 of Poor born mean, or worthy Folks betray'd ?

Or

\* The late Reverend Mr. Robert Hitch, Chaplain to his Royal  
 Highness, Parent to his present Majesty; the excellent Mr. Hildyard,  
 Mr. W—, Mr. S—, and others, who esteemed me as an extraordi-  
 nary Object of Compassion, ascertain'd of my ingenuous Behaviour.

Or rather wor'e esteem'd by vulgar Thought,  
 Without Relief, 'till scarcely worth a Groat ?  
 Depriv'd of Busness, tho' with little left ;  
 And even That for *wishing well* berest ;  
 Provok'd by Wrongs, I little thought to meet  
 † Old Age insulted in an open Street !  
 Because resolv'd, for whomsoever I vote,  
 Should ne'er change Ensign, neither turn their Coat  
 So many Saints 'gainst whom *they* think a Dragon  
 Are not these wondrous Wights sure fit to brag-on  
 Whose Valour tends to wound the most deserving ?  
 And, where that fails, to take the Way of *starving* ;  
 So Wretches, once, we know, some Place had need-  
 Who first distress'd a King, then took his Head-off ;  
 Against right Reason, and wise Laws appointed,  
 Despis'd true Priesthood, and the LORD's Anointed  
 What could I think, what useful Method take,  
 To shield from Woes, which did their Onsets make  
 A Book propos'd, with Justice to attend ;  
 A Work begun, which Heav'n knew when to end  
 Part of a BASILICK, whereby our Sense  
 Is struck astonish'd with Magnificence !  
 A stately Church ! Clerks venerable in't ;  
 Whole well-sung Anthems I'd sweet Fame to print

† 'Tis known thro' England how I fed the Poor  
 By grateul Trav'lers told, and ten times o'er ;  
 Who look with Pity, then upon me think ;  
 And now and then afford an hearty Drink :  
 Gen'rous with little, proving Scripture plain,  
*That Loaves on Waters cast are found again* \*  
 " The only Love-Song Printer," still they say,  
 " For that good Thing ;" and so they constant pray.

\* Eccles. xi. 1.

Psalm xli. 1, &c.

†† I wrought several Years for a worthy Gentleman ; who  
 truly such, never put me under any melancholy Dilemma upon  
 count of Elections. A Personage generous, and a good Christian

right-paid.— But here my grateful Heart doth bend :  
 A worthy Bishop, now, then stood my Friend ;  
 Who in my THOUGHT shall live without Controul ;  
 Essential to, immortal with the SOUL.  
 Industrious Subject to our happy Isle ;  
 The GREATEST WINDOW of St. PETER's Pile !  
 That strikes the Eye, so amiable and fair,  
 As heav'nly Preaching does th' attentive Ear ;  
 Which tho' my belov'd Design should never take,  
 Might be pity'd for the Subject's sake.  
 This prevented, Year and Years have past ;  
 Increasing Thought controuling needful Haste.  
 Hard circumstanc'd, and so exceeding strain'd,  
 I thought it wond'rous but to be maintain'd.  
 All pushing on, tho' 'clips'd like shaded Sun,  
 thro' AVOCA TION's interposing MOON,  
 From its high Mount my *Æsop's* Mouse can't run.  
 At near *MAY's* Month, that fair Queen of the Year,  
 I really think 'twill in your Sight appear ;  
 And prove, like, once, the Histories I wrote,  
 Not mean my Thoughts, nor my Designs remote ;  
 Only 'twere the Learned to inspire,  
 Treat of Things the World must sure admire !

I own, I meet, that at me strangely look ;  
 Ludicrous, cry out, *The Book ! this Book ! —*  
*Do we not Cause thine Honesty to || doubt ?*  
*Save your Credit, what can you find out ?*  
 Nay, truly, nothing ; but, I pray, suspend ;  
 And save from Sentence, when there's Hope to mend.

B ————— ANTI-

Indeed, they need not ; for I am as much, if not more, con-  
 cern'd about the Book, and them. The List of Subscribers, and the  
 List, with a very few occurring Additions, almost compos'd, only  
 wait to be impress'd ; which, reluctant to my Nature, and for  
 cogent Reasons, in forcing me to seek necessary Provisions for

me



ANTICIPATION, as I meant before,  
 Made me take Ways, intense, to please you more  
 A Piece I found, thro' odd and sudden Chance,  
 (Half Truth I b'lieve, and t'other Half Romance  
 That took me up almost a Winter's Space,  
 To sing of *Yorkshire*, and its noble Race.  
 This I've found out, to show that Fortune's Bridle,  
 Tho' much it curb'd, yet never made me idle.  
 Subjects sublime, impartial, from a DEAN,  
 Who could form Dramas, and the Truth maintain  
 Stories that well might suit *Aonian* Lyres ;  
 And, like *Apollo's* Rays, strike heav'nly Fires.

Here *ALCÆUS*, *Arion*-like, or *Amphion* seen,  
 With *Orphean* Harp, new-strung, displays the Scene  
 Led by *CALLIOPE*, poetic, wife ;  
 No less than *Yorkshire* seems before his Eyes  
 Amazement fills ; he views, with Joy's Extremes  
 The dasy'd Fields, high Hills, and purling Streams  
 CITY and PEOPLE wond'rously appear,  
 As when || *SEVERUS*, that great Prince, was he  
 How *MENTOR* shows that Emperor in Arms  
 And fierce † *Bellona* threat'ning War's Alarms  
 Death of \* *Constantus* ; *HELEN*, fair ! appear  
 With bursting Heart, and Eyes be-well'd with Tears

me and mine, have been untimely prevented. But they may be  
 surd (tho' even now under several painful Difficulties) my  
 vials shall be employed in using my utmost Endeavours to satisfy  
 Friends soon as possible I can ; and I hope a little Time, I  
 never fixed its Completion to any determined Period, as I am  
 manner alone, oppressed and defenceless, will not break square  
 so momentous a Concern, which I hope will please in long Future

|| According to best Writers he died in York, A. C. 211 ;  
 I exhibited in my first Vol. of *Compendious History*, pag. 29

† Some think the Temple of this Goddess or Queen of War  
 in Micklegate ; others near the Ruins of St. Mary's Abbey

\* See also in pag. 300, and 301, of my useful *Compend*

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 See a Quo  
 Gen. xxxvi.

While Terrors armed King, like Curtain Thief,  
 Display'd the Court in solemn Pomp of Grief.  
 YORK's ancient Glory ; Birth of *Constantine* ;  
 and of the *§ Druids*' Fall, once held divine ;  
 Their priz'd \* *Misselto* from *Jove's* Oaken Groves,  
 With Sympathetick Moans for dying Loves !  
 How noble Spirits thro' Afflictions shine ;  
 And wounding Fortune beautifies *LOCRINE*.  
 How two fierce Heroes fall by mutual Darts ;  
 Yet, bleeding, love ; and, dying, pledge their Hearts.  
 Prostrate Men fall, whose Helmets smite the Ground ;  
 Which seems to groan, while pond'rous Arms rebound.  
 Shades eternal they resign their Breath ;  
 And close their Eyes, sunk in the Realms of Death.  
*Spasian*, too, who came with warlike Train,  
 W'd by a Cloud, to *Rome* was sent again !  
*Charfalian* Wonders on th' ensanguin'd Plain ;  
*Didius* sore wounded, and *Serranus* slain.  
 Such *Patronymicks* Writers seldom knew  
 As in this Book, apparent to my View.  
 None so occult, 'mongst witty, antique Turns,  
 To find dead Lords conserv'd in vit'ral Urns ;  
 Air, fat, and plump, as when old || Dukes did thrive ;  
 Like our Wax-Work \* Court, seem'd tho' alive !  
 Unknown to them how *Neptune* carry'd o'er  
 Our Gods from *Godmingham* to *Scythia's* Shore ;  
 How that Ocean King, with foaming Speed,  
 Trac'd our fine County with the stately Steed. †

An Oak in the Welch Tongue is call'd *Derw*. It may seem,  
 As *Camden*, that the above Name proceeded from a Greek pri-  
 mitive Head, to wit, *Δρῦς*, an OAK. Thus *Ovid*.

Ad viscum *Druidæ*, *Druidæ*, cantare solebant.  
 Nothing was held more sacred than the *Misselto* by the *Druids*,  
 As the Poet represents appearing before the renowned Emperor.

" Accedunt illi, *Druidæ* tres, vestibus albis,  
 Gestantes manibus virides de robore ramos ;  
 Canaque sacrato cinguntur tempora visco."

See a Quotation to the Humours of *Tork* Races, a Song.  
*Gen.* xxxvi. 15, &c. \* Of *Prussia*, shows both Nighs of acting.

Nor had they Sense, like *Ovid*, griev'd, to tell,  
 How sweet *MELISSA* turn'd to *Dropping-Well* ! ||  
 Or that Prince *Cnarus*, struck, to ease sad Care; ††  
 Abandon'd *Knaresb'rough* Turrets for the Wars.  
*Ethnics* had Conscience, then, wise Men allow ;  
 In truth, I think, as much as some have now.  
 They mention *Beddern* ; ignorant that Fame  
 Styles it from lovely Queen *BEDERNA*'s Name.  
 They talk of Rivers, with some seeming Sense ;  
 But tell not of their wond'rous Confluence :  
 Nor Poet's Vessel, led by *Cynthia*'s Light,  
 View'd swiftly gliding in the gelid Night ;  
 Surpassing *Paclet*'s Flight thro' ambient Air,  
 To serve his Masters, or address the Fair.  
 The Concave-Hall, 'mongst Sources, never view'd ;  
 Nor heard the Goddesses, in merry Mood,  
 At their choice Viands, sing bold *Robin Hood* \*  
 Whose Tomb at *Kirkleys* Nunnery display'd,  
 A false, hard-hearted, irreligious Maid,  
 Who bled, and to cold Death that Earl betray'd.  
 But Fame still lasts, while Country Folks display  
 His limpid Fountain,\*\* and loud-furging Bay.\*\*\*

|| " Turc Phæbe immeritos famulae miserata dolores,  
 " In Saxum mutat, fletu remanente, *MELISSAM*."

I place the adverb *sweet* to her Name, because *Dr. King*, in his  
*mythological History*, pag. 136. says a Nymph so called was the first  
 who has found Honey in *Peloponnesus*, a justly celebrated Peninsula.

†† The Punishment of the Ravisher is finely represented : But  
 at present I have neither Time nor Space fully to describe it.

\* " Omnes agnovere Deam ; lætique receptant  
 " Alcæum Musæ comitem, ponuntur læcchi  
 " Crateres ; flaventque Scyphis Cerealia vina.  
 " Accedunt vultus hilares ; festique lepores,  
 " Et jocus, et risus : dulci testudine Naia  
 " Pulchra modos variat ; furtisque insignis et arcu  
 " Hodi latronis, fluvios bene nota per istos,  
 " Ludicra gesta canit : resonant laquearia plausu "

\*\* A Well, near Doncaster. \*\*\* About 4 Miles from Whitby



others tune, with modulating Airs ;  
 Musick's Pow'r, most rapturous, declares :  
 Songs 'gainst Fraud, and of Oppressions vile,  
 cheat the Harmless, and the Meek beguile ;  
 Monsters, apeing *Polyphemus*' Airs ;  
 like fam'd *Wantley's*, not a Mortal spares :  
 INNOCENTS misled, deny'd of Graves,  
 Witnesse, till rais'd ; or spread with Leaves !  
 Love's sweet Passion, bitter'd oft with Woes ;  
 what sad Torments true Aff-ction knows.  
 charm their Octaves while they mingling rise,  
 led by *Æolian* Breeze, or softer Sighs.  
 Discords seem ; but, as resolv'd, are sweet ;  
 make delicious Harmony compleat.  
 circumscrib'd, beyond all human Bounds,  
 at stagger Reason, and the Mind confounds ;  
 think how Nature seems to disagree ;  
 All, right weigh'd, is our *JOVE's* Melody.  
 they own indeed our Land replete with Bliss ;  
 conjure not the Coming of *Ulysses* ;  
 at by *Tiresias* from the Shades below,  
 tell of Things we're much concern'd to know :  
 how our Natives, then a Race of Giants,  
 to that cunning Sophister defiance :  
 who had made a Champion mad, and roar ;  
 with all his Skill, drove to a distant Shore.\*  
 the *Albionists*, as Chronicles have nam'd 'em ;  
 the *Hercules*, till British Ladies tam'd 'em ; \*\*  
 in high Spheres of Honour did they move,  
 when crown'd thro' Valour, and adorn'd by Love.

How

Rev. XI. 9. Which is finely painted in the Eastern Window  
 Peruse the Tragedy of Sophocles, translated by Mr. Adams.  
 The Poet brings him near the Land, but forced away thro'  
 ; and that he built Ulißingen in Zealand, which another  
 relates in his Book de occult. Naturæ Miraculis, pag. 365.  
 See in my first Volume, the History of famous Albion, pag. 6.

How ancient Buildings rose ; *Ebrank's* high Tower  
 With Kings of old, in Palaces, or Bowers :  
 How \*\*\* *Cartismandua*, Queen of mean Renown  
 Depriv'd her Spouse *Venusius* of his Crown :  
 How brave the Subjects did his Foes destroy,  
 In Battles glorious, as the Fights near *Troy* :  
 All which were thought concern'd the Pow'rs Above  
 Like those of *Homer*, † thro' their Hate or Love.  
 The long-hid Shield, orac'lous, gilded o'er,  
 For Beauties fam'd, as e'er *Achilles* wore : ††  
 How *Arviragus*, like an *Ajax*, drives ;  
 Mows down Opposers, and all near him rives  
 Whilst Numbers turn'd their trem'lous Backs, and flee  
 Leaving their Wounded bleeding 'mongst the Dead  
 These, when perus'd, may well the Mind alarm ;  
 Fill with Desires ; and, thro' Enchantments, charm  
 Yet not so far, but what the pious Dean  
 Presents RELIGION to our View again ;  
 Who comes adorn'd, in *Ophir's* Beauty seen,  
 As on the King's right Hand stood his lov'd Queen  
 Such blended Virtues, various, as you see,  
 May chance appear ; and, if I live, by Me.

\*\*\* After she delivered the valiant *Caractacus*, King of the  
*lures*, to grace the Triumph of *Claudius the Emperor*, who reig  
 from the Year 41 to 54, according to my aforesaid History,  
 184, and 285 ; she (regardless of sacred Proximity, or due Res  
 to royal Blood) cast off her Spouse *Venutius*, and prostituted  
 Body, Crown and Throne to *Vellocatus* his Armour-Bearer.  
 which the brave *Brigantes* arose in defence of their injur'd So  
 reign ; insomuch that, being expell'd, she besought Aid against  
 late Subjects from the Roman Legions. *Tacitus* mentions she  
 relieved ; but the learned Poet has artfully brought her to cons  
 Punishment : and that too by the Hand of a renowned Hero  
 whose Arrow pierced her treacherous Heart in her Chariot ;  
 afterwards killed her two Brethren in Sight of both Armies.

† Whose princely Iliads upon those brave Subjects are admir  
 †† Which the Poet asserts was prophesied of by *Cumea*, one of  
 ten Sybils, mentioned by *Virgil*. She foretold that GOD should  
 born of a pure Virgin, and would freely converse amongst Sinners,  
 \* *Plal. XLV. 9. = 11. Who* "shall greatly desire thy Beauty

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'Tis Want of Wealth, which but ingenders Scise,  
 That turns the Source, or stops the Springs of Life :  
 Which, to preserve, I'm forc'd to walk the Street,  
 And gladly sell to all that buy I meet.

London † Stationer train'd, my Bread to get ;  
 Now RUNNING One. A Moving Epithet I  
 Forc'd for to fly my Dear, with weeping Eyes ;  
 The Country heard, and pity'd too, my Cries :  
 For, while lamenting our good King, late dead,  
 Some griev'd for me, thus forc'd to seek our Bread !  
 And when return'd, to ease her Grief and Pain ;  
 Instead of Joy, she did but more complain.  
 Alas, my Tommy ! So long live to part !  
 I cannot bear. --- It breaks my wounded Heart !  
 Her lovely Cheeks by flowing Tears were wet ;  
 And with a Look, which I can ne'er forget ;  
 Close as descending Lark to its lov'd Nest,  
 Her pretty Head reclin'd on my sad Breast.  
 Thus †† conq'ring me, who held in youthful Chains ;  
 And had of Beauty, to her last, Remains.  
 Much I can speak ; but this may well be said,  
 I lov'd her living, and I'll mourn her dead !  
 I imitate but what the Great \* *ALCUIN*  
 Did sell of Learning, sung to prosperous Tune.  
 Tho' calumniz'd, I care not who that hears ;  
 I've cry'd of late my Sov'reign's Speech and Pray'rs.

And

† LOND. 1717. T. G. filius THOMÆ GENT, qui fuit Appren.  
 Edwardi Midwinter Civis et Stationarius, admissus fuit in Liber-  
 tatem predictam, et juratus tempore Jacobi Bateman Militis, &c.

†† — Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi.

HOR. de Arte Poetica.

\* This celebrated Person, whom I have presumed to mention, was  
 Native of York, and made Keeper of Archbishop Egbert's Library.  
 He sailed to France ; and, at Paris, in the publick Streets, so hap-  
 pily cry'd his affluent Doctrine, that the Emperor CHARLES, cap-  
 tivated with his Knowledge, made him Head of a little University  
 in his Palace, from whence he was translated to the Abby of Tours.



And, here, methinks, amongst You 'tis I spy,  
 As when kind Pity grac'd the tender Eye :  
 When Peace, spontaneous ; but by You made willing  
 Were dropt — a Teaster, or a splendid Shilling  
*How does your Spouse ? To comfort her, give That —*  
*Don't stand uncover'd ! --- Pray -- put on your Hat*  
*There — take, and get — to comfort you — a Gil*  
 ( O how my Soul with Gratitude did fill ! )  
*Let's see your Ware — Come, be with Fate content*  
*Get something warm — so fare--well — Mr. Gen*

If, in deep Sickness, sov'reign Balm could ease ;  
 If, in Dejection, any Comforts please :  
 'Tis certain, from such tender Words they came  
 That blew the dying Sparks of Life to Flame  
 And, too, I'll own ; nor Value what who knows  
 Endearing Friends gave Money, Food and Cloaths

Indeed, sad Grief, thro' *Jaundice*, flung me down,  
 But at that time my humble State made known  
 As when a dreadful Hurricane surrounds,  
 My heavy Sighs arose to mournful Sounds ;  
 That unseen Eccho, pin'd to Voice, had known  
 The Rocks and Caves might answer'd ev'ry Moan  
 Or did the Nymphs of Woods and Waters hear,  
 The Groves would tremble, and the Rivers fear  
 For Dissolution's such a melting thing,  
 That Ancients seem as dying Swans to sing ;  
 Whose roaring Wings some learned Writings prove  
 Milk-white, ascend to whiter Scenes above !  
 Like *Strephon's* Plaints, or *Sylvia's* melting Tongue  
 When I a \* Dirge for Lord *Charles Howard* sung  
 I wish'd for Death ; yet thought its Law severe  
 To mix with Sprights, I knew not whom, nor where

\* A Pastoral on the lamented Death of that Nobleman, and  
 Sylvan Beauties near Castle-Howard, which was kindly receiv

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Divine Justice and Mercy displayed.

Set forth in the unhappy Birth, wicked Life, and miserable End of that deceitful Apostle,

JUDAS ISCARIOT;

Who, for thirty Pieces of Silver, betrayed and sold his LORD and MASTER,

JESUS CHRIST.

S H E W I N G,

- I. His Mother's Dream after Conception; the Manner of his Birth; and the evident Marks of his future Shame.
- II. How his Parents, inclosing him in a little Chest, threw him into the Sea; where he was found by a King on the Coast of *Iscaiot*, who called him by that Name.
- III. His Advancement to be a Privy-Counsellor; and how he unfortunately killed the King's Son.
- IV. He flies to *Joppa* and, unknowingly, slew his own Father; for which he was forced to abscond a second Time.
- V. Returning a Year after, he married his Mother; who knew him to be her Child by the particular Marks he had, and by his Declaration.
- VI. And, lastly, seeming to repent of his wicked Actions, he followed our blessed Saviour, and became one of his Apostles; but after betray'd him into the Hands of the chief Priests; and then, miserably hanging himself, his Bowels dropt out of his Belly.

With Meditations on the Life and Death of our B. Saviour.

*Quis talia fando*

*Temperet à lacrymis ?* — VIRG. Lib. II.

But who the SUFFERINGS of JESU hears,  
Can cease from Sighs, or stop his falling Tears ?

By Mr. THOMAS GENT, Author of the HISTORY of YORK, in 1736; those of the five Scriptural Great Eastern WINDOW of the Magnificent Cathedral of St. Peter; Rippon, and Hull; a Pastoral Poem on the Death of the Earl of Carlisle; and of Castle-Howard, St. WINEFRED's Well, &c. Originally written in LONDON at the Age of 18; and late improved in 80.

Y O R K:

Printed at the New Printing-Office, in Fosgate, 1772.

[ Price Twopence. ]

And, here, methinks, amongst You 'tis I spy,  
 As when kind Pity grac'd the tender Eye :  
 When Pence, spontaneous ; but by You made willing  
 Were dropt — a Teaster, or a splendid Shilling  
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To the READER.

*W*HAT here is writ, pathetically, shows  
 Young JUDAS' strange and most stupendous Birth.  
 It tells his Parents Sorrows, Grief, and Woes,  
 For ( what they knew ) his sad untimely Death.  
 With Projects vain, they strive t' anticipate  
 The Thing, which was decreed by certain Fate.

Inclod'd in Wood, amidst impetuous Waves,  
 Where rolling Billows boist'rously do roam ;  
 Where many Thousands find unfathom'd Graves ;  
 Ah ! there the Infant's banish'd from his home.  
 But, lo ! a royal KING the Child did find ;  
 Endearing prov'd, like tend'rest Parent, kind.

Yet, when at Age, the Sov'reign's Son he kill'd,  
 And then escaped to a Land unknown.  
 Here, by his Hands, his Father's Blood was spill'd,  
 And wed his Mother when these Crimes were done !  
 Next turn'd Disciple ; strange to think of this ;  
 At last betray'd our SAVIOUR with a Kiss !

This is the ARGUMENT of what I write ;  
 Concluding with the Manner of his End :  
 The various Griefs and Passions I indite  
 Of JESUS CHRIST, our best and surest Friend.  
 May none, like JUDAS, ever interpose,  
 To sell (as He was sold) the CHURCH, His Spouse.

Accept the darling Offspring of my Mind,  
 When Ardour strove to help my Judgment weak :  
 For, now, you'll truer Satisfaction find ;  
 And I more LIFE in Things I write, or speak ;  
 Since whate'er Scriptures do afford I bring ;  
 How foul a Traitor looks, how FAIR a KING.

C H A P.



## C H A P. I.

*Of his Birth ; the Dream of his Mother ; and how he was unnaturally committed to the raging Ocean.*

**T**HAT, by the Means of *JUDAS*, *CHRIST* was slain,  
The Sacred *WRITINGS* tell us very plain : \*

But no where shews his ill fore-boding Birth,  
Who prov'd the saddest Wretch upon the Earth ! †

My present Task, far as *TRADITION's* Truth,  
Shall be improving *LINES*, begun in *YOUTH* ;  
From various *AUTHORS* ; || who the Mind engage,  
By Heav'n inspir'd, and known from Age to Age.

*Cœlestial SENSE* is best, right understood ;  
But, next, undoubted *TESTIMONY's* good ;  
From whence bright Knowledge, like fair Rivers, flow ;  
Or Dews, from *HIGH*, refreshing *ALL* below.

So 'twas of old, the *SACRIFICE* divine ;  
The *EUCCHARIST*, in *Holy Bread* and *Wine*,  
Was fair display'd, as what the *CHURCH* should deck,  
By Sanction's Pow'r, thro' King *MELCHIZEDEK*. ‡

An *INSTITUTION*, lastingly remember'd,  
*CHRIST's* nat'ral *BODY* on the Cross so render'd ;  
Held, by the *LEARNED*, constantly to prove,  
Appeasing *Anger*, and obtaining *LOVE* ! ††

But *Judas's* Name, that bears the sad Transgression, †\*  
Derived is from *Praise*, and true *Confession*.

*PERSONS*, so styl'd, gave Rise to *HISTORY* :  
From whom I'll mention which of them was He. \*\*

—The  
\* *MAT. xxvi. 46. — xxvii. 3, 4, 5. Acts 1. to 21.*  
*MARK xiv. 10. LUKE xxii. 3. JOHN xviii. 2.*

† *MAT. xxvi. 23, 24, 25. MARK xiv. 18, 19, 20, 21.*  
*42 to 46. LUKE xxii. 21. 22, 23. 47, 48. JOHN xiii.*  
*18. 21. to 32. — xviii. 1. 2. 3. 4.*

|| *EUSEBIUS, JOSEPHUS, OROSIUS, SOZOMENES, &c.*

‡ *Gen. xiv. 18.*

†† See *Dr. Marshall, St. Cyprian ; and the Sacrifice at the Altar.*

†\* See *JEHUDA, JUDA, &c. in Table the First of the Ancient Holy Bible.*

\*\* *MAT. xxvi. 14. xxvii. 3. Yet our Lord admitted him to taste of the Bread and Wine, ver. 26. Mahomet wrote, that*



The first, call'd *MACCHABEUS*, once did shine,  
For Deeds of Valour, thro' all *Palestine* ;  
Priest of *Medine*, his Father, of high Note,  
As from *JOSEPHUS* various Authors quote.

The second, fam'd ; a Carpenter by Trade ;  
Esteem'd as Husband by a Blessed MAID :  
From Him, distinguish'd plain, in Holy Writ,  
Far from Deception, *TREASON* to commit ! \*

But that *ISCARIOT* †, of ill-fated Style ;  
The grudging Miser, prompted to beguile ;  
He seems decreed the Pattern of worst Vice ;  
His God, the *Purse* ; this World, his *Paradise*.

Had *SENECA* then flourish'd, but to tell  
How *Poverty* cou'd not with bright Souls dwell, ||  
'Twould be in vain — for, sure, 'twas pre-ordain'd,  
His Crime in *this* Globe should be ever stain'd.

Indeed, if we a solemn RECORD mind,  
The SON of GOD as doom'd to Death we find !  
Just as a Parent would, lamenting, stand, †  
'To see th' up-lifted Sword in Murd'rer's Hand !

But here a while, until the SEQUEL brings,  
By riper Thoughts, to judge of sacred Things ;  
Let gradual Fate, portentive, bear the Sway,  
Just as the Twilight ushers in the Day.

This *Judas*, thirdly, born to Earth's Disgrace,  
That fawning Traitor, Shame to human Race ;  
Who was his Father ? I come to explore.  
A Tanner rich, who liv'd on *Foppa's* Shore.

Beauteous the Country, bless'd with aerial Gleams,  
O'er *Jordan's* River, like *Kilkenny* Streams ;  
Limpid as Crystal ; smoakless Flames arise ;  
Nor Mists annoy the ambient sacred Skies.

No  
that one of the Name suffered on the Cross instead of Christ.  
Even that Impostor honour'd the Son of GOD as an holy  
Prophet ; but Tacitus exhibited very unworthily of Chri-  
stians in general, because their holy Tenets were contrary  
and averse to Heathenism.

\* See St. MAT. as above. --- And Ver. 14, 15.

Likewise JOHN. xiv. 22.

† JOHN xiii. 27.

|| Si ad naturam vixeris, nunquam eris pauper :  
si ad opinionem, nunquam dives. Ad Lucil. Ep. XVI.

† II. ESDRAS, vii. 28, 29.

No gloomy Fog, offensive Smoak, or Mud,  
Disturb the Air, the Fire, or the Flood ;  
Inspiring P O E T S with delightful Themes ;  
So, like the clearest, were fair *Jordan's* Streams.

But uncongenial to parental Race,  
And to the Nature of the holy Place,  
He seem'd ; where now the *Turkish* Crescents shine,  
With Worships stain'd, that blemish *Palestine*.

Howe'er, his Mother was a noble D A M E,  
Styl'd in some Books fair *BERENICE* by Name : \*  
What will not Riches do ? Who *SIMON* priz'd ;  
And wed, because he also merchandiz'd.

In soft Address this tanning Vent'rer woo'd ;  
With mutual Love her sweet Caresses flow'd.  
Nor then deem'd vain ; when, bless'd by nuptial Rites,  
New Joys increas'd ; more fervent their Delights !

But lasted short — for near, when she conceiv'd,  
By nightly Visions she was sorely griev'd.  
S L E E P, dear Repose ! that lulls all Cares to Rest,  
Had not one Charm to calm her troubled Breast.

While, gradual, waking, follow'd Sighs and Groans,  
As tho' dissolving with her piteous Moans :  
To that Extent so pungent were her Dreams,  
Her screeching Voice did sound like *Bedlam's* Screams !

The Husband often stung ; but more, one Night :  
*What is't, said he, that doth my Dear affright ?*  
She answer'd, *Jewel, were you but to feel*  
*My Grief ; I'm sure, you'd soon the like reveal.*

*My tender Child, that moves now in the Womb !*  
*Oh ! that he were but in the silent Tomb !*  
*But he'll spring forth, on purpose to betray*  
*The LORD of LIFE, whom cruel Jews will slay.*

For this ungrateful Act, so black, so foul,  
I'm 'fraid just Vengeance will fall on his Soul.  
Howe'er, I'm sure, shou'd he make *JESU* bleed,  
His Body, pendent, must atone the Deed.

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\* Some write, She was the Daughter of *MACCHABEUS*,  
of the Tribe of *ISSACHAR* ; and that he employ'd Ships  
in trading from one Country to another ; residing, alter-  
nately, in pleasant populous Sea-Ports of the Holy-Land,  
or *PALESTINE* ; that small Part, yet whose spreading  
Fame would prove by Decree sonorous over all the World,  
thro' the Birth of our dear Redeemer, and for the inesti-  
mable Blessing of our Salvation.

*No Peace on Earth to ease a wicked Mind.  
 They fly — are lost — to hang, or drown, inclin'd.  
 His Lot the former, like ANITHOPHEL. \*  
 When Conscience wounds, Life soon becomes an Hell.  
 What must we do ? How from our Sorrows sever !  
 As soon as born, (better that it were never !)  
 Let gulphing Seas prevent such direful End,  
 And drown those Woes that you and me attend.*

*This said, the L A D Y burst'd into Tears,  
 (Employ enough for him to ease her Cares !)  
 Till both agreed to make the Child away,  
 And cause his Birth to prove its fun'ral Day.*

*Not done — for why, it scarce had seen the Light,  
 But, like an Angel, charming Mortal's Sight ;  
 Symmetrical, in PARTS extern, it seem'd ;  
 So sweet, so fair, a SERAPH might be deem'd.*

*Pity return'd — till on the Breast they view'd  
 Sign of the Cross ; predicting, sure, the Rood !  
 Near that sad Mark, a Gibbet, ty'd with Band,  
 Amaz'd their Eyes, as, trembling, they did stand !*

*Tho' these confirm'd the Mother's frightful Dream ;  
 Yet Fondness turn'd her Mind from Death's Extreme.  
 My Love, she cry'd, a Thought has stricken me,  
 To lose the Infant — not its Exit see.*

*Tho' this be Sin, sure it is better far  
 Than shed the Blood of such a blooming Star.  
 My Counsel is, Commit it to the Deep ! —  
 Thus spoke, their Eyes bewell'd, and both did weep.*

*But that indulgent Providence might save ;  
 Nor piercing Cold affect each threat'ning Wave ;  
 A little Ark, or Chest, they did provide,  
 With Happing warm, to keep out Wind and Tide.*

*In this the thoughtless Sailor they inclose.  
 But where's the Tongue can tell the Parent's Woes ?  
 The sweet Child, smiling in its Mammy's Face,  
 Fresh Drops inforce, afflicting her Embrace.*

*O cruel Mother ! am I not ? said she.  
 Foolish, to judge my Dream was Heav'n's Decree ;  
 And were I ascertain'd, how sinful I,  
 To doom my Child to F A T E's Uncertainty ?*

*Strange ! I should have a Notion of my own.  
 What is this Lord of Life, this Pow'r unknown ?  
 Not Greece, nor Rome, as yet, can full declare :  
 And yet I'm mov'd my Infant not to spare.*

GOD



GOD might reverse what in my Sleep appear'd;  
 And turn to Joys those Sorrows which I fear'd.  
 My Pray'rs and Tears, like Nineveh's Defence, \*  
 Would more become, than doubt kind Providence.

Am I an HUIDAH ? Or, as HANNAH, bright ?  
 Have I prophetick Gifts, or Second Sight ?  
 Shall I prove like CASSANDRA, sad, for Troy ?  
 Or change Decree in parting from my Boy ?

Some vult'rous Bird may pick out these bright Eyes ;  
 Thy tender Body bear thro' vaulted Skies !  
 Like PHAETON, or ICARUS, o'erpower'd ;  
 Thy Cries regardless, by dread Fish devour'd !

O Heav'n's ! I suppose that safe to Land it gains,  
 Unless it haps amongst young Nymphs and Swains ;  
 What may I think of dreary Rocks, and Sands ?  
 Or Monsters, fierce, if falling in their Hands !

Nay, Paws of Wolves, or Tygers, seeking Prey ;  
 Grim, and more horrid, than the raging Sea !  
 That nothing spare, unless it be a Wonder ;  
 And soon would rend this Offering asunder !

Or savage Wretches, who near Shores beguile ;  
 That grin for Murders, and at Shipwrecks smile ;  
 How may such Villains snatch thee ; laugh, and slip,  
 Whilst Life they take, and rob thy little Ship !

O whither must my pretty Lamb now go !  
 See how it looks. — Alas ! it does not know.  
 Burst, Heart of Grief, since true Affection's vain ;  
 So strong the Impulse, and so great my Pain !

My Soul's distress — Yet something bodes I may,  
 If Fate proves kind, see him another Day.  
 Distraction sure doth seize on every Side.  
 I wish I'd ne'er been born, or young had dy'd.

It must, it must depart — some Spirit tells,  
 That tunes my breezing Sighs like Passing-Bells !  
 Ye Pow'rs, unseen ! preserve the GIFT I send.  
 Waft him, fresh Gales, while my fond Pray'rs ascend.

Farewel, once more, my Child. — Unhappy me,  
 With boundless Grievs ! No Comforts can I see.  
 Adieu — farewell ! This said, then swoon'd away !  
 Her Face turn'd pale, and Body seem'd as Clay.

---

C H A P.

\* JONAH iii. 5, 6, &c.

+++++\*\*\*\*\*+++++

## C H A P. II.

*How the Bark, which contain'd the Infant, was laid upon  
the River, and borne to the Sea ; from thence taken and  
saved by a KING, who put it to Nurse ; and called him  
ISCARIOT, because discover'd floating upon that Coast.*

**W**Hilst thus succumb'd lov'd BERENICE thro' Care,  
Let's turn our Thoughts upon the Father dear.  
Alas ! his LAMENTATIONS were not small :  
For, with his Son, he fear'd her FUNERAL !

All future Harms, then, wisely, to prevent ;  
No Way could ease, but answer'ing her Intent ;  
Since nothing could those MARKS eradicate ;  
Those deep-press'd *Stygias* of Life-lasting Fate.

A trusty Servant quick he call'd ; to whom,  
The PLOT made known ; the sad determin'd Doom !  
Bids. Lay the Vessel, small, in current Tide,  
Mid'st rapid Streams, on ebbing Waves to glide.

'Twas soon obey'd, in his obsequious Arms ;  
As quick discharg'd to the wide Ocean's Harms.  
Soon did the floating JUDAS disappear ;  
And Winds, impetuous, drove him Heav'n knows where.

To screen his Fate, and to prevent their own ;  
For 'twon'd be death to them had it been known ;  
Gave out, with rural Nurse the Child did die ;  
And forg'd EPISTLES to conceal the Lie.

More to disguise the TRUTH, in Mourning, wide ;  
She cloath'd herself, and stalk'd in solemn Pride :  
Both in long sable Garments to the Heel ;  
But where's thy ART, that can from Heav'n conceal ?

By this DEVICE none did mistrust at all ;  
But still themselves lamented at his Fall !  
And well they might conclude the Infant lost,  
In merc'less Waves, or perish'd on bleak Coast.

But let us now tell what's become of Him ;  
Who on incessant moving Waves did swim.  
He is preserv'd by SUPERNAT'RAL POW'R,  
That nothing, but Himself, can LIFE devour.

Toft to and fro, exalted and cast down ;  
Ungriev'd, secur'd, who was not born to drown :  
Senseless that circling Dangers, dread ! attend ;  
And innocent how HEAV'N becomes his Friend.

No

No Food he craves, nor melting Tears demand  
A Mother's Breast, or Nurse with helping Hand.  
Extensive GOODNESS him in Safety keeps ;  
Who, heav'd by changing aqueal Pillows, sleeps.

From hardest Rocks, that are most high and steep,  
Proceed the largest RIVERS, smooth and deep :  
Idoneous Places to mount PHAROS high ;  
Or tower'd Castles near fair azur'd Sky.

On fam'd *Isariot's* Coast was such a Mount ;  
Bless'd with a SPRING ; a useful, limpid Fount ;  
Clear as Saint WIN' FRID's salutary Well ; \*  
Still fresh in Virtue, that few can excell.

Near Dales, and Risings, with salubrious Air ;  
Where chirping Choiresters adorn'd the Sphere ;  
Nothing appear'd but HARMONY and Love,  
Like what concentred in thick IDA's Grove.

To this Retreat of old did PRINCES come ;  
Pleasant as that imperial Isle, near ROME : †  
But far more holy, as from Lust unstain'd ;  
No Blemish that an *Asylum* was gain'd.

For here, TRADITION tells, a KING, in Fame,  
(Pity more extant was not spread his Name ! ) ‖  
In SUMMER's sweet Recess did oft regale ;  
And took Delight to view Ships under Sail.

AUROLA scarce had usher'd in the Morn ;  
And Phæbus, glitt'ring, with spread Rays, adorn :  
What should appear unto the *Prorex*' Eye,  
But the small Bark with Freight come tott'ring by !

Concluding, then, some Vessel cast away,  
And this but Part of Goods upon the Sea ;  
He sent a Pilot quick with Aid to bring ;  
Which, soon secur'd, was laid before the KING.

But when the same was open'd, what Surprise  
To view an Infant ! — All lift up their Eyes !  
The Cloth, well-oil'd ; and tight with Pitch 'twas lin'd ;  
The Babe unhurt, from Water, or the Wind.

With Food likewise, that, should it reach the Land,  
It might be fed by some kind Creature's Hand :

Upon  
\* A famous salutary Spring in Wales, of which there is  
extant a religious POEM, inducing to Piety and Virtue.

† Noted for Retirement in JUSTIN, SÜETONIUS, &c.

‖ Some have exhibited, that it was VALERIUS, of  
Consular Dignity.



Upon its Breast a PARCHMENT did proclaim :  
*Wou'd me you know ? Why, JUDAS is my Name. †*

The KING, at this Adventure, was amaz'd ;  
 And, wond'ring at the NAVIGATOR, gaz'd !  
 Whilst he, instead of weeping at his Case,  
 With lift-up Eyes, smil'd in the Monarch's Face.  
*Thou shalt be call'd Iscariot, (said the KING)*  
*Beside thy own, thou pretty, little THING !*  
*So all the World will know, that, when near lost,*  
*Thou wert from death preserv'd on this our Coast. ‡*

Thus, as PILUMINUS, royally did save  
 PERSIUS, and Parent, from a wat'ry Grave :  
 So PITY mov'd him to preserve the Creature ;  
 But little thought he'd prove so strange in Nature.  
*Go, seek a Nurse, he said. — Quick she appear'd ;*  
*A blooming, young ONE ; worthy high Regard.*  
*Here, take this Stranger to your tender Care ;*  
*And bring it up, for no Expence I'll spare.*

'Twas done — and wond'rous did the Child improve :  
 For royal BOUNTY much attracted LOVE.  
 Still more, and more his Charms allur'd the Sight ;  
 ALL, but the MARKS ; and those were veiled quite.

Thus having shown this Birth, and first Success ;  
 From infant Scenes to future Wickedness ;  
 'Tis just, in Order, that I hence proceed,  
 In the next Place, to tell what Judas did.

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### C H A P. III.

*How, ripening into Years, he became highly advanced :  
 But in a Duel unfortunately kill'd the King's Son.*

**W**HEN fit, the YOUTH to learned Schools was sent,  
 With PARTS, surprizing ! soon to Letters bent.  
 The Hebrew Knowledge ; THINGS he prized best,  
 That form the SPEECH ; of them became possessor.

————— Soon  
 † Or JEHUDA. By Counsel of one of the ancient Patriarchs, so call'd, young Joseph was sold, Gen. xxxvi. 26, 27. Yet by Repentance of another Fault, and nobly offering to be Bondsmen for Benjamin, xlii. 16 to 34. he came to regal Dignity. But of this Youngster's Actions, King DAVID seems to indigitate, Psal. xli. 9. and lv. 12, 13, 14.

‡ Or ISHARIOT. Distinguished Mat. xxvi. 14. Mark xiv. 10, 11. Luke xxii. 3, 4, 5, 6. — 21, 22. — 47, 48.

Soon after skill'd in *Latin*, and in *Greek*,  
 So as, with nicest *ART*, both Tongues could speak :  
 And *Genius*, most occult, made him descry  
*Investigation* of *PHILOSOPHY*.

For this the *Mathematicks* he explor'd ;  
 And, what the wisest Men could then afford ;  
 What Skill, or Nature, at all Ages, can  
 The Courtier form, or the young Gentleman.

Thus by a lib'ral Education train'd,  
 The Love of Princes, and of Nobles, gain'd.  
 The KING himself, thro' bright Perfections won,  
 Made him Companion with his only Son.

Still, to proceed, as Wisdom did abound,  
 While call'd to Counsel for Advice profound ;  
 Nothing could more his Happiness compleat,  
 Since bless'd by Priests, and honour'd by the Great.

Besides the Poets, that Riches brought immense ;  
 New Acts, fresh Deeds, that frequent did commence ;  
 Might cause a Youth in Pleasures to abound,  
 With more Content than to a Monarch crown'd.

But, ah ! how oft are short-liv'd Favours great !  
 One Minute's Chance soon changes happy't State.  
 A thoughtless Action, cruel Wound, or Thrust,  
 May Life betray, and Honour lay in Dust !

So 'twas with *Judas*, passionate, and fierce ;  
 Who knew the *Sword*, and what were *art* and *terce* ;  
 How to recoil ; or, when to spring a *Lunge* ;  
 Or, as *Equestrian*, fatal Spear to plunge !

One glitt'ring Day, he, with the King's fair Son,  
 Resolv'd on Pastime, left the Court, and Town ;  
 And, drinking hard, in Midst of Cups, no doubt,  
 When *Wine* was in, these hot-brain'd Youths fell out.

With shining Weapons, made of finest Steel,  
 Such Wounds they gave required *ART* to heal.

O curs'd Encounter ! Ruin to impart :  
 For *Judas* stabb'd the young Prince to the Heart !

Who, falling, spoke : " Stay, Spark ! tho' late, attend.

" You've kill'd no Foe ; but you have slain your Friend.

" Alas ! your Woes more piercing are to me ;

" Because I can't prevent what I foresee.

" My Comfort is, retaining some small Breath,

" I can forgive ; rejoicing, at my death,

" That Heav'n withheld my oft-victorious Arm,

" From doing You, my sweet Companion ! Harm.

" Yet stay, and do not, Cruel ! hasty go !  
 " One — last Embrace — for past Affection show."  
 He soon comply'd with what the Prince requir'd ;  
 Who, fainting, thro' the Loss of Blood, expir'd !

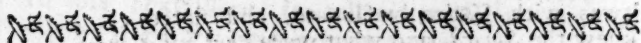
Imagine, READER, what the KING did bear,  
 When he for Tydings, this sad *News*, did hear !  
 No tearless Eye in the fair Isle was found,  
 Which gen'ral Grief had quickly spread around.

Now *Judas*, Lord High Chancellor, in Stealth,  
 Flies from the Purse, late State, and mighty Wealth ;  
 Prefers the shortest Course that safe reveals,  
 Tho' Death and Fury follow at his Heels.

In Ship embarking, like a Wretch forlorn,  
 To *Joppa* sail'd, the Place where he was born :  
 But as a Servant, had no other Way,  
 To find Relief, or make a constant Stay.

Still deep Compunction seiz'd his troubled Breast :  
 For, sure, the Guilty never can find Rest.  
*Nemesis* Vengeance with its Stings impart,  
 Distract the Brain, and captivate the Heart.

But still he had a Call deep to repent ;  
 And often wish'd he had been innocent.  
 In vain — for as it were by Fate decreed,  
 He turn'd a Thief, and made his Father bleed.



## C H A P. IV.

*How employ'd in Service, and unlucky Parricide.*

NOT long *ISCARIOT* liv'd without a Place :  
 For being tall, and of a comely *GRACE* ;  
 With winning *GAIETY*, he scarce for such requir'd,  
 But he obtain'd what his sad Soul desir'd.

And here behold inconstant Fortune's Change !  
 One, rich possess'd, forc'd from high Domes to range !  
 He, who did lord o'er others, must submit  
 To 'bate his Pride, and veil his courtly Wit.

No KING to serve, no fav'ring PRINCE to show  
 What royal Youth to *EDUCATION* owe.  
 Do what he will, there's none relieve him can ;  
 But he must yield to serve a Gentleman.

Nay, more to vex him, in a low Degree,  
 Of skipping Footman, poor, submitted he :

And



And even then, a Life most unsecure ;  
Because high Pride could not mean Things endure.

His Mistress, walking forth to take the Air,  
Espy'd some FRUIT, most delicately fair !  
'Twas in a GARDEN, where wide-spreading Trees  
Adorn'd the Walls ; regal'd with gentle Breeze.

She, longing much to taste the luscious Juice ;  
As right conceiving what they must produce :  
*Here, take this Money ; go, said she, and buy  
Some of that FRUIT, so pleasant to mine Eye !*

But such the Nature of the greedy Elf,  
He thought to keep the Pieces to himself :  
Nor dreamt the Place was by his Parents own'd ;  
Contiguous Buildings, with adjacent Ground.

The Wall he climb'd ; the Trees began to pull,  
Until his Father struck him on the Skull.  
Provok'd to Rage, succeeded Blow for Blow ;  
With Falls, contus'd, alternate, high and low.

At length the Earth was tinctur'd with their Blood !  
Both Combatants amazing Valour show'd.

The One, a young and griping Thief to tame :  
The Other, to keep clear from Goal, and Shame.

And thus they fought, none seeing them to part ;  
'Till Judas stabb'd his Father to the Heart !  
Behold, as tho' the slaughter'd Victim lies,  
And separating Slumbers close his Eyes !

Go, PARRICIDE ! — Yet, whither wilt thou fly ?  
Or hide thy Crimes from an All-seeing Eye ?  
Depart — Like poor Itenerate he roves :  
Quick, now, like Hart ; and, soon, as torpor'd, moves.

His Sins, dy'd Scarlet ! yet more, diff'rent, he  
Was to commit before CHRIST's TRAGEDY.  
His LIFE portended Horrors for to come,  
Beyond my Pen to trace impending Doom.

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#### C H A P. V.

*How JUDAS, returning after a Year's Time, married his  
Mother ; who was fully convinced that he was her Son.*

WHEN circling YEAR its annual Course had run,  
JUDAS return'd where first his Life begun.  
In JOPPA, like a subterraneous Stream,  
Days heedless pass'd, as tho' Time prov'd a Dream.

Handsome, and straight ; so courtly too in Port,  
The People judg'd him not of common Sort ;

And were bright Riches helping to evince ;  
'Twas probable they'd thought disguised Prince.

But wanting Wealth, to favour him unknown,  
Employ'd his Wit, to settle in the Town ;  
Whose best Perfections, when the People knew,  
Procur'd him Love, and gain'd him Bus'ness too.

His Father now above Twelve Months was dead :  
Then courted he his Mother dear to wed.  
She lik'd the chang'd-name Spark ; soon prov'd his Bride ;  
But little thought by him her Husband dy'd !

Some Time they liv'd together in sweet Love,  
That from her Breast past Sorrows did remove ;  
'Till that the dire predicting Signs appear'd ;  
And struck her Heart with what before she fear'd !

For as one rosy Morn, from Bed of Down,  
Those MARKS, indelible, SOL's Rays made known ;  
PARENT and SPOUSE, deep-wounded with Surprise,  
Salt, trickling Tears, came flowing from her Eyes !

" Tell me, said she, my Dearest, whence you came ?  
" Who were your Parents ? Tell me each their Name :  
" For when that Cross, and Gibbet, I do see ;  
" It calls to Mind my Child, and that you're He."

SAID Judas, " Truly, LOVE, I cannot tell,  
" Who gave me Being ; if defunct, or well ;  
" Much less Abode : But this I true may say,  
" They seem'd not such, who laid me on the Sea."

" A KING preserved me from being lost ;  
" Who 'spy'd me sailing near his hilly Coast :  
" And when deliver'd from the Ocean's Thrall,  
" Judas Iscariot then he did me call."

" But I, grown up, the Prince, his Son, did kill ;  
" And, flying, chanc'd your Husband's Blood to spill.  
" These Crimes thro' Passion : But another Sort  
" Made you my Spouse, as't were thro' Fortune's Sport."

" Thus, twice absconding, wilful, thro' my Sins,  
" What's to be done, when Sorrow fresh begins ?  
" For now you've found, what re'terates sad Grief,  
" Your Son, your Spouse, a Murderer, and Thief !

" This is the Substance of my wand'ring Life.  
" Weep not, my Dear, that you are now my Wife :  
" Let me bear all, since You are far from Blame :  
" For my connubial Love shall be the same."

At this the LADY, lifting up her Eyes !  
" Ah, no ! fond Youth ! her melting Tongue replies.  
" Since now we know that Fortune does her worst,  
" Let's not provoke the Pow'rs to be accurst,

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" There is one *J E S U S*, near the Age of you ;  
 " Saviour divine ! who can great Wonders do.  
 " Whether or no *M E S S I A H*, I can't tell ;  
 " But, like, at present, none on Earth excell.  
 " For *J O H N* the Baptist, Hermit, did proclaim ;  
 " And *well-pleas'd* Heav'n pronounc'd his spreading Fame.  
 " Whose *S E R M O N S* on the Mount will guide you plain,  
 " To shun the Gulph of Hell, and Heav'n obtain.  
 " Haste, haste, my Son ; to fair *J E R U S A L E M*.  
 " Steer by his Rules ; of Prophets, sure, the Helm.  
 " Amend your Life ; be mindrul of your self :  
 " Turn to the *L O R D*, and slight all pompous Wealth.  
 " He speaks, I hear, as never Mortal spake :  
 " His Person, tall, and lovely, wond'rous, take.  
 " So beautiful does ev'ry *A C T I O N* shine ;  
 " All past Description, from these Words of mine.  
 " The heavy-laden He invites to Rest. *MAT. xi. 28.*  
 " Sufficient *G O D* to all that are oppress. *ISA. lxi. 13.*  
 " Girt up with Speed ; seek him, who'll welcome thee.  
 " You'll find more Comfort than you can with me.  
 " 'Tis hard to think, *A L L* is by Heav'n contriv'd ;  
 " Whence Justice flows, and Mercies are deriv'd ;  
 " Unless it proves, for most distinguish'd Good,  
 " *S A L V A T I O N* gain'd by shedding precious Blood.  
 " Alas, my Dear, we evermore must part !  
 " At least, withdraw a tender Comfort's Heart.  
 " We cannot, sure, but must the Heav'n's obey ;  
 " Tho' Nature yields, diviner *L A W S* gainsay.  
 " And now, my Child, see you with Speed repent ;  
 " The Fault is equal, tho' both innocent ;  
 " But let our future Lives this Guilt atone ;  
 " And no more dwell, as tho' we had been One.  
 " Yet take a Wife and Mother's Kiss once more,  
 " Look not behind ; but mind what is before."  
 Embracing then, like Lovers, when they sever ;  
 They bid Adieu, for ever, and for ever.

## C H A P. VI.

*How JUDAS ISCARIOT became one of our SAVIOUR's Apostles; first betray'd him; and then, in a miserable Condition, departed from the mad or trifling Members of the Sanhedrim, and hang'd himself, whilst his Bowels gush'd out of his Belly! ACTS i. 16. 18. 25.*

**O**UR Bless'd REDEEMER, being on the Earth,  
Proclaim'd, by Wonders, the *MESSIAH*'s Worth.



Both Sick, and Lame, that unto him did come,  
Relief he gave ; restor'd the Deaf, and Dumb ! \*

Whose Miracles did cause the *Jews* to frown ;  
The *Heathens* mad, their Idols should fall down ;  
That Persecutions follow'd ; Blood, and Fire ;  
When many Martyrs did for TRUTH expire ! †

Accursed *Jews* ! how could ye thus despise  
An Heav'nly Extract, Powerful, and Wise ?  
How ludicrous to Him, who Earth adorn'd ? MAT. xii.  
Ye Race of *Vipers*, worthy to be scorn'd. 34. xxiii. 33.

Methinks the Sweetness of his God-like Sight ;  
That melting Tongue, which charm'd with soft Delight ;  
Should make so blest'd a PERSONAGE admir'd ;  
His Looks belov'd, and healing Truths requir'd.

No Wonder *Judas*, three Times sore distress'd,  
Should long for CHRIST to save his wounded Breast ;  
Who pass'd that Way : And then it was not long  
Before connect'd with th' *Hosanna* Throng.

For num'rous of the changing People came ;  
As Wind, inconstant, just as prov'd his Fame :  
Wher, *Hypocrite* !—nor backward than the rest,  
*Apostate* prov'd, tho' outward CHRIST confest.

Thus seem'd to journey with our Saviour dear,  
Like Profelyte, religious, and sincere :  
Zealous as PETER did he seem to be,  
As if none loved JESUS more than He !

As tho', like him, could draw the frightful Sword ;  
nmitte any Champion that durst seize his Lord ;  
Was past Rebuke from *Canticleer's* Abuse ;  
Nor valu'd Hell, tho' all its Train broke loose.

Or tho' from Heav'n he Mercy should obtain ;  
Tho' blackest Traitor, yet elude hot Pain.  
But, marvellous, our Lord should wash his Feet ;  
And, yet accuse him while he sat at Meat !

But here's the Matter : Greedy of base Gain ;  
No less than GOD's sweet Lamb must then be slain !  
For Thirty Pieces his REDEEMER fold :  
So mean the Price, such sorry Silver told !

Abandon'd Wretch ! What Madness seiz'd thy Soul ?  
What Fears, what Horrors, must your Thoughts controul ?  
Deaf to Regards, our High-Priest to forsake !  
Could no Reluctance such Intention shake ?

\* Isa. xxxv. 6. lxi. 2. MAT. xii. 13. 22. xiv. 15 to  
21. xv. 32, &c. xx. 30 to 34. JOH. ii. 3, &c.

† See Master FOX's Acts and Monuments.

No, no; 'tis done — the Fiend has seiz'd his Heart.  
 What will not Bribes? From Heav'n to Hell pervert.  
 As by the Sequel, READER, will appear;  
 And ought to make us cleave to JESUS dear.

Tho' great Afflictions our dear Lord receiv'd,  
 For *doing Good*, tormented sore, and griev'd;  
 Yet many Followers his Preaching gain'd;  
 And the Faith triumph'd as they liv'd, and reign'd.

Now what are *Ethnic* Scoffs and Scorns to us?  
 Or worthless Style of haughty *Tacitus*?  
 Or yet that fulsome Emp'ror *Nero's* Ire,  
 Who laid on *Christians* setting *Rome* on Fire?

Quite different did the Holy *JESU* prove;  
 Whose Life was Beauty, and his Doctrine *Love*!  
 So great, it can't be thought he would bereave  
 The World of Blessings, which he came to save.

He heal'd the Sick, restor'd the Blind to Sight;  
 The Lame to walk; the Bended stand upright.  
 Nay, rais'd the Dead with his reviving Breath;  
 And prov'd a sure Dominion over Death.

It happen'd that our Lord to *Joppa* came,  
 Where *Judas*, having heard before his Fame,  
 And by his Mother told what Things were done,  
 To be his Follower resolv'd upon.

Nor was he long; but, leaving native Home,  
 To ease his wounded Soul, with him did roam.  
 But, ah! his Faith prov'd like a tatter'd Rag:  
 For his Devotion center'd in the Bag.

So zealous too, at first, made *CHRIST* admire;  
 Rais'd him Apostle; answer'd his Desire;  
 And yet he knew, when all was finish'd, then  
 He'd be betray'd into the Hands of Men.

What shall we write? Since the Decree was made,  
 The Son of God should be on Earth betray'd?  
 Who true did know, tho' *Judas* seem'd a Saint,  
 He was the foreseen Devil that he meant. *Joh. vi. 70, 71.*

For he was one that parted from the Lord;  
 Walk'd not with him; unb'lieving of the Word. *ver. 66, &c.*  
 Eating his ~~Food~~ and drinking of his Blood,  
 Were Mysteries, by them not understood.

That Life eternal was here justly meant;  
 Because Life-giving FATHER had HIM sent:  
 And as he liv'd by him, so those that eat *Ver. 54, &c.*  
 Should even live, thro' that celest'al Meat.

Thus Bread and Wine were sweetly made adjunct ;  
 Not like to *Manna*, eat by Sires defunct, *ver.* 58.  
 But everlasting Bread, that nought could sever  
 From Heav'n's Enjoyments, which shou'd last for ever.

And this, of *Judas*, leads us to some Knowledge ;  
 Who made a Vacance in the sacred College :  
 Which proves when Souls forsake G O D's Paths for Sin,  
 They may be *lost* by Dæmons ent'ring in.

Well might such believe, who saw the Deaf and Dumb,  
 And knew the Dead, released from the Tomb !  
 So *Jesus* did ; and left Disciples Pow'r  
 To bind and loose, to make his Church secure. \*

When these were finish'd, still he thought of this,  
 How *Judas* should betray him with a Kiss !  
 An ancient Sign of undissembled Love ;  
 But here defac'd, as much as Hell could prove.

READER, but ponder — Treason to a King,  
 'Tis not stupendous should Destruction bring :  
 And vile Deceit, in order to trepan,  
 Deserves Rebuke from either G O D, or M A N.

But, now, proceeding to his ending Cares ;  
 Who well can read, or write, without salt Tears !  
 Who, while at his last Supper, thus should say,  
 That an Apostle should his L O R D betray !

They were surpriz'd : Each, with exploring Eye,  
 Look'd ghastly round, and asking, *Is it I ?*  
 Should all forsake him ; yet St. P E T E R said,  
 Such Words, as if He ne'er should be betray'd.

*Judas* spoke, pertly, too : *And is it I ?* —  
*You've said it* — J E S U S, meekly, did reply.  
 Quickly the Devil enter'd in his Heart ;  
 Who from our Saviour, and them all, did part.

Hence, Villain — Traitor, thirsty of vile Pelf ;  
 Till Vice, triumphant, makes thee hang thyself !  
 Memorial ne'er forgot while Earth remains ;  
 On high Record, as if *hung up in Chains !*

Mean time our Saviour goes to weep, and pray,  
 The bitter Cup from him might pass away !  
 In *Gethsemane's* Garden fair he stood ;  
 Then kneel'd, and sweat, 'till trickled Drops of Blood !

And, coming to his griev'd Disciples, found  
 Them fast asleep upon the humid Ground :  
 But they, awaken'd at his dear Return ;  
 Their Aspects show'd how deep their Souls did mourn.

\* Mat. xvi. 19.



*Peter*, said he, *what ! had'st thou not the Pow'r*  
*For Me, thy Lord, to watch one single Hour !*  
 Then thrice intently cry'd, *As I am thine ;*  
*Thy Will be done, O Father, and not mine.*

And, now, departing, who should stalk along,  
 But Traitor *Judas*, with an armed Throng ?  
 Who, when approach'd him, *Master, hail !* said he.  
 The previous Token of his Treachery !

*Do'st thou betray me with a Kiss* : *CHRIST* said.  
 Then, 'stead of Dauntness, *MAJESTY* display'd !  
 Ask'd, *Whom they sought ?* with such an awful Sound ;  
 Some started back, and others fac'd the Ground.

Yet, like a *LAMB*, he did himself surrender ;  
 Amidst the num'rous Train,—scarce one Defender !  
 His Fortune chang'd, the sad Disciples fly ;  
 Or hid themselves in this Extremity.

He's scourg'd, and mock'd ; tho', like a King, array'd ;  
 A Sceptre, ludicrous, by him is sway'd ;  
 A Crown of Thorns that pierc'd his tender Head ;  
 He's from Judge *Pilate* to King *HEROD* led.

When strong secur'd, he's to Tribunal brought ;  
 False Witnesses, like *Jezabel's*, are sought : *I. Kin xxi. 8 to 15*  
 Expos'd, and flouted, as the most accurst ;  
 As if scar'd Hell conspir'd to do its worst.

But see how Heav'n did force the Traitor back :  
 For Day and Night his Soul was on the Rack.  
 'Twas worse than Death to think what he had done  
 Against his dearest Friend, *GOD's* only Son.

No sooner he the *Jews* Designs did know ;  
 What Punishment the *LORD* should undergo ;  
 But he restor'd the Silver, when he said, *MAT. xxvii.*  
*That Blood most innocent he had betray'd.* 4, 5.

*I've sinn'd*, cry'd he. — See thou to that, said they.  
 He threw the Money down, and went away.  
 Now Grief and Horror do torment his Mind ;  
 Before him Justice, and grim Death behind !

Accursed Wretch ! what Madness seiz'd thy Soul ?  
 Could not before Repentance thee controul ?  
 And what from stern *Jew* Priests could you expect,  
 But judge you vile, tho' pleas'd at your Neglect ?

May this give Warning to informing Tribes ;  
 To shun with Scorn all false perverting Bribes :  
 For mind the Villains that false Witness bring,  
 They can't be good to *GOD*, the Realm, or King.

Heav'n's Arrows stuck close to his wounded Side.  
 He grows uneasy ; can't himself abide.

If CHRIST he believed not GOD's Son to be ;  
Yet is assur'd the Best of MEN was He.

Two sanguine Murders he before had done ;  
Saw Blood of Parent dear, and King's fair Son !  
But now to think what JESUS should endure,  
So deep prick'd Conscience, there could be no Cure.

Visions, and Dreams, torment him Day and Night !  
Impending Vengeance drives away Delight.

Thus Self-condemn'd, as tho' the vilest Elf ;  
The Scriptures tell, He *went and hang'd himself*.

And *so he dy'd* — whose low-stretch'd Body found,  
The Bowels gush'd ; and, whelt'ring on the Ground,  
As tho' serpentine, cause my Pen to shake ;  
Internal wound — my trembling Heart to ake !

And here, my Judgment, as to future State,  
Requires Rest — 'till I CHRIST's Death relate :  
He, who, in Mercy, thought it humbly meet,  
Without Exception, kind to wash *his Feet*.

This shews he did not Punishment extend  
'Yond *Hades* Bounds, but 'till *this* Life should end.  
Here change the Scene to what CHRIST underwent ;  
What pungent Reason *Judas* to repent.

While many People did our Saviour hem ;  
How solemn rode he to *Jerusalem* ! Mat. xxi. 9.  
No Acclamations wanting in his Praise ;  
Nor Palms, to grace the Roads, or crowded Ways.

This pompous Noise was but presaging Cry, LUK.  
To sudden Change our Lord to *Crucify* ! xxlii. 14 to 24.  
Who water'd, fresh, the CITY with his Tears ;  
Drench'd in his Blood, like Prophets in past Years.

On *Olivet's* high Mount, prime Scene of Thrall,  
He's seiz'd ; and hurry'd to the *Judgment-Hall* ;  
JUDAS, the *friendless* Friend, in Triumph mov'd ;  
And diff'rent Voices various Traitors, prov'd.

Far from *Hosanna* to meek *SIO N's* King,  
Another Tune, with Scorns, and Mocks, they sing.  
Instead of Branches strawed on the Road :  
Their Hearts are turned from the LAMB of GOD.

*Weep not for me, ye CITY's Daughters* fair,  
But for your selves, and for your Children dear !  
Thus cry'd dear JESUS, knowing of the Doom,  
Thro' TITUS, that great Emperor of *Rome*.

And when with Furrows *Jews* had plow'd the Skin ;  
In purpled Robe they mock'd, with envious Grin ;  
Which, when the same with precious Blood cemented,  
'Twas quick torn off, and tender Flesh sore rented !

Then, previous to the deepest Tragedy ;  
 Bleeding, compell'd to bear the pond'rous Tree !  
 With which, to Mount of *Calvary*, he's hail'd ;  
 And soon on that exalted Cross is nail'd.

And what said he ? In this tormenting View, \*  
*Father, forgive — they know not what they do.*  
 He's crucify'd between two wretched Thieves :  
 One, far from Sorrow ; but the Other believes.

Thus did the Proto-Martyr, *STEPHEN*, dye !  
 Fill'd with the Holy Ghost ! Who did he 'spy,  
 But GOD and JESUS ? *Lay not this to them, Act. vii. 60.*  
 From *Murders* sprung, of old *Jerusalem*. Ver. 52.

King *CHARLES* the First, how worthily display'd ;  
 As Transcript, fair ; because, like Him, he pray'd.  
 Read but the *ICON* — There the *Royal Mind*,  
 As well as *Person*, set forth, *true*, you'll find.

To weep, and pray (as for our daily Food)  
 For those who'd rather do us Harm, than Good ;  
 Is such a Love, as, sure, will upward soar ;  
 And meet that Splendour, where it shin'd before.

Now view the Lamb, the holy Lamb, in Pains !  
 What precious Blood proceeded from his Veins !  
 Some of those Drops did pious *Joseph* bring  
 To *Arviragus*, when (of *Glascon*) King. †

Thus to a Period brought, as first propos'd,  
 The Birth of *Judas* ; Life, and Death, disclos'd ;  
 Let Instance, sad, our Passions, vile, restrain ;  
 No Fame pervert ; or, to seduce, no Gain.

What profit they who in wing'd Riches roll,  
 To gain the World, if lost a precious Soul ? ‡  
 Nor was Addition to that Question strange :  
 What can by Man be given in Exchange ?

Let what we seek be intercessive LOVE ;  
*Salvation's* AUTHOR, from Heav'n's Throne above ; ||  
 Who sent the *HOLY SPIRIT* to inspire,  
 That we, at length, may join the Heav'nly Choir. §

*With some Remarks I'll now conclude ;*

*I hope 'twill be for publick Good.*

*Against Rash Judgment.*

Tho' *Judas* slaughter'd, when he scarce knew why,  
 Had he repented of each TRAGEDY ;

\* Luke xxiii. 34. to 39.

† See my instructive History of England, pag. 20, &c.

‡ Mat. xvi. 26. || Hebr. xii. 2, &c.

§ See my History of the Great Eastern Window.



He might have dy'd, howe'er by Grief oppress,  
With Glimpse of Peace, or Sighs of *promis'd* Rest.

No Holy SCRIPTURE of the Traitor tells,  
That Hell resounds, like *Dives*, with his Yells !  
Or how, in Torments, he could see Heav'n fair ;  
And *Abr'ham's* Bosom, with poor *Laz'rus* there.

So none may judge *his* Soul, if sav'd, or lost.  
GOD only knows, who was concerned most.  
It would be rash too hard to think upon  
The regal PSALMIST, and King SOLOMON.

Of PONTIUS PILATE we may frequent read,  
And daily hear from Apostolick CREED ;  
See, in the *Acts*, he fain wou'd set him free :  
But they prefer'd a *Robber* more than *He*. *Joh. xviii. 40.*

Reluctant Chief ! few Writers could upbraid.  
'Twas not his WILL CHRIST should be Victim made !  
Or scarce a Fault, when such coercive Crew  
Forc'd him averse to what he meant to do.

For in no Judge or Jury Crime appears,  
When the true Knave in *falsest* Manner swears ;  
Who might, for less than Two-pence, Life betray ;  
Or black defame, to spring a needful Prey.

The President, some write, himself had drown'd ;  
And in a Lake of *Switzerland* was found ;  
Whose pallid Ghost, judicial like, near Banks,  
Was dreary seen, by People of all Ranks.

But GOD's dear Son, what Character has he,  
Read LENTULUS, full satisfy'd you'll be.  
And tho' ISAIAH high is in Esteem,  
The former differs, sweet in Words, from him.

#### Against TREACHERY and MURDER.

How came off *Joab*, for his *treach'rous* Acts? II. *Sam.*  
Did he not suffer for his bloody Facts? *iii. 27. xx. 9. 10.*  
And did not the Avenger, SOLOMON, I: *Kings.*  
The *Cunifer* punish, who least thought thereon? *ii. 44, &c.*

What was the End of wicked *Jezebel* ?  
From Tower thrown, as if cast into Hell ! II. *Kings*  
And, partly, found, by *Jehu's* just Commands, *ix. 33. 35.*  
How look'd the Remnants of her late fair Hands !

#### On righteous Judgments and Punishments.

*Elijah's* Fires, and *Elisha's* Bears, II. *Kin. i. 10, 11, 12.*  
May warn the Sinner, if he reads, or hears. *ii. 23, 24, 25.*  
And *Elymas*, exemplary, struck blind, *Acts xiii. 8 to 11.*  
So *Alexander*, as his Works, consign'd. II. *Tim. iv. 14.*

Let's leave all things, like *JOB*, unto the Lord, *i. 21.*  
 With *Will*, like *Eliz*, humbly to accord; *I. Sam. iii. 18.*  
 Or, as King *David*, 'stead of Vengeance due. *II. xvi. 5 to 13.*  
 Examples, bright, that Christians may pursue.

'Twas once my Fate to be incarcerated;  
 Not long, nor common; but as One of State;  
 And then I stole — not worthless to impart:  
 It was not *Money* — but a *VIRGIN's Heart!*

Sweet Innocence, and Virtue, *LOVE* assuag'd.  
 My *ADELIZA* long was pre-engag'd;  
 Yet silver *Thames* can witness how I griev'd,  
 From sweet *PARTHENIA's* Care too soon reliev'd.

I was the first, the *WORLD* may plainly see,  
 That wrote, and nam'd, my *Work YORK History.*  
 Approv'd, it sold: And printed Lines express,  
 My *COMMENDATION*, by Learn'd *F. R. S.\**

And as I am a *PRINTER* of right Strain,  
 With Emendations I will more explain;  
 If *GOD* but grants me Health; and that I see  
 Some kind Subscriptions for to strengthen me.

My *PICTURE* drawn, by Artist's skilful Hand;  
 And *BOTH* accepted in this famous Land;  
 Blest by *PHILANDER*, who perceiv'd my Case;  
 And, in meer Pity, kept me in my Place.

*DEATH*, most inexorable! to translate,  
 From *Me!* my *SPOUSE* to fair St. *MARY* Gate:  
 Where, near King *Olave's* Church, she rests in Peace; †  
 Beyond hard Fate to jockey from that Place.

\* *EBORAC. Pref. p. 8.*

† “*P. M. S.* Near are deposited the Remains of  
 “*Mrs. ADELIZA GENT*; Once amiable for  
 “*Beauty, VIRTUE, and Beneficence: Who died*  
 “*April 1, 1761. Etat. 78.*”

I Thought in the Arch-Angel's Ground,  
 Near my first Husband dear,  
 My *CHARLEY GENT* for to have found;  
 But *TOMMY* brought me here!  
 Who did, and wrought, what Spouse could do,  
 To guard *ME* from Distress;  
 And often told, what well he knew,  
 My Way to Happiness!

In Love, sure, scarce was sweeter Twain;  
 More grac'd the nuptial Bed:  
 Near fifty Years I knew my Swain;  
 Near forty to him wed.

May *HE*, whom *VIRTUE* e'er could charm,  
 Here come — and both arise,  
 To meet, like Lovers, Arm-in-Arm,  
 Our *SAV'OUR*, in the Skies.

Lamented Shade! accept this Tribute, due:  
 Which, with my Tears, I consecrate to *YOU!* T. G.

*READER*, while sacred Monuments you see,  
 Think of Blest'd Fate, and Immortality.

*Rev. ii. 10. Esto fidelis usque ad mortem, & dabo tibi coronam vitæ;*

Whose Character will shine, tho' in her Grave ;  
Near lofty Trees, which gentle Zephirs wave ;  
And the dissolving Ruins, being nigh,  
Make People think on *FATE*, as well as I.

Of four Great *KINGS* I've either seen, or heard ;  
For *VALOUR*, grac'd ; for *PIETY*, rever'd ;  
Lov'd *England's* Friends ; kept foreign Foes in Awe ;  
As fam'd, and glorious, as the Great *NASSAU*.

Four *QUEENS*, the Glories of the *British* Crown,  
Adorn'd with Beauty, Wisdom, and Renown ;  
Who, when distinguish'd, of fam'd *ANGLIA*, fair ;  
Greater *PERFECTIONS* no where could appear.

And, here, to end — I'd, humbly, have it known,  
While good King *GEORGE* the *Third* adorns the *Throne*,  
I am alive — And trust in Heav'n to see  
His Name, as Others, grace my *HISTORY*.

\*\*\*\*\*  
*F I N I S*  
\*\*\*\*\*

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